POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 9 • 1963 20c

Crime in America-IV

HOW THE MOB CONTROLS CHICAGO

Epic balloon trip over darkest Africa

Have putter, will travel

BOB HOPE'S BEST GOLF STORIES about famous foursomes

INCOME TAXES Why they must be cut now / **I.Q. TE** ...hools?

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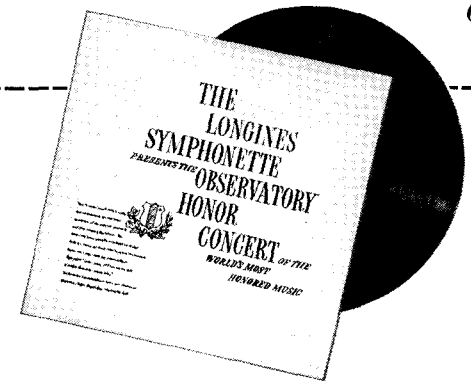

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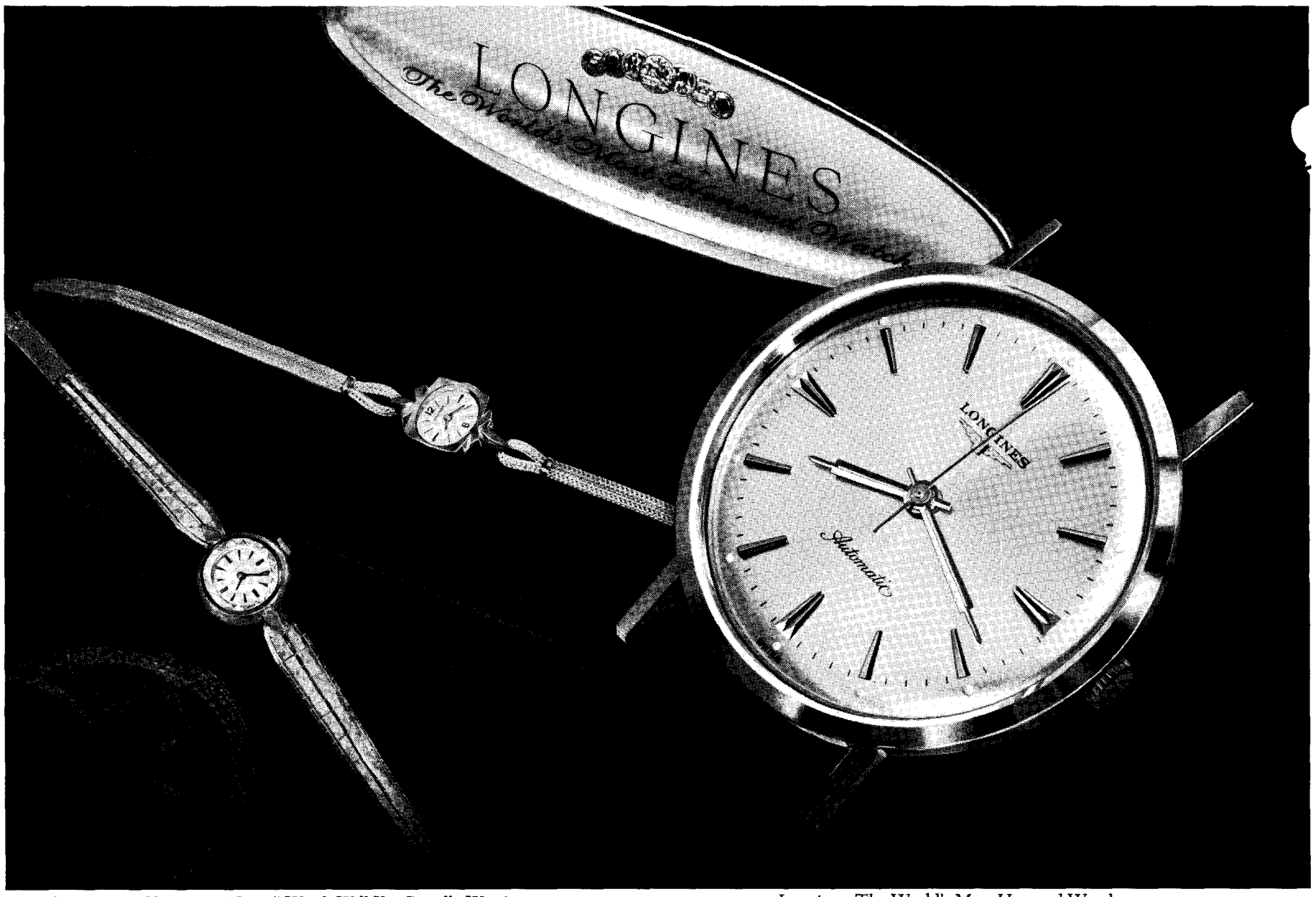

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POST

NOVEMBER 9, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 39

Articles

Fear threatens our prosperity *(Speaking Out)* . . . . *by Walter W. Heller* **8**

Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **14**

How the mob controls Chicago . . . . . *by Bill Davidson* **17**

Chicago is in the grip of the mob. In this city, when you subscribe to a diaper service, park your car in a downtown garage, get airline tickets through a travel agency, or take out a loan at a bank, you stand a good chance of doing business with the ubiquitous Cosa Nostra bosses. Unsolved gangland murders occur at the rate of about 23 a year. Prostitution, gambling and the numbers and "shylock" rackets flourish. Post contributing writer and longtime crime reporter Bill Davidson, recently returned from an exhaustive study of Chicago's underworld, presents a shocking account of Syndicate operations in America's Second City.

Bob Hope—in The Road to Golf . . . . . *by Edward Linn* **28**

Jubilant Janis Paige is back on Broadway . . . . . *by Normand Poirier* **35**

Gasbag safari in Africa . . . . . *by Anthony Smith* **40**

Village beyond despair . . . . . *by Trevor Armbrister* **66**

The scandal of educational testing . . . . . *by Hillel Black* **72**

The hot rocket to nowhere . . . . . *by Gene Bylinsky and William E. Howard* **78**

Fiction

Silence . . . . . *by Christopher Davis* **48**

The Musk Ox . . . . . *by Hans Ditlev* **56**

Departments

Letters **4**

Post Scripts **70**

Hazel **76**

Editorials **82**

The authors. Bob Hope, certainly one of the most humorous golfers around, had so much to tell contributing writer **Edward Linn** that he even took the reporter along with him to the dentist's office, recalling old stories all the while. . . . New York *Post* feature writer **Normand Poirier** spent three days interviewing Broadway-musical actress Janis Paige over endless cups of coffee. "It wouldn't have taken so long," he explains, "but she grinds her own coffee beans." . . . **Anthony Smith,** science writer for the London *Daily Telegraph,* describes the adventures of his photographic sojourn over the wilds of Africa in a free-floating balloon. . . . Contributing writer **Trevor Armbrister** reports on the death-dealing insect that threatens Latin America. . . . Associate editor **Hillel Black** spent two years researching the field of educational testing. . . . **Gene Bylinsky** and **William E. Howard,** who survey the prospects for the costly new Rover Nuclear-Rocket project, are members of the science department of Advance News Service and have studied rocketry for years.

The cover. Comedian Bob Hope is serious about his golf; here on the green he is prone to putt.

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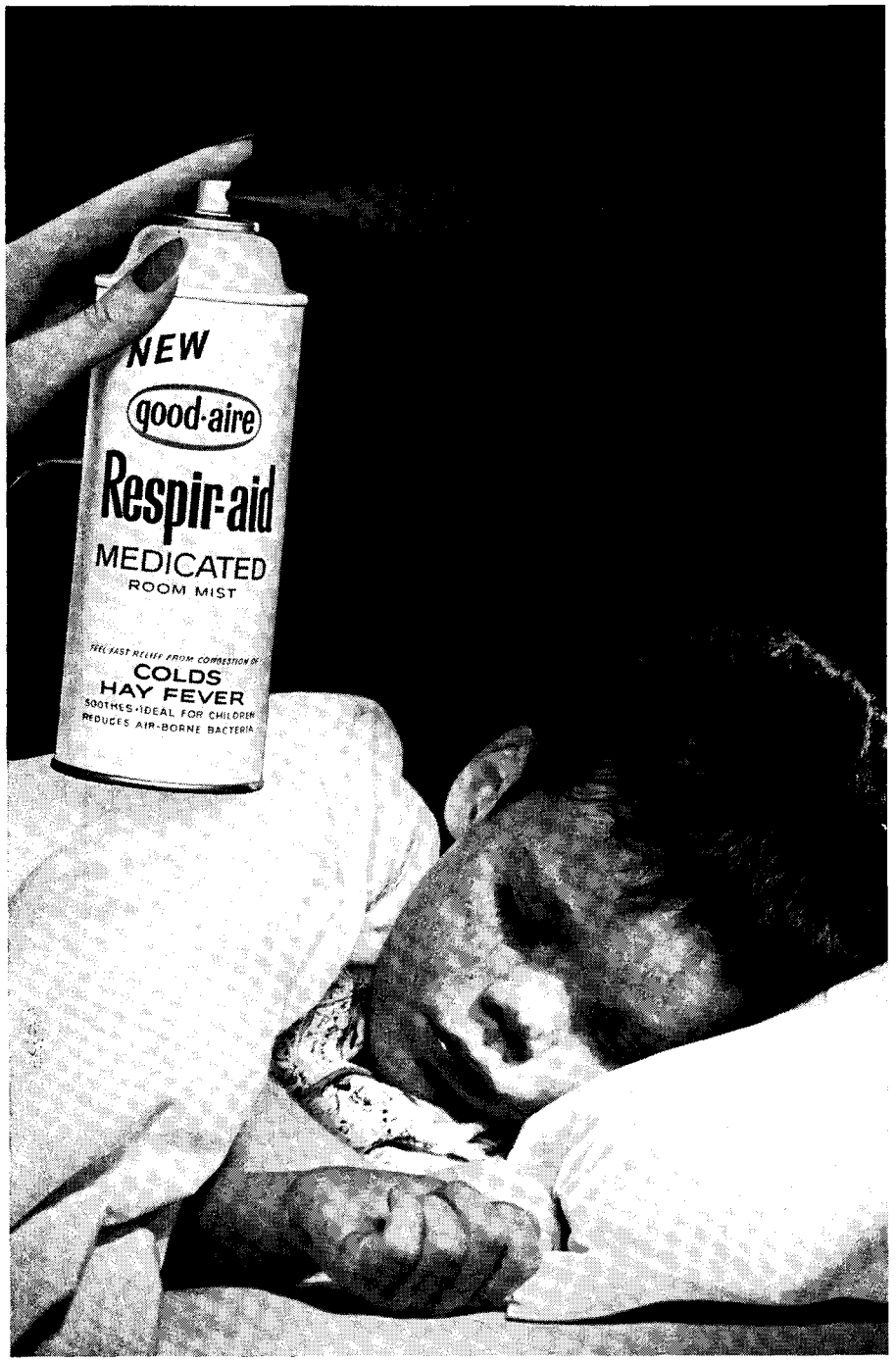

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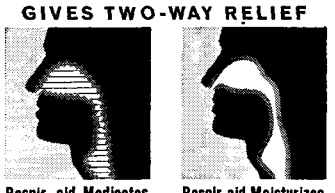

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LETTERS

Nixon: farewell and hail!

Thanks for your fine cover of the Nixon family. This is the family that should have been in the White House. The article [KHRUSHCHEV'S HIDDEN WEAKNESS, by Richard M. Nixon, Oct. 12] is outstanding.

MRS. ELIZABETH EGGLESTON
Glendale, Calif.

• Well, here we go again. I will bet that Nixon's retirement from politics will set a record for brevity. Of course we here in California were never misled by his famous farewell speech to the press.

B. FLAHERTY
Selma, Calif.

• Being a West Berlin journalist, I accompanied Mr. Nixon when he went to East Berlin in July, and I may tell you that it was one of the most encouraging moments in my life to see the former U. S. Vice President in the heart of East Berlin discussing with the fanatic Communists and teaching them a lesson.

DIETER BUHL
World Press Institute
St. Paul, Minn.

• As a younger brother of the late Chancellor Hermann Mueller of the Weimar Republic, I began Mr. Nixon's piece with interest. Let me express my great disappointment. What purpose is there to put up five points here and five points there without giving any inkling how any of them could possibly be achieved? One would think a lawyer would be trained to write a more realistic piece.

B. H. MUELLER
Fords, N.J.

• Dick Nixon's hindsight is far better than his foresight. Both he and Eisenhower dropped the ball in respect to freedom for the enslaved nations.

L. D. WITTKOWER, SR.
Dallas, Tex.

• It is my fond hope that when Goldwater moves into the White House in 1965 his first act will be to name Richard M. Nixon Secretary of State.

ELWOOD M. BRAKE, JR.
Mesa, Ariz.

Featherbedding

I agree with A. H. Raskin [THE COUNTRY NEEDS FEATHERBEDDING, Oct. 12] that featherbedding is needed now, but was disappointed that he did not come to grips with the real problem—the basic trend toward substitution of machines for human effort. Employers can respond to the trend either by employing fewer workers or by shortening everyone's work week. Perhaps it is time to explore this latter course in earnest.

W. H. SANDERSON
Susanville, Calif.

• Many jobs would be opened if those who have earned pensions would retire. I mean higher-ups as well as miners and dishwashers. And that means old writers and bankers, also congressmen and senators. A lot of the old duffers will say they can't live on a pension but I know they can if they will come down off their high horses.

H. M. MOSHER
Arcadia, Calif.

Controversial priest

Not only is THE PRIEST WHO HAUNTS THE CATHOLIC WORLD [by John Kobler, Oct. 12] brilliantly written, the photographs are unsurpassed. The one of Teilhard's boyhood bedroom [p. 45] looks like a painting by Vermeer.

LYLE M. SELLERS, M.D.
Dallas, Tex.

• Pierre Teilhard's great appeal, aside from his personal qualities of character, seems to stem from his genius at coining fascinating words and concepts—radial vs. tangential energy, "what rises must converge," etc.—rather than from any reality or substance underlying these concepts. I believe there is very little of either.

REV. CARTER PARTEE, O.F.M.
Bloomfield, N. Mex.

• Here we have a Jesuit priest whose philosophy compares with the metaphysical mumblings of the 12th through 18th centuries. Yet the Catholic Church suppresses his writings not because they are senseless conjectures born in the atmosphere of absolute confusion between theology and science, but because his ideas are too progressive. While his ideas would have been progressive 400 years ago, they are indescribably naïve now.

ALLISTER F. FRASER
Urbana, Il

College kids

What do college students expect, high school revisited? [OUR TORMENTED COLLEGE KIDS by Morton M. Hunt and Rena Corman, Oct. 12]. Our fathers had to face the world without any such shock-absorbing four years. Perhaps these complainers would like Social Security upon graduation to help them adjust.

J. C. BRUNO
Washington, D.C.

• The students described in the article should be weeded out to make room for serious-minded youngsters who would appreciate the opportunity, and the efforts and sacrifices of their parents to give them an education.

MRS. JOHN FISHER
Burlingame, Kans.

• The article points up a tragic problem, but is it new? Are there more college crack-ups now, or simply more diagnosed ones? I doubt if present pressures are more severe or prospects more bleak than those encountered by students who worked their way through college in the '30's.

MRS. RUTH JURICH
Tacoma, Wash.

• Let's quit feeling sorry for today's children! No youth anywhere, in any age of history, has ever "had it so good." From my perch (wife of a professor in a midwestern state university) I see an indulgent picture. Hundreds of student-owned cars roaming to find pizza or root-beer joints. One of every five students married, many living on checks from home. Incidentally, if more parents would keep more cars at home, forcing their youngsters to walk, most of the frustrations would be walked off.

MRS. HELENE DEAN OLSON
Manhattan, Kans.

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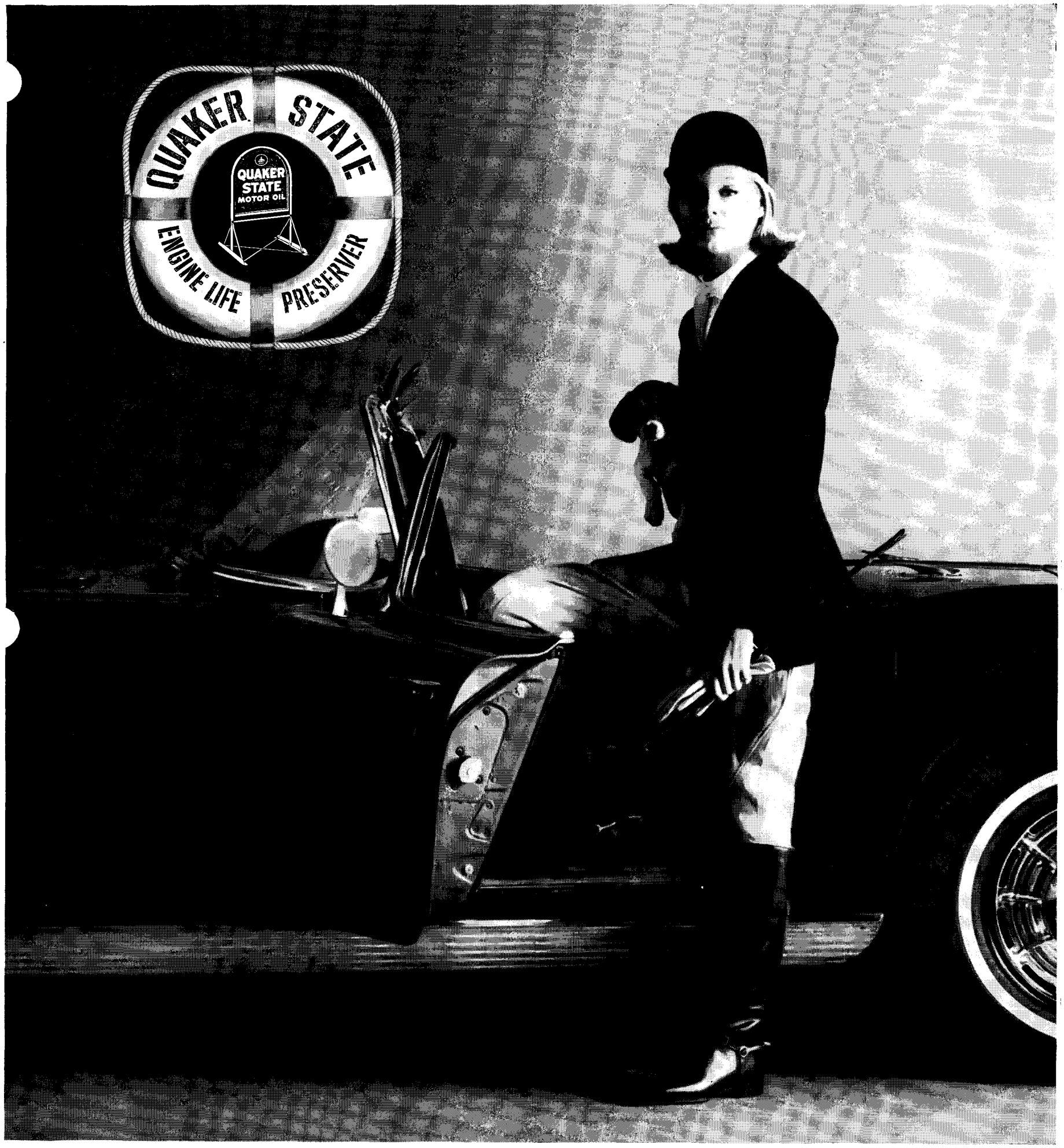

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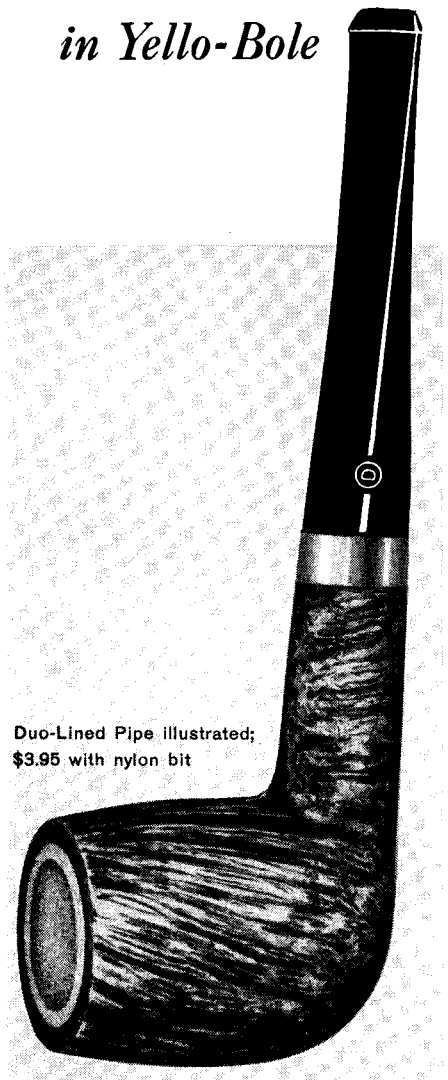

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LETTERS

The barbers reply

Re the editorial A REAL CLIP JOINT [Oct. 12], may I suggest that the barber is badly underpaid, whatever you think of the price. The average barber is 57 years old. His *gross* income is about $79 a week, for which he works considerably more than 40 hours. One barber in five is 65 or older. But he can't quit because his union has not, up to now, been able to provide a pension plan. His "retirement" program is just to stand there and keep snipping until he drops.

ROBERT N. WARD
Seattle, Wash.

● I resent your phrase "once-over-lightly-just-a-little-off-the-top" in connection with children's haircuts. My late husband was a barber—one of the best. I have it straight from him that children were his worst clients. I always marveled at his patience.

MRS. ALICE M. WOOTON
Glendale, Calif.

From death row

Thank you for publishing my story [THE AMERICAN IN A MEXICAN DEATH CELL by James R. Phelan, Sept. 21] and for assigning Mr. Phelan to write it. He is a reporter who does not permit "officialdom" to interfere with him in getting the facts.

Yesterday the sub-director of this prison, Captain Luis Siller Ramos, called me to his office and told me not to contact any more American magazines, newspapers, radio or television stations. My mother returned to the United States when her visa expired on October 11th, so I no longer have any way of communicating with the American press. I trust that *The Post* will not forget me.

DYKES A. SIMMONS JR.
Monterrey, Mex.

Family wolf

In regard to Jerome Hellmuth's A WOLF IN THE FAMILY [Oct. 12], it seems only fair to give the plumber who was frightened by the beast in Hellmuth's cellar a chance for rebuttal. I'd be interested to hear his version of the "loving kiss" that wolf gave him.

MRS. SHIRLEY P. DEERING
Nutley, N.J.

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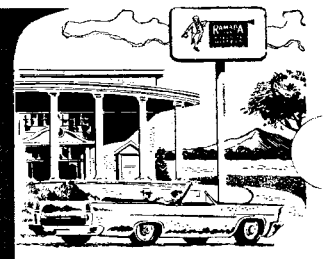

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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

LIPS SORE?
FASTER RELIEF
for
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Helps promote healing fast! Early application prevents formation of unsightly cold sore or fever blister.

BLISTIK® for DRY, CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS

Most highly medicated lip balm . . . combats infection, quick healing . . . better moisture retention. Easy to use twist-type plastic case.

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New 1964 knockout

This is the new Chevrolet El Camino for '64! Isn't it a knockout?

Our object was to offer you something different — a vehicle whose chassis was built for work with a body good looking enough to be seen anywhere. The result, we believe, is the best looking pickup in the world . . . the only one with that mark of distinction—Body by Fisher!

Is El Camino for you? The real beauty of it is that nearly everyone can see a place for it in either business or family activities. No other vehicle combines style and usefulness as this one does.

You can order El Camino as plain or as fancy as you wish. Bucket seats, carpeting, 4-speed transmission and two snappy V8 engines are among its extra-cost options.

Your Chevrolet dealer has El Camino now, or will have it shortly. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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CHEVROLET EL CAMINO!

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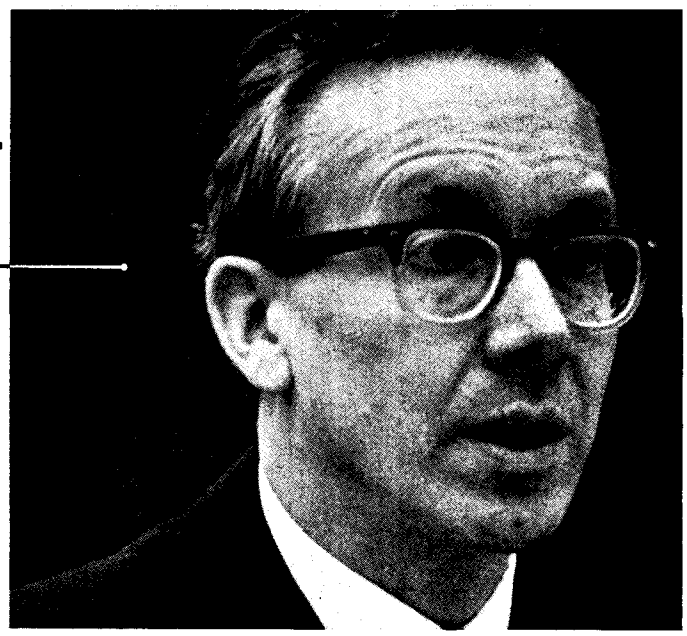
SPEAKING OUT
The voice of dissent



A practical economist with a knack for clarity, Doctor Heller is chairman of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers. Formerly head of the Department of Economics at the University of Minnesota, he has often interrupted his academic career for public service.

Fear threatens our prosperity

By WALTER W. HELLER

In the argument over tax cuts, says the top Kennedy expert, many of us are misled Milquetoasts.

America's efforts to solve its most critical economic problems are endangered today by fears growing out of "facts" that aren't so and "principles" that miss the mark. No one can lightly dismiss fears for our freedom and fears of budget deficits, public debt and inflation. But when such fears are founded on misinformation and misunderstanding, when they may cripple the very policies that hold the key to a strong and sound economy, it is time to speak out.

What are the economy's critical problems? The first, by any humane or practical standard, is large and stubborn unemployment; some four million American workers have no jobs, no chance to earn their living. For 71 months in a row, unemployment has not fallen below five percent of our labor force. The second, a related problem, is slack; nearly 15 percent of our factory capacity is idle, and we are letting some $30 billion of potential output run to waste each year. As a result, we are sapping the long-run strength of our economy. In the world of today, this is nothing short of folly.

These problems are not new. They have been with us since 1957. They persist even after two and one half years of unbroken economic advance. Since early 1961, when we rounded the turn from recession to recovery, our output of goods and services—the gross national product, or GNP—has risen by $80 billion. Employment is up over 2.5 million. Personal income is up $60 billion—an average of over $300 per person. Corporate profits are up 40 percent. And even after 32 months, the upswing has a lot of life left.

Still, we are falling short of our economic goals. A growth of $25 billion to $30 billion in U.S. output—this year's increase—is not enough. When output grows by that amount, we just about hold our own. Added jobs just about equal the added workers entering the labor force—1.2 million a year. But we don't make a dent in unemployment.

Here we encounter our first fear—for our freedom. The exponents of "good old-fashioned economics" tell us that unemployment and erratic growth are inevitable in our economic system. Such things are the "price of a free economy." Government action to remedy the problems, they insist, would be just another case of interference in the natural course of economic events, just another case of curtailed freedom.

But is it "natural" for an economy to operate at less than full capacity, to leave four million people out of work, to sink into recessions twice in three years, as we did in 1957 and 1960? And is this lost "freedom" the freedom to be unemployed or to be forced to premature retirement? Unemployment and recessions are no more natural than malaria, which modern medicine has virtually stamped out. Remedies are at hand, provided only that we face facts and overcome unfounded fears.

In determining the remedy, the first step is to examine our system itself. What is the prime requirement for a high-level economy? Simply put, it is strong markets. Business firms produce for profits, not pleasure. This is the way the system works and is meant to work. But firms can produce for profit only if there is enough demand for what they produce. A growing level of demand—demand not just for consumer goods but for investor goods such as machine tools, bulldozers, apartments and factories—is a basic condition of economic growth.

In our free-enterprise system we don't have—and do not want—a single planning center, where the proper level of demand is computed and so ordered. On the contrary, demand depends on the decisions of millions of consumers, who may or may not decide to purchase shoes, automobiles or houses. It depends on the decisions of millions of investors who supply capital funds and of the businessmen who put those funds to work by buying new machines and building new factories.

In the first decade following World War II there was a tremendous upsurge of demand. Backlogged orders had to be filled. Outdated equipment had to be replaced. Capacity had to be enlarged. Jobs and profits were plentiful. But since 1957, demand has slackened—just at the very time when our labor force has begun to grow rapidly, reflecting the postwar baby boom. As a result, demand has lagged behind our growing capacity to produce. Business firms have been unable to boost their output and their hiring fast enough not merely to absorb the stream of new workers but to draw down the reservoir of unemployment. So, for six years, unemployment has averaged six percent, half again as high as the four percent of the first postwar decade. Our average growth rate has slipped from nearly four percent a year to three percent a year. (A "small" difference? After 10 years of four-percent growth, U.S. output would be $80 billion greater each year than if we grow at only three percent.)

So we look for scapegoats. Perhaps prices are too high. Or profits. Or wages. Perhaps a bit of tinkering would bring out the economy's "natural" tendency to operate at full employment. But the history of ebbs and flows in our economy explodes that wishful thought.

The simple truth is that in a free economy demand is sometimes too strong, pushing us beyond full employment to inflation. Other times, it is too weak to make full use of our manpower and machines. Unhappily, there is no self-corrective private force to bring the economy back to a full-employment balance.

That's why we look to government monetary policy (interest rates and credit supply) and government fiscal policy (taxes and budgets) to serve as a balance wheel—to hold back demand in time of inflation and to boost it in time of slack. But today too-low interest rates and too-plentiful credit would send money scurrying overseas in search of richer rewards and thus deepen the deficit in our international payments account. And higher government spending *for spending's sake* is a demand booster we all reject. So we are brought face to face with tax reduction to boost income and incentives—and thus generate demand, profits and jobs.

Our present federal tax rates were enacted to finance war and fight inflation.

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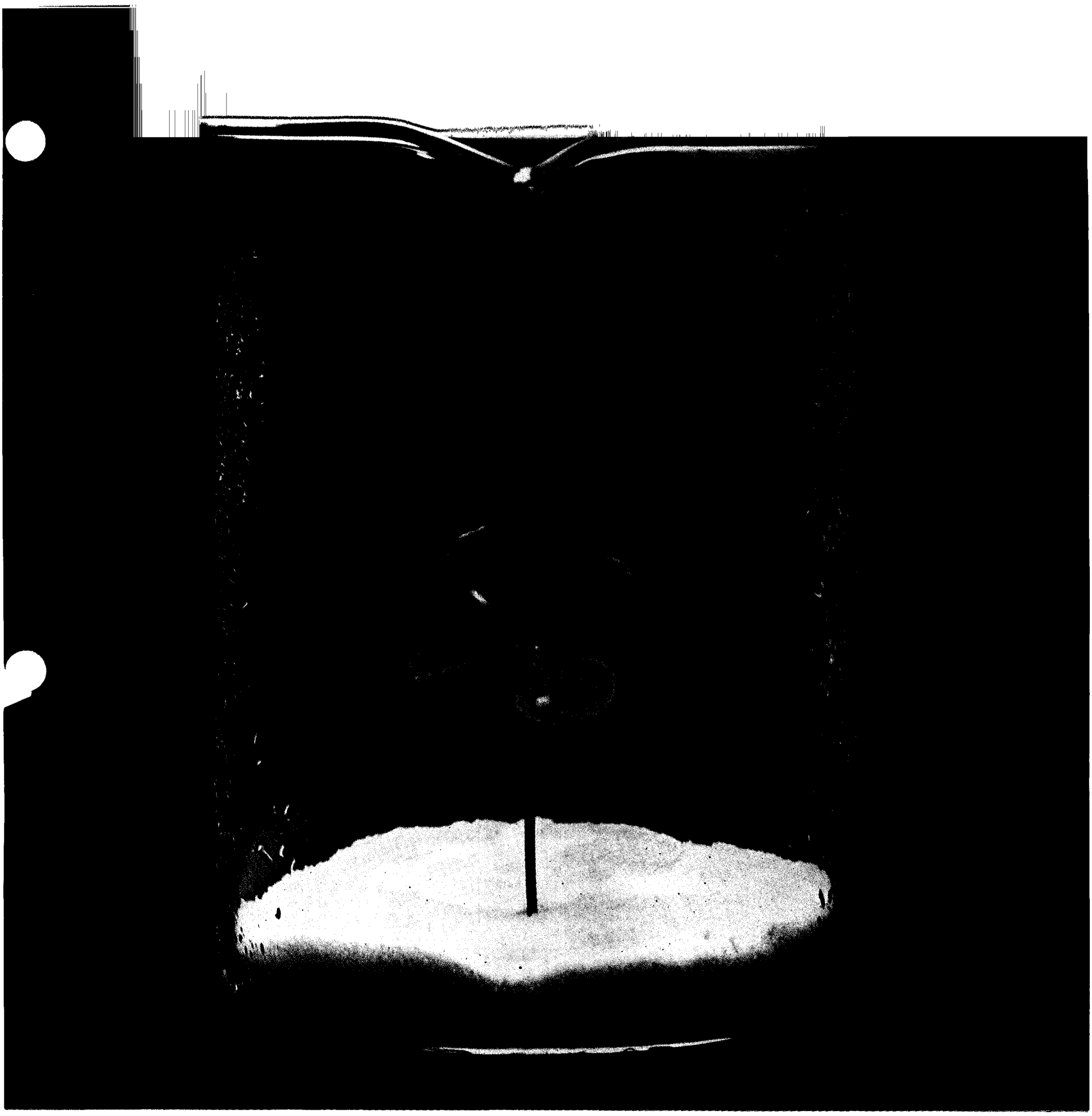

It just doesn't happen this way

Luck—symbolized by the four-leaf clover in the beaker—plays little if any part in creating new and better medicines.

Rather, it's a deliberate, tortuous, plodding, costly journey from laboratory to prescription. One Parke-Davis drug for the treatment of epilepsy required 18 years of research.

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For almost a century, Parke-Davis has contributed to that progress. With serums, vaccines, antibiotics, and antibacterials. With drugs for allergies, malaria, and epilepsy. With vitamins and other nutritional supplements.

Today, over 400 scientists and technicians in our research laboratories devote themselves entirely to research. Some are studying the chemistry of blood—seeking substances to dissolve clots and relieve victims of strokes and heart attacks. Others are looking for new ways to control parasitic diseases that flourish in tropical countries. And still others are searching for vaccines against virus diseases and testing drugs to combat cancer.

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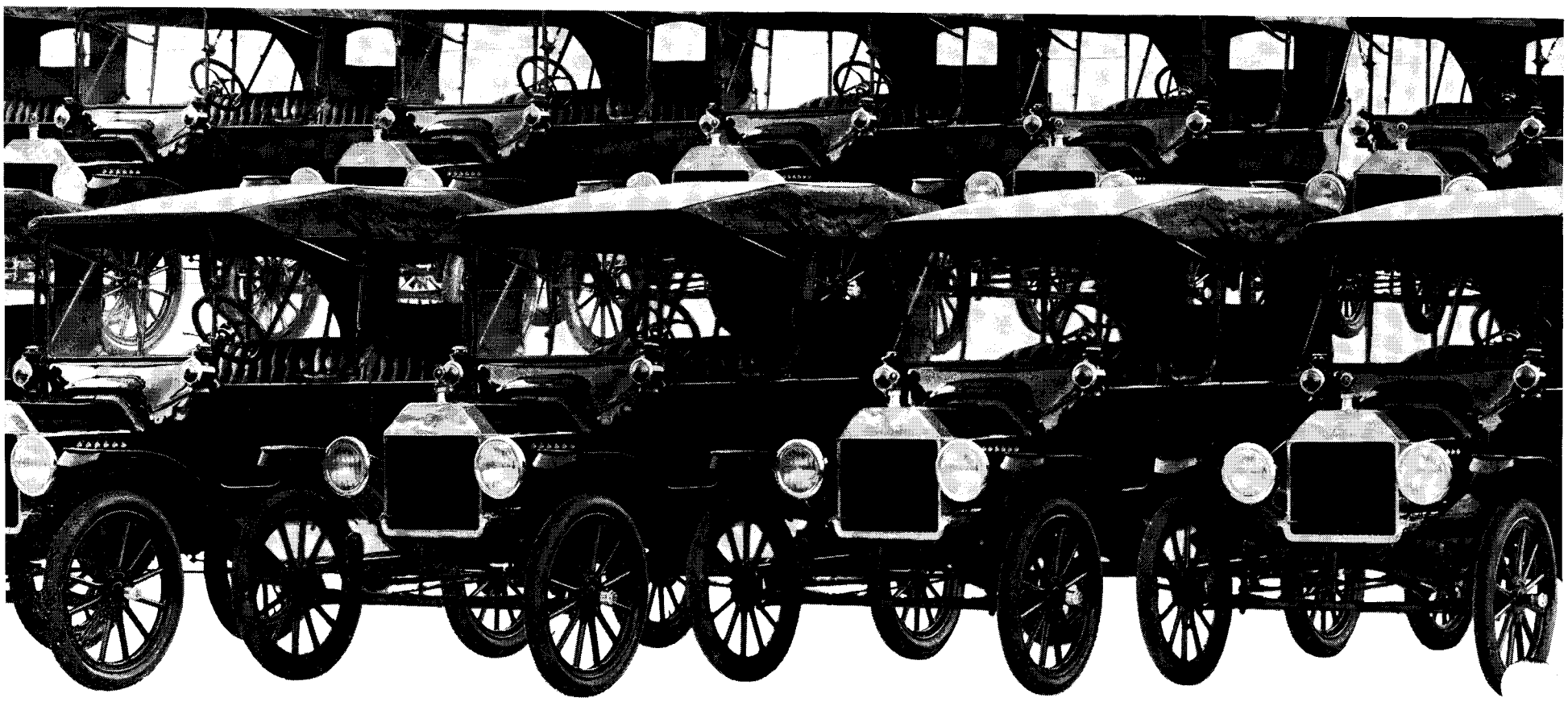
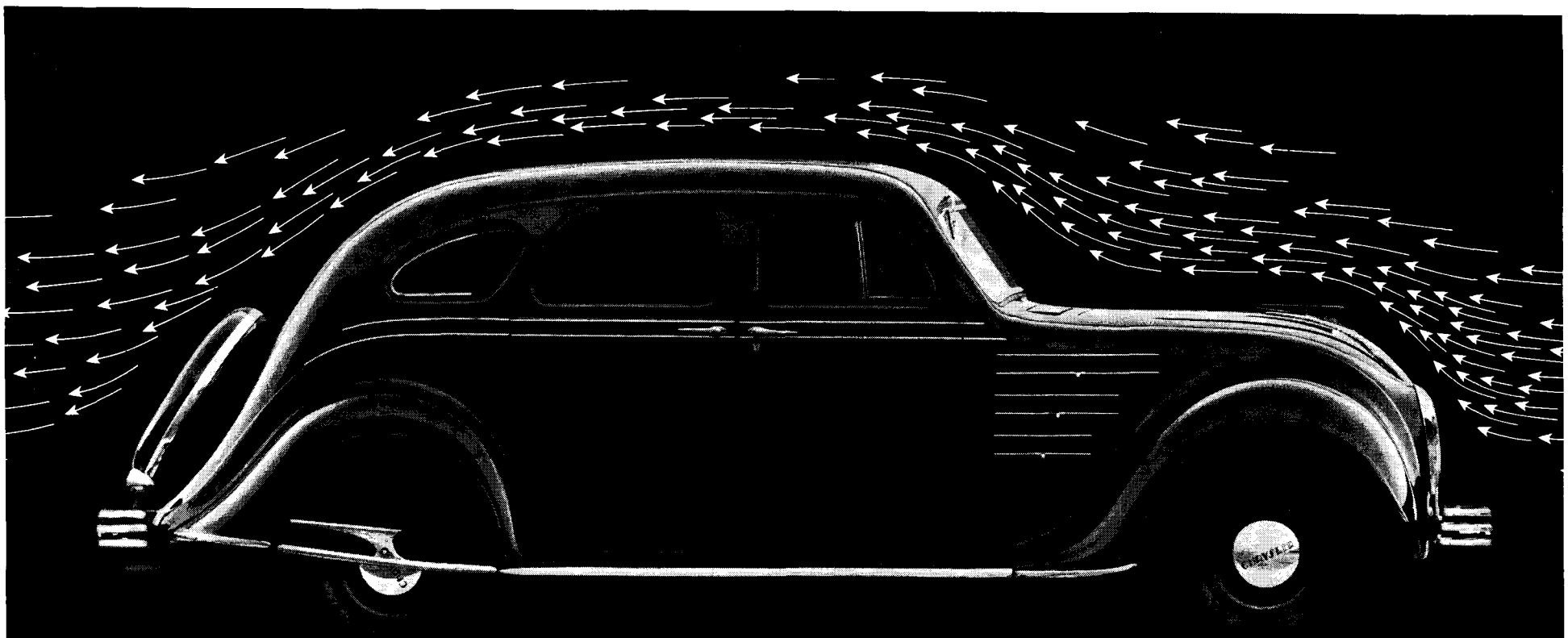
Three ideas that shoo



Mass production (Ford's Model T): "Any color you want, as long as it's black," was the theory. Henry Ford built one standard model that almost everyone could afford to buy. The "T" put the country on wheels.



Streamlining (Chrysler's Airflow): The Airflow was the first new car that looked like a new car. It was a magnificent flop in 1934 because it was way ahead of its time. But it left its mark on every car since.

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the automotive world.

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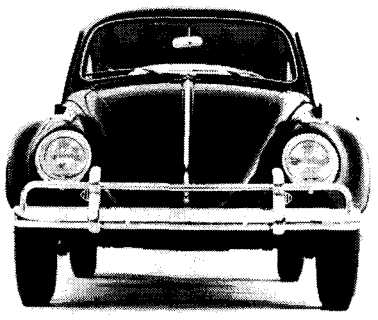

The small car (Volkswagen's Volkswagen): The VW came along and offered a sensible size, low price, high gas mileage, utter reliability, careful workmanship and a shape that was always in style. You can still get one.

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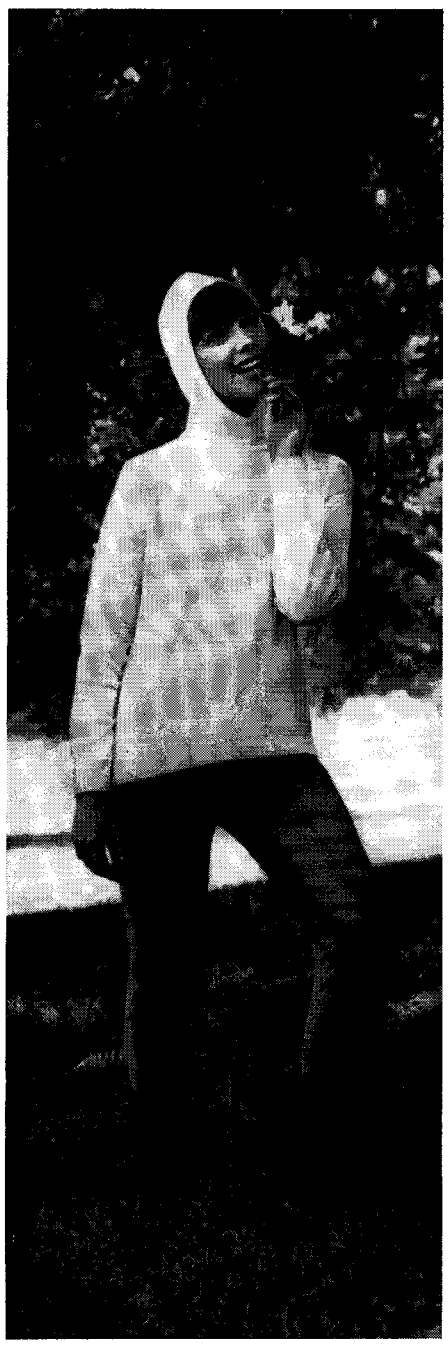
I'M THE OUTDOOR TYPE

Walking, hiking, riding, games, sports—you name it, I'm your girl! I could even be talked into touch football! That's why I've been using Tampax for more years than you could ever guess! Tampax gives me the freedom I want, the comfort and security I need.

Of course, I couldn't imagine giving up Tampax even if I happened not to like outdoor activities. It's so *nice*, so pleasant, so little trouble. In fact, Tampax all but does away with differences in days of the month!

You can bathe or shower wearing Tampax. It prevents odor and embarrassment.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection can be *your* ticket to poise, security, freedom. Your choice of 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States.



Sweater: Weber Slacks: Pantsmaker

TAMPAX Incorporated Palmer, Mass.

SPEAKING OUT

They were meant to restrain demand in an economy bursting at the seams. But today they are repressing demand in an economy operating well short of its capacity.

This, then, is the reason for the $11 billion tax-cut proposal now before Congress. At stake is over $30 billion of annual loss in potential output which a sizable tax cut, reverberating throughout the economy, can convert into net gain. The tax cut will do this (1) by enlarging markets for goods and services as the proceeds of $8.75 billion of individual income-tax cuts are spent and respent in an economic chain reaction, (2) by increasing business profit margins and encouraging investment through $2⅓ billion of corporate-tax reduction, and (3) by sharpening both individual and business incentives and invigorating the creative spirit. In doing so, the tax program will also give us insurance against costly recession.

But here a second fear besets many taxpayers: Even if a tax cut would deliver the goods—and the jobs—it will enlarge the budget deficit. And aren't deficits inherently evil—and ineffective as well?

To begin with, let me correct an apparently widespread misapprehension. The purpose of the proposed tax cut is *not* to build a deficit for its own sake and thus somehow solve our problems. With the critics, I agree that deficits themselves provide no thrust to the economy. The thrust comes from the added consumer buying and business incentives that are released by a tax cut.

Certainly the large deficits in recent years have not cured unemployment and excess capacity. Indeed, those deficits *grew out of* recession and slack. The record $12.5 billion deficit in the fiscal year 1959 grew directly out of the recession of 1958. Our whole postwar budget history bears out the same point. When demand was strong and unemployment averaged only four percent—from 1947 through 1957—the federal budget ran a cash surplus in seven years out of eleven. Revenues exceeded expenditures by a total of $20 billion. But in five out of the six years since 1957, with six-percent unemployment, we went in the hole—by a total of $26 billion. Demand was weak and output lagged. What held us back? The tax brake was set too tight.

When we ease that brake, the size of the added deficit will be far smaller than the size of the tax cut. The tax program now in Congress would add less than two billion dollars to the expected deficit this fiscal year, and about $3.5 billion next year. (Contrast that with a mere three-percent recession; by pulling annual output down by about $17 billion, it would add more than five billion dollars to the deficit.) There is nothing mysterious about this. In a slack economy, tax cuts generate more production and income, more jobs and profits. The revenue losses of lower rates are offset—first in part and later in full—by the revenue gains of an expanded tax base.

Studying the history of tax cuts after the war, the Council of State Chambers of Commerce confirmed this in a 1958 bulletin: "These brief case histories . . . offer abundant evidence that the stimulus of tax relief soon generates sufficient economic activity to offset the revenue loss caused by lower tax rates. Thus, its adverse effect on the federal budget is of short duration." We must not deprive ourselves of the national benefits of tax cuts because of misplaced fears of deficits in a slack economy.

Yet many whose fears of deficits have been allayed are still uneasy about the mounting public debt they leave behind. "It isn't the deficits," the argument goes, reflecting a third fear. "A year or two in the red is all right. It's the rampant national debt that's alarming."

In their early stages, tax cuts do add to the debt. The question is whether this increase in debt will pay for itself or be harmful. No one welcomes an increase in debt for its own sake—whether it is in his household, his business or his government. Yet huge debts have been incurred in the postwar period because their benefits outweighed their costs. From the end of 1947 through 1962, corporations increased their net debt by 218 percent. Other private debts, including mortgages, went up 383 percent. State and local government net debt rose over 400 percent. During the same period, the federal debt rose just 15 percent.

Those who play on the fears of public debt like to present a dire image of an ever-expanding debt that threatens to swallow the economy and bankrupt the nation. The facts of the matter show this to be untrue. Not only is federal debt growing far slower than private debt, but it is steadily shrinking in relation to the economic size and strength of the country. In 1947 the gross federal debt was 110 percent of our annual gross national product. Today it is only 55 percent and still falling. Notwithstanding higher interest rates, the interest charge on the federal debt has dropped from 2.1 percent of GNP in 1947 to 1.7 percent today. In short, the debt is becoming an ever-lighter burden on our growing economy—not a heavier one, as some people would have you believe.

Why fear the debt?

Facts like these led 400 of the nation's professional economists, who issued a joint statement to Congress in July endorsing the President's tax program, to this conclusion: "We should also like to affirm—and we do so with complete confidence—that there is nothing to fear from the present size of the federal debt. Nor is there anything to fear from the moderate increase in the debt that will result from the deficits envisaged in the next few years."

This still does not, however, resolve the question of whether any *particular* increase in debt is prudent. We must ask ourselves whether the addition to the debt resulting from the President's tax program will pay for itself in higher output, more jobs and a greater legacy of real wealth—productive plant and equipment, houses, schools and so on—to pass on to our children. Under full employment and inflationary pressure the answer would be "no." But under present circumstances, with idle manpower and excess capacity, the answer is clearly "yes."

If debts are deemed bearable, the argument shifts, revealing a fourth fear: "Deficits breed inflation."

The great European postwar inflations of the '20's and '40's bear vivid witness that reckless deficit finance and money creation soon *do* generate a ruinous price spiral. But when, as at present, there is ample slack to absorb increases in demand, deficits *don't* breed inflation.

Look at the evidence. In those 11 postwar years when we ran a net cash *surplus* of $20 billion, consumer price increases averaged 3.8 percent a year and wholesale prices, 4.4 percent. But since mid-1957, while we have run a net cash *deficit* of $26 billion, the increase slowed to 1.4 percent a year in consumer prices. The wholesale price index today stands virtually where it did five years ago, a remarkable record of price stability. So the facts simply don't support the charge.

Nor does calm analysis. In an economy with all too many idle machines and men, rising demand translates itself into higher output, incomes, employment and profits—not into higher prices. And today's economy offers added safeguards against renewed inflation: (1) Both domestic and international competition are lively, (2) wage rate increases in 1961–63 have been the most modest in U.S. postwar history—and more modest than those of any other industrial country except Canada—and (3) last year's investment-tax stimulants and this year's prospective tax cut offer further incentives to cost-cutting modernization. So our basic wage-price position offers a favorable setting for tax reduction without inflation.

There is a fifth fear, particularly intense these days in Congress and elsewhere, that unless tax cuts are matched by budget cuts the nation is headed for calamity. The people subject to this fear simply have not thought the matter through. A government that cuts its payments to the public just as much as its revenues from the public, would be taking away with one hand what it gives with another. A rise in private demand would be canceled out by a fall in public demand. On balance, the economy would not be helped—except for some sharpening of incentives—and might well be hurt.

As President Kennedy put it in his economic report last January, ". . . If we were to try to force budget balance by drastic cuts in expenditures—necessarily at the expense of defense and other essential programs . . . we would so depress economic demand, production and employment that tax revenues would fall and leave the government budget still in deficit. The attempt would thus be self-defeating."

But let me address a separate word to the budget shrinkers. The President has acted on the premise that a large-scale tax cut calls for strong restraints on spending and strong efforts at economy in government.

Accordingly, this year's budget holds the net cost of civilian programs—those other than defense, space and interest outlays—below last year's levels. Expenditures for such programs, in fact, have risen less in the past three years than in the last three years of the Eisenhower Administration. The ratio of federal budget expenditures to our national output has held almost steady at about 16 percent for the past eight years. And it is worth noting that the mid-1952 ratio of 16 federal employees per 1,000 of our population will have dropped to 13 per 1,000 by mid-1964.

Once again, scare talk of a federal colossus engulfing the economy and snuffing out freedom is simply not borne out by the facts. Indeed, there have been rising complaints about cutbacks in federal expenditure programs and plans. But we must adhere to this basic rule: Federal expenditures must be set at those levels which meet legitimate public needs at the lowest possible cost.

I have listed what I consider unfounded fears—the five fears most commonly exploited by the advocates of inaction. I hope Americans who are concerned about the future of the economy will examine them and form an opinion. It would be tragic if we permitted ourselves to be paralyzed by doctrines that defy fact and that could keep us from the great opportunities ahead. THE END

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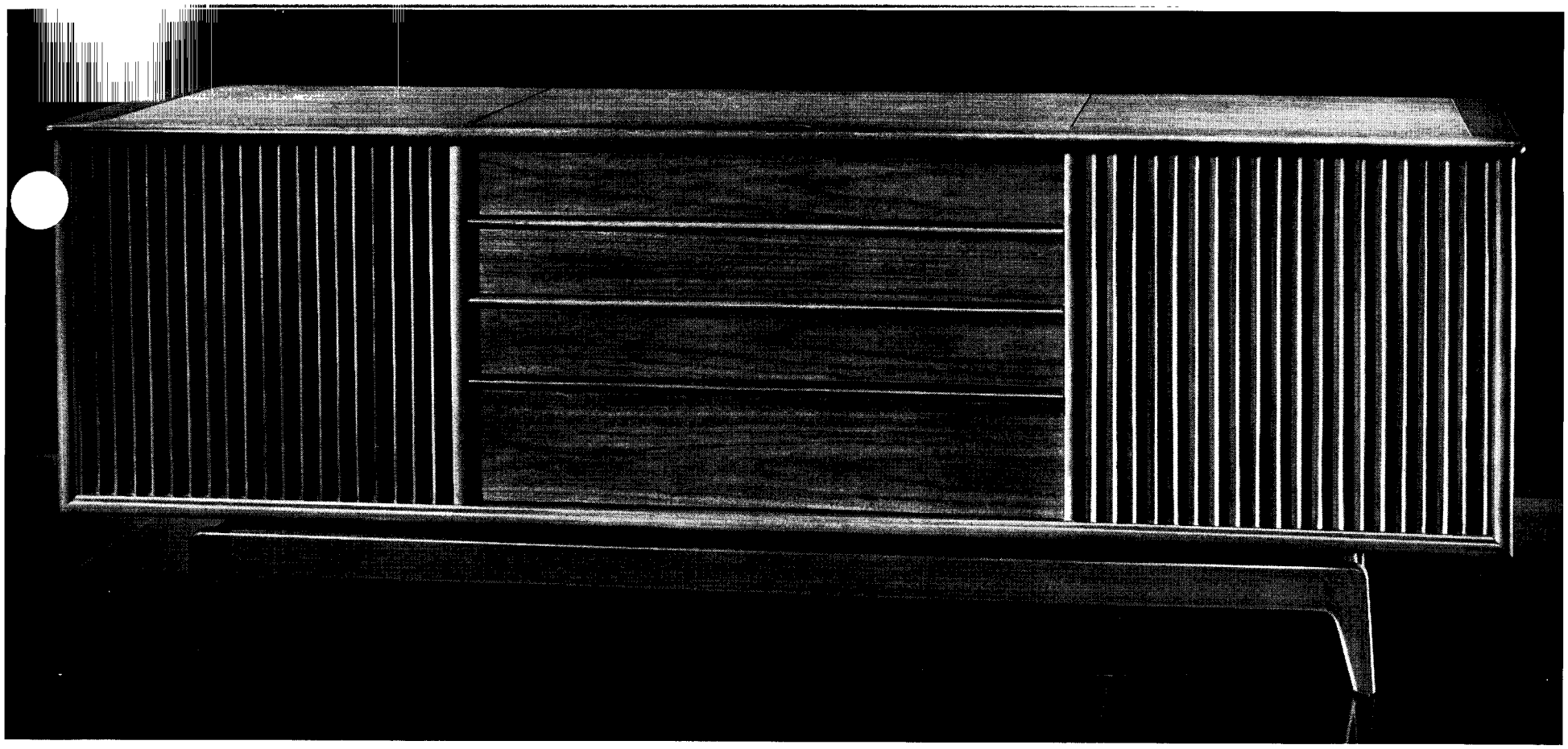


250 watt Solid State Stereo...new from Admiral

Most stereo power ever...with no tubes

Most realistic sound ever...with push-button ease!

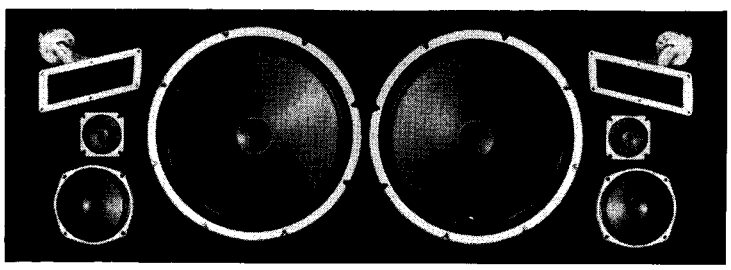
Here is the most startling advance in sound realism since stereo itself. 46 solid state transistors and diodes replace all tubes...not just those in the amplifier, but every single tube in the sound system.

With this new system, Admiral creates 250 watts of power...the most ever in a stereo console. This tremendous power, missing in ordinary stereo, brings you a sound so beautifully real that words cannot describe it. You must hear it.

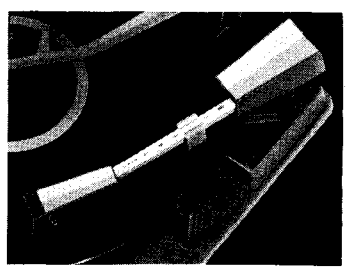
The new Admiral solid state amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM stereo multiplex radio tuner are so reliable that Admiral guarantees them for five years*...instead of the usual 90 days.

Completely new...from the inside out! New feather-light Vari-Gram tone arm has a "custom touch" slide to adjust stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams. You use the least pressure necessary for maximum fidelity, minimum record wear. Professional audio control center...with push-button tuning. Handcrafted 75-inch cabinet of selected woods with 8 speakers...gives greatest sound separation in console stereo!

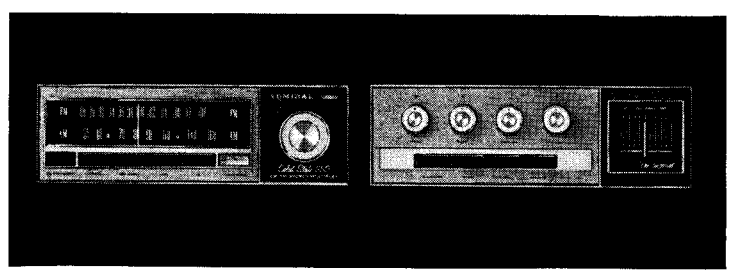
Now, for the first time, actually *feel* the full impact of "live" sound realism. Hear Admiral Solid State Stereo now...at your quality Admiral dealer.



New Admiral 8-speaker sound system creates thrilling sound realism with the greatest stereo separation ever achieved in a home console. Included in the eight perfectly matched and balanced speakers are: two exponential horns for the finest purity of highs...two 3½" tweeters for brighter "brilliance" of treble tones...two 6" mid-range speakers for outstanding, life-like "presence"...and two giant 15" woofers for rich, deep bass tones. This new 8-speaker system with Admiral designed cross-over network...brings you the most spectacular sound ever heard from a console stereo instrument.



New Admiral "Vari-Gram" Tone Arm—lets you custom-adjust stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams. Tracks any record with maximum fidelity, minimum sound distortion and record wear. Records last over 3,000 plays! Balanced 4-pole motor. Professional turntable.



New Admiral Solid State Tuner and Amplifier—advanced sound systems without a single tube. The new Solid State 250-watt amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM stereo multiplex tuner create amazing sound realism instantly. No warm up! No damaging heat! No sound distortion! Professional controls include complete push-button tuning ...large, lighted control panels...visual balance indicator and tuning meter. Enjoy long-distance AM reception, static-free FM stereo multiplex with AFC to automatically "lock in" stations, automatic bass and treble boost!

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***5 year warranty:** Admiral warrants each new solid state stereophonic instrument to be free from defects in factory workmanship or material under normal use for 90 days after date of sale to consumer; the FM/AM/FM stereo multiplex radio tuner, pre-amplifier and amplifier are so warranted for five years. Admiral obligation is limited to supplying suitable replacement parts. The warranty is effective only if the instrument is registered with Admiral within ten days after date of sale to consumer.

Shown above: The Kingshaven, Model Y6191. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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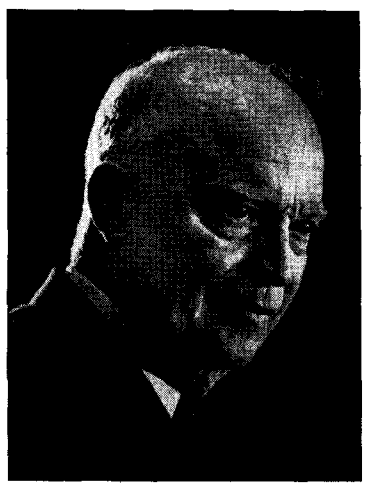
The impact of Eisenhower



WASHINGTON: General Eisenhower has done President Kennedy an enormous favor. In his recent article in this magazine the former President suggested that the huge 380,000-man American force in Europe might be cut back to one division. This startling proposal will strengthen greatly this country's bargaining power with its European allies. In a way, General Eisenhower has done for President Kennedy what the late Senator Robert A. Taft did for President Truman. Taft's great service to Truman lay in scaring the Europeans half to death.

Truman's Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, had a simple way of dealing with his European clients when they became fractious. He would twitch an eyebrow, stroke the famous moustache, and murmur something about "fortress America," and about how defiance of Truman's wishes would strengthen the isolationist Senator Taft. Terrified by the nightmare of revived American isolationism, the Europeans would fall all over themselves getting into line behind Truman.

The nightmare died with the Senator. Ever since, the Europeans—above all the French and the British—have acquired the habit of taking the United States for granted. "Let Uncle do it," has been the motto, and Uncle has obediently done it. During the height of the Berlin crisis, when the United States sent an extra 40,000 men to Europe, the British and the French actually cut back on their commitments to NATO.

The British ended conscription in 1957, and only a few hardy souls in Britain have pointed out the obvious—that the British cannot possibly carry their share of what General Eisenhower calls "the burden of defending Europe" without the draft. Since the draft was ended, the British contribution to NATO has dwindled to the equivalent of two rather feeble divisions.

"Peacetime conscription—not in our tradition, old boy," one eminent Briton explained to this reporter not long ago. "Besides, there's the balance-of-payments problem, you know." He looked quite hurt when the reporter pointed out that peacetime conscription is not in the American tradition either, and that we have our balance-of-payments problem too.

As for the French, when Eisenhower was NATO commander, they were expected to provide 20 divisions or more. There are in fact two French divisions in NATO, as against 12 German divisions, and the equivalent of six extra-powerful American divisions.

No one supposes that as a result of General Eisenhower's article General de Gaulle is going to fall all over himself getting into line behind Kennedy. But at least the article may make serious men in Paris and London think seriously again about where the Western alliance is headed.

Where it is headed is toward the military domination of Western Europe by Western Germany. At this moment of comparative international tranquillity, with the plump and pacific Chancellor Ludwig Erhard taking power in Germany, this may not seem a very disturbing prospect. But men with long memories may find the prospect disturbing.

Consider what has happened already. Because the Germans contribute to NATO three times as many divisions as the British and the French combined, the Germans now inevitably speak in NATO with a much louder voice than both combined. Because of the loudness of the German voice, a new, largely German-designed NATO strategy—the so-called "forward strategy"—was adopted on September 1st.

The forward strategy rules out any pull-back which would result in the occupation of West Germany by Communist troops. From a German point of view, this is eminently sensible. But the new strategy also has very far-reaching and decidedly unpleasant implications.

As long as the British and the French hold their NATO commitment to a couple of divisions apiece, West Germany cannot be defended by NATO's conventional forces against fully mobilized Soviet power. If fighting starts, the forward strategy thus means "going to the nucs"—using nuclear weapons—almost immediately.

The war plans call for sufficient conventional forces to make sure that the Communist side has to mobilize and concentrate. Then, bar a negotiated settlement, small "battlefield nucs" of less-than-Hiroshima power would be used in great numbers. Hopefully, the battle might still be confined to the battlefield, and a civilization-destroying nuclear war avoided. But in any case, the implicit abandonment of the "conventional option" makes it logical to cut back the great American Army in Europe, as proposed by General Eisenhower.

Yet the forward strategy also creates a quite new and very serious problem. Heretofore, American officers assigned to the German Army have held the "key to the nuclear closet." Because the forward strategy envisages the use of "battlefield nucs," in large numbers and perhaps even at battalion level, this will no longer be a practical procedure. Given the proliferation of nuclear weapons envisaged in the new strategy, it will be immensely difficult, and it may be impossible, to maintain American control of these weapons.

This control problem raises the specter of a German Army which would be the most powerful in Western Europe and which would have, for all practical purposes, independent access to nuclear weapons. The end of the road is obvious—a gradual withdrawal of American power and influence in Europe, and the military domination of Western Europe by the Germans.

This is not to suggest that the rearmament of Germany was a mistake—it may well have saved the peace. Nor is it to suggest that the Germans are today, as Mr. Khrushchev loudly contends, war-hungry "revanchists." Yet this reporter vividly remembers the slogan he saw in a German Army barracks. Below a schematic map of prewar Germany cut into three parts—West Germany, Communist Germany, and the "lost territories"—were the words: WILL IT BE LIKE THIS FOREVER? NO NEVER! NO NEVER!

The slogan suggests how dangerous the road to German military domination of Western Europe may one day be. The British and French refusal to make a serious contribution to NATO's ground strength has already taken Europe a long way down this road. General Eisenhower's article may cause the British and French to ask themselves seriously whether they want to go all the way down the road. If so, the general will deserve a vote of thanks from the Kennedy Administration, and indeed from the whole Western World.

Stewart Alsop

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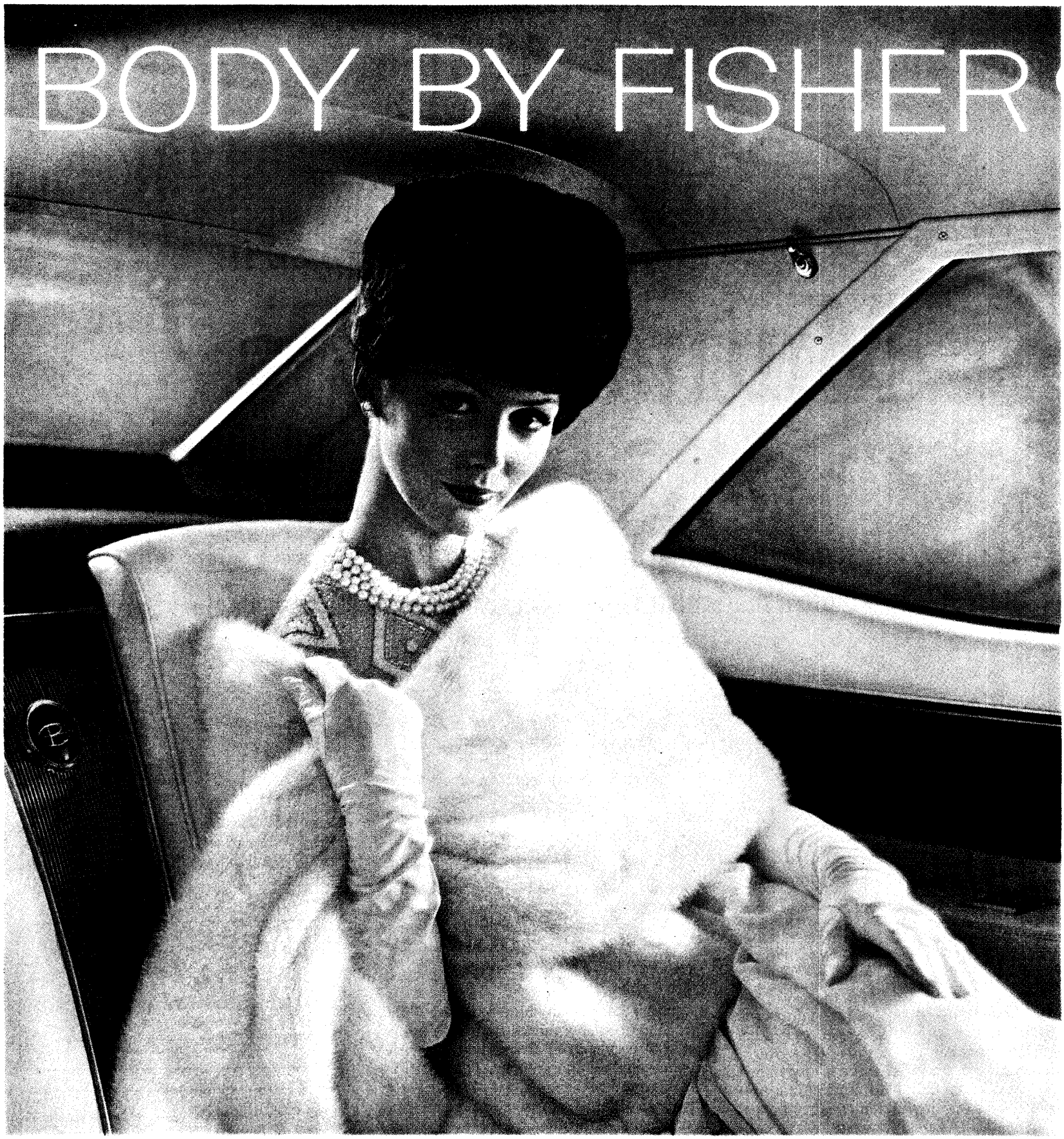

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Bribery, murder and shocking public apathy help keep the Cosa Nostra in power.

How the mob controls Chicago

By Bill Davidson

Al Capone's tombstone in Mt Olivet cemetery, a symbol of unbroken mob control, still attracts the curious

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

CRIME IN AMERICA: IV

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Crime in America: IV

In November, 1957, just after the ill-fated Apalachin meeting of *Cosa Nostra*'s Grand Council was rudely interrupted by the New York state police, the following telephone conversation took place between Momo Salvatore (Sam) Giancana, the *Cosa Nostra* overlord in the Chicago area, and Steve Magaddino, his counterpart in Buffalo, N.Y.:

GIANCANA: "Well, I hope you're satisfied. Sixty-three of our top guys made [i.e., identified] by the cops."

MAGADDINO: "I gotta admit you were right, Sam. It never would've happened in your place."

GIANCANA: "You're —— right it wouldn't. This is the safest territory in the world for a big meet. We could've scattered you guys in my motels; we could've given you guys different cars from my auto agencies, and then we could've had the meet in one of my big restaurants. The cops don't bother us there. We got three towns just outside of Chicago with the police chiefs in our pocket. We got what none of you guys got. We got this territory locked up tight."

In these few terse sentences, reported by a high U.S. Government source, Giancana summed up Chicago's biggest and most persistent problem. For the situation today is nearly the same as it was in 1957 and as it was even in 1930, at the height of Al Capone's reign of terror. "Chicago," a highly placed U.S. law enforcement official said in a recent interview, "is a city in the grip of the mob. It is worse in this respect than any other American community. The Syndicate is so solidly entrenched there and is so monolithic in structure that it is almost impossible to root out. It has worked its way into nearly every facet of the life of the city."

Like all major American cities, Chicago faces other staggering difficulties—among them, deteriorating race relations and a shocking need for urban rehabilitation. It has also made progress in many fields, but the mark of the Syndicate is on the city and its environs, and that brand, which affects all the city's other problems, makes Chicago's blight unique in the United States, if not in the world.

You cannot go into a restaurant in Chicago or its suburbs in Cook County—730 square miles with nearly 2,000,000 people, outside the city limits—and be sure that you are not eating Syndicate beef, drinking Syndicate beer and whiskey, using a tablecloth and napkin supplied by a Syndicate linen service, parking your car and checking your hat with Syndicate-owned concessions, even drinking out of glasses cleansed by a Syndicate-owned sterilizing machine. In so doing, you are paying money into a vast two-billion-dollar-a-year industry—estimated by Cook County's Sheriff Richard Ogilvie to be Chicago's biggest, by far—and your dollars are being used to finance such other underworld activities as narcotics, prostitution, extortion, political corruption, usury, mayhem and murder. In many instances, you have no choice. If the restaurant is not owned outright by the Syndicate, through some front man, the chances are that the restaurateur has been forced to accept Syndicate supplies and services through judicious use of muscle—which in simple language is, "You buy from us, Mac, or else." The files of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Unit in Chicago are filled with such cases. The victims sometimes complain, but they never have the courage to testify.

Moreover, in Chicago—as in no other American city—you may be doing business with the Syndicate when you subscribe to a diaper service, hire a scavenging firm to haul your garbage away, buy a neon sign, park your car in a downtown garage, purchase bread in a supermarket, order a carpet, contract for plumbing work, get airline tickets through a travel agency, take out a loan at a bank or even go to the polls to vote. Since the days of Al Capone, the Syndicate has had a strong voice in the selection of aldermen from Chicago's First Ward—the city's wealthiest, since it comprises the Loop, the financial district and all of the city's great department stores and downtown theaters and hotels. One of Chicago's State Senators is Anthony J. DeTolve, a nephew by marriage of Sam Giancana, the ex-convict boss of bosses of the Chicago Syndicate. Giancana's son-in-law, Anthony Tisci, is an administrative assistant to U.S. Rep. Roland V. Libonati of Illinois, a lawyer who in the past has represented Syndicate members and was a known associate of Al Capone.

The wide-open suburbs

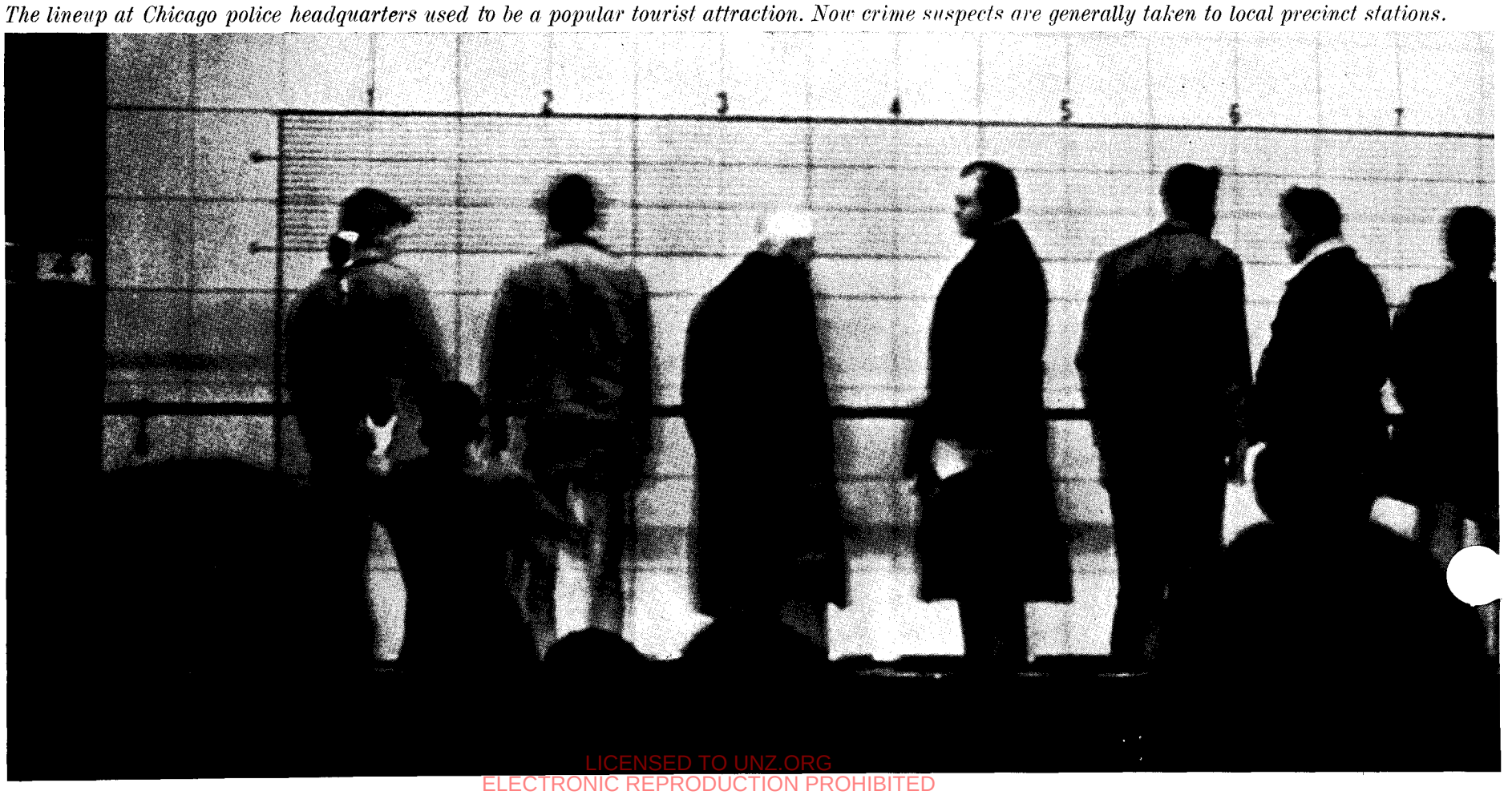
Attempts to dispute the mob's control are discouraged. Not long ago a schoolteacher named Jesse Hight led a civic meeting in Stone Park, a suburb of Chicago, to protest faulty town services, such as the water supply. After the meeting he was approached by Rocco Pranno, the Syndicate boss of vice and gambling in the so-called Mannheim Strip, near Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Pranno roared at Hight, "Don't you know who runs this town?" He then proceeded to beat Hight unmercifully, in full view of several witnesses, including at least two policemen. Nothing ever happened to Pranno. The chief of police of Stone Park is Andrew Signorella, Pranno's cousin.

In wide-open Cicero, Syndicate headquarters town in the Capone days, detectives from the office of able State's Attorney Daniel P. Ward, recently raided the rat's nest of bookie joints, bordellos, B-girl taverns and strip-tease emporiums. The Cicero police offered no help to Chief Investigator Roswell Spencer and his men. On the contrary, when Spencer's detectives returned to their cars, they found all of them tagged for illegal parking.

Last year in the town of Oak Park two crack cops from Chicago's incorruptible Intelligence Division—Detective John Zitek and Sergeant (now Lieutenant) Frank Nash—trailed a Syndicate car into an alley. Out jumped Sam (Teetz) Battaglia, one of Giancana's top *Cosa Nostra* aides in western Cook County, and Battaglia's bodyguard, Rocco Salvatore. Zitek and Nash flashed their badges, whereupon the hoodlums began to throw punches. It was an uneven battle. Zitek is a tough Navy veteran and Nash a former Golden Gloves boxer. Salvatore was soon flattened and Battaglia, suspected by Chicago police to be one of the Syndicate's most feared "hit men"—the mob name for gangland killers—was on his knees, pleading, "Don't hit me no more! Don't hit me no more!" when Oak Park police arrived. But instead of taking Battaglia and his companion into custody, the local cops arrested the two Chicago policemen—even though they also held commissions as Cook County deputy sheriffs.

A few weeks ago I personally became aware of the power of the Chicago's *Cosa Nostra* when I drove through the suburb of Oak Park with Detective Zitek and a federal law enforcement officer. As we cruised past Syndicate chief Giancana's lavish yellow brick home, we were intercepted by an Oak Park squad car. The cop in the squad car made us identify ourselves. Then, though we had arrived in the area just seconds before, he said, "I got a call on you guys from headquarters." Immediately thereafter we were picked up by a tail which followed us until we returned to Chicago. It was a black Oldsmobile from one of the Syndicate-controlled auto

The lineup at Chicago police headquarters used to be a popular tourist attraction. Now crime suspects are generally taken to local precinct stations.



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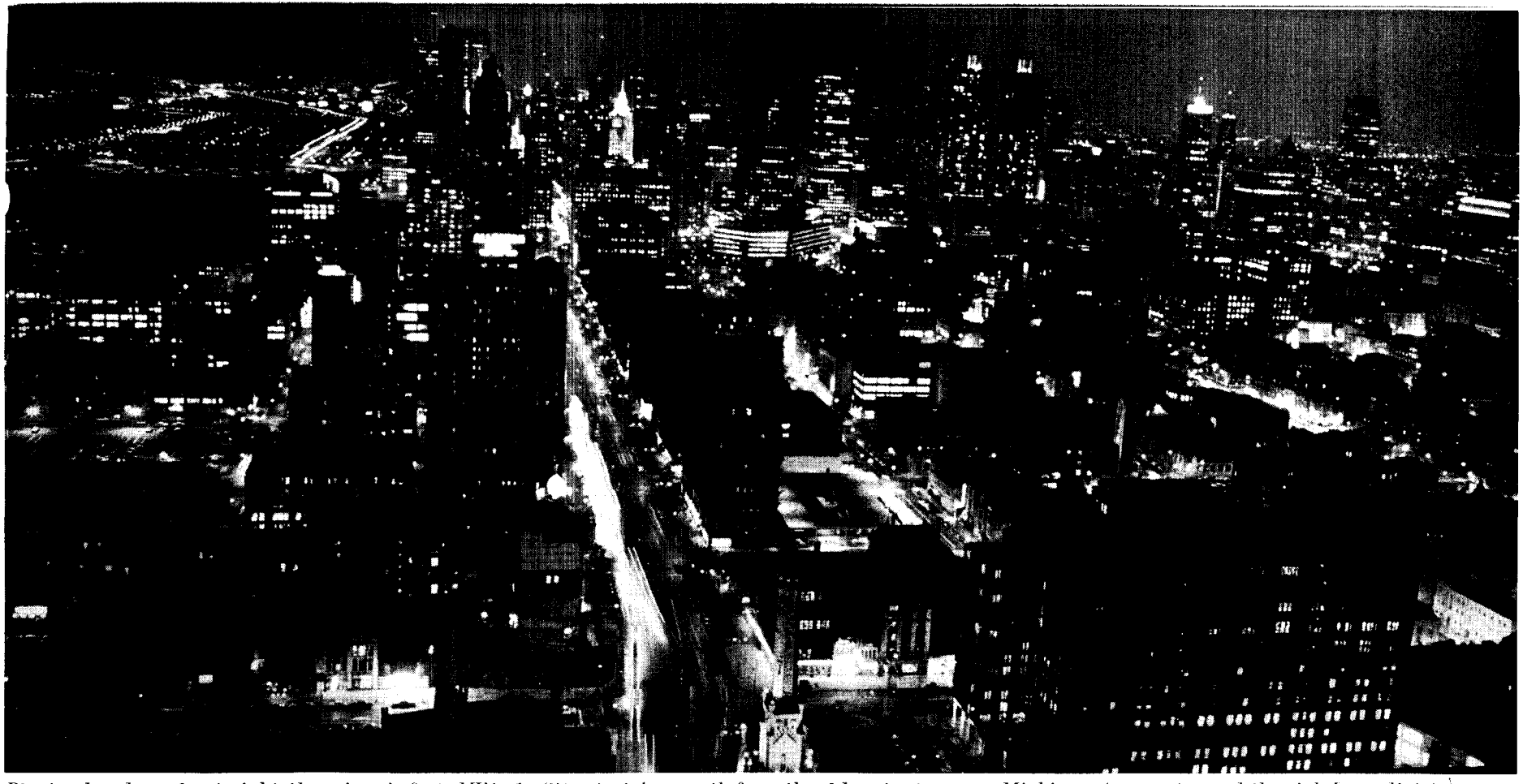

Blazing handsomely at night, the crime-infested Windy City stretches south from the old water tower on Michigan Avenue toward the rich Loop district.

agencies. "Sometimes," Zitek said, "I think their communications system is faster than ours."

In Chicago itself the story is equally sordid. The city's Press Club is in a Syndicate-frequented hotel, the St. Clair. Nearby, just a few blocks from the swank Near North Side residential area, are three other hotels—the Berkshire, the Devonshire and the Maryland—which swarm with Syndicate pimps and prostitutes, according to the Intelligence Division of the Chicago Police Department. These hotels are the core of the fiefdom of Jimmy Allegretti, who is in charge of vice and narcotics in the Near North Side for the Syndicate. Despite frequent raids by carefully chosen policemen, and despite the fact that Allegretti has been convicted of conspiracy to hijack whiskey for inexpensive distribution to his hotels and restaurants (he is out of jail on appeal), his operations continue. "The *honest* cops," says a cynical Chicago newspaperman, "can't be everywhere. We'll have this plague in the heart of downtown Chicago as long as there's clout and the police haven't cleaned out all of the kinky cops." (In Chicago's unique vernacular, "clout" is political influence through payoffs and otherwise; "kinky" means crooked, corrupt, in the pay of the mob.

On State Street, renowned in Chicago song and poesy as "that great street," there are a dozen B-girl and strip joints—with all attendant divertissements for the tired conventioneer—within sight of both Police Headquarters and the famous Loop department stores. These are the personal domain of Gus Alex, one of Giancana's executive officers in the Syndicate. In one joint, the Star and Garter Lounge, across the street from staid Sears Roebuck's national headquarters, I posed as an electrical equipment salesman attending a convention at the Conrad Hilton Hotel and was offered, in quick succession, a chance to buy a $2.50 drink for a B-girl, a narcotics "fix," a female companion to grace my hotel room, an opportunity to place a bet on a Florida horse race the following day, and a ride to a gambling hideaway in Cicero where I could satisfy my lust for "action."

A mile or so from this seamy but profitable Gus Alex enterprise is the more plush Rush Street complex of high clubs, bars and restaurants—all part of Jimmy Allegretti's territory. In the heart of Rush Street is a bustling establishment called The Living Room, formerly known as The Trade Winds. At that time it was patronized by all the top Syndicate members and by nearly every celebrity passing through Chicago, from Elizabeth Taylor to the ubiquitous Frank Sinatra. The owner of record of The Trade Winds was a man named Arthur Adler. On January 20, 1960, Adler left his office to meet his wife for dinner, and disappeared. Two months later a sewer inspector lifted a manhole cover on a sedate residential street and discovered a nude, decomposed body without a mark of violence on it. The body was identified as that of Adler.

The Intelligence Division of the Chicago Police Department has two theories about the demise of Adler. The first holds that Adler went into hock to the Mob when he opened The Trade Winds and a second night club, The Black Onyx. He accepted complete mob control as to who his suppliers would be, and he paid the standard Syndicate shylocking rates of 240 percent a year. According to this theory, Adler had not only fallen behind in his payments but had indicated he might tell the story of his troubles to a special federal grand jury, which had subpoenaed him.

The second theory—a much simpler one—is that the Syndicate had asked Adler to fence some jewels which one of its members had stolen from a suite in one of Chicago's luxury hotels—and Adler, beset by what police believe was a $63,000 debt to the mob, had held out some of the money for himself. In any event, the otherwise-respected businessman ended up very much dead.

The Cook County coroner issued a verdict that death was caused "by strangling by hand or instrument," but Chicago police have information that Adler was killed by a much more ingenious method. They say that the nightclub owner was taken to the cold-storage room of one of the Syndicate's meat wholesaling plants—the same one in which, *Cosa Nostra* dignitaries have bragged, a gangster was once ground up and distributed to the city's restaurants as Manburgers. Adler, according to the police, was tortured for a while. Then the business end of a fire extinguisher was inserted in each of his ears. The fire extinguishers were turned on and the tremendous pressure of carbon dioxide gas caused massive brain hemorrhage and seemingly natural death. If the routine sewer inspection had not occured, Adler's body would have been washed away by the spring freshets.

Adler became Chicago's 941st unsolved gangland murder victim since 1919. According to the Chicago Crime Commission's files, there have now been nearly 1,000 such professional slayings—an average of nearly 23 per year. This is a record unequaled anywhere else in the United States. Yet the sickness of respectable, hardworking, enterprising Chicago—part of its inferiority complex about being the Second City to New York—is its refusal to admit to itself that murder and organized lawlessness and an all-powerful Syndicate are crucial facts of life in the community. "Sometimes these people in Chicago remind me of the Germans during the Hitler period," Chief of Sheriff's Police Arthur Bilek told me. "You tell them that a Buchenwald is in their midst and they say it's impossible, nothing but outsiders' propaganda." Capt. William Duffy, director of the Chicago Police Department's Intelligence Division, says, "Our biggest obstacle is the refusal of the public even to accept the *fact* that organized crime exists here." Frank Kiernan, chief of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Unit in Chicago, laments, "To the people of this city, it's like a football game—the Cops versus the Mob. They sit in the grandstand, sometimes rooting for one side, sometimes for the other—and they don't realize *they* are right down there in the middle of the action with the players."

This attitude exists on all levels of society in Chicago and its suburbs. At parties people would say to me, "Now don't you be like those other Eastern writers and slander us again with all that phony 1930's gangster stuff. Why don't you write about our parks and our new Greenwich Village in the Old Town section of the city?" They made jokes about the Syndicate, as if it were composed of bumbling, lovable Damon Runyon characters, and I found that certain mobsters, like Milwaukee Phil Alderisio and Frank (Strongy) Ferraro, had fans who followed all their exploits in the papers the way they read about such Chicago sports figures as Ernie Banks and George Halas.

One of the city's leading newspaper editors warned me, "Don't make the mistake of emphasizing organized crime here. It's nowhere near as bad as it was fifteen

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years ago." When I protested that none of the law-enforcement officials agreed with him, he said, "Let me call in my top crime reporter. He'll tell you." The reporter was summoned, and the editor put the question to him. "As *bad* as it was fifteen years ago?" the reporter exclaimed. "Why it's ten times worse!" A crime reporter on another newspaper was even more blunt. "There are two governments in Chicago," he said. "The first is elected by the people. The second government is the Syndicate. Sometimes it's hard to say which one runs the city."

It is this second government which, according to Attorney General Robert Kennedy, is the most powerful and monolithic *Cosa Nostra* "family" in the United States. It is estimated to have about 500 members, and unlike its closest rival for affluence, the New York *Cosa Nostra* affiliate—which is fragmented into five families and operates in only certain sections of the city—the Chicago Syndicate comprises just one close-knit group and has all of Cook County split up into coordinated, organized territories.

The present Chicago Syndicate has descended, in direct line of succession, from the Capone mob of the 1920's. When Al Capone went to prison for income-tax evasion in 1931, Frank (The Enforcer) Nitti assumed his mantle. Nitti reigned until his suicide in 1943 on the day he was indicted for complicity in the extortion of millions of dollars from the movie industry by union thugs Willie Bioff and George Browne. With the death of Nitti and the jailing of his heir apparent, Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, in the same movie-extortion plot, another trusted Capone lieutenant, Tony Accardo, ascended the throne. When Accardo began to have income-tax difficulties with the Federal Government in 1957, he stepped down in favor of the present ruler, Sam Giancana. Thus Chicago has had only four kings in the 38 years since Capone first organized the Syndicate, and evidence of the Syndicate's stability is the fact that none of the kings has died violently at the hands of rival gunmen. Capone fell victim to syphilis, Nitti took his own life, and Accardo and Giancana are still very much alive.

In these 38 years of absolute rule the Syndicate has consolidated its position so that it functions much in the manner of any other smooth-running big-business organization. Its leaders live in $100,000 to $500,000 mansions in the wealthiest, most respectable suburbs, alongside judges, industrialists and business executives. For example, no less than 54 hoodlums—the highest concentration in America—are residents of River Forest, Ill., one of the most sedate and affluent small communities in the United States.

The Syndicate bosses wear conservative business clothes—except for the few occasions on which they don the "hit suit," a uniform consisting of black pants, black shirt and black leather jacket, for maximum camouflage in nighttime assassination chores. They have their own lawyers, and efficient-looking offices, where they hold directors' meetings to plan each day's vast operations, and even a fleet of company cars—mostly high-priced black Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles from local automobile agencies with which they are affiliated. They command the highest-priced entertainment talent for their social functions and even to warble commercials on Chicago TV stations for enterprises in which they are interested.

The Chicago Syndicate is efficiently organized into a typical corporate structure with a chairman of the board, a board of directors, a president, vice presidents, division heads and district managers. Accardo is the chairman of the board and elder statesman of today's Syndicate organization. He does not play an active role in day-to-day operations but is frequently consulted on major Syndicate problems. Now 57 years old and immensely wealthy, he lives in a magnificent mansion in River Forest which other Syndicate members reverently call "the Palace." The mansion, built in 1930 by a millionaire radio manufacturer at an estimated cost of a half million dollars, has 22 rooms, an indoor swimming pool, two bowling alleys, a billiard room and six onyx-and-gold bathrooms. The grounds, which cover a good part of a city block, are fenced in with a high iron picket barrier, and six ferocious German shepherd dogs guard the premises. In addition, four armed "gardeners" are on constant duty. Accardo can boast that he has been jailed only once, overnight, though he was a prime suspect as one of the gunmen in Chicago's 1929 St. Valentine's Day massacre. Accardo's closest escape from jail came in 1960, when the Federal Government challenged his $178,000 salary as "a beer salesman" for the Syndicate-infiltrated Fox Head beer company. He was convicted of income-tax evasion and sentenced to six years in the federal penitentiary, but freed on bail during appeal. Two years later the conviction was set aside, on the grounds that unfavorable newspaper publicity during the trial had prejudiced the jury, and a new trial ordered. The second trial ended on October 3, 1962, when the jury acquitted him.

Serving on Accardo's board of directors are two other elder statesmen, Murray (The Camel) Humphreys and Paul (The Waiter) Ricca. Humphreys, a handsome, white-haired, 63-year-old Welshman, dates back to the Capone era, when he was a trusted legal and financial adviser to the Syndicate, and he still holds that portfolio today, though in more of an advisory capacity. Chicago police say he is the political fixer and the labor-racketeering expert. Like Accardo, he recently got into trouble with the Internal Revenue Service for tax evasion, but Humphreys was never even indicted. The principal witness against Humphreys was a bookie named Irving Vine, who formerly was married to Humphreys' platinum-blond wife, Betty Jeanne. Last May 6 Vine was found murdered in his hotel suite. He had been beaten severely, obviously by experts, and then surgical tape had been plastered over his mouth and nose so that he died, unpleasantly, by asphyxiation. The case against Humphreys collapsed, and now he divides his time between a lavish Chicago apartment and a $200,000 mansion in Key Biscayne, Fla., equipped with a swimming pool, expensive landscaping and a modern, $20,000 electronic warning system.

Ricca, the second elder statesman on the Syndicate's board of directors, was a trusted lieutenant of Capone in the old days. He served only three years of his 10-year sentence on the movie-extortion charge, and today, at 62, he is the Syndicate's top expert on gambling, vice and narcotics, according to Chicago police. He also renders judgment when territorial disputes and the like are up for adjudication. And he, Accardo and Humphreys function as a sort of a court of appeals when judgments by lower Syndicate officials are in question. Ricca lives in a big stone house not too far from Accardo's and just up the street from a Dominican Fathers' seminary. He currently is under deportation orders, but the United States can't find a country willing to take him. A Justice Department official reports that, when a country evinces interest, Ricca writes to its minister of the interior and encloses a copy of his criminal record. By this ingenious technique he has succeeded in being turned down by no less than 53 sovereign nations, and the only thing the United States can do is to force him to report to his parole officer once a month.

On the same level with the board of directors is the operating head of the Syndicate, the boss of bosses, who functions as president of the corporation. This is Momo Salvatore Giancana (known as Moe, Mooney or Sam), a tough, profane, wild-tempered, ruthless gangster who rose to his present position of absolute power from humble beginnings as a "wheelman" (chauffeur-bodyguard) in the pre-Capone 42 Gang in the 1920's. Before he was 20 years old, he had been arrested three times on suspicion of murder but released because of insufficient evidence. Later he served two prison terms, one for burglary and the other for moonshining whiskey. Released from his last sojourn in prison in 1943, he was drafted by the U.S. Army but rejected as "a constitutional psychopath" with an "inadequate personality and strong antisocial trends."

How to get to the top

Giancana, now a widower of 54, reached his present eminence in the Syndicate by recognizing the multimillion-dollar value of a racket that the mob had never before taken advantage of—the vast numbers and policy operations in Chicago's sprawling South Side Negro slums. Immediately after his rejection by the Army, Giancana's cunning mind began to total up the nickels and dimes bet by poor Negroes and realized that they added up to an overall sum that was well worth the Syndicate's attention. After a rash of kidnappings, bombings and murders, the old Negro policy kings were driven out of business—and the Syndicate added policy and numbers to its already long list of profitable rackets. Recognizing Giancana's business acumen, Accardo moved him up to a vice presidency in the Syndicate. When Accardo retired under federal pressure in 1957, he named Giancana as his successor.

Today Giancana not only rules the Chicago "family" of *Cosa Nostra* and represents it on the national commission, or grand council, but has also staked out the entire West Side of Chicago and Cook County as his personal domain. He rules from his elaborate brick home on a quiet tree-shaded corner in Oak Park, and whenever a Chicago Syndicate member has a problem to be solved, he says he's "going out West," which means he is going to see Giancana.

In recent months Giancana has become increasingly touchy about police surveillance of his home and person. Last July, in fact, he went to court to complain the FBI agents were harassing him by keeping his house virtually surrounded and by treading close upon his heels even when he was playing golf. U.S. District Judge Richard Austin agreed that the federal officers were being overly zealous and ordered them to remove four of the five cars they had spotted around Giancana's home, and to keep at least one foursome's length behind the mobster on the golf course.

Actually, the FBI's interest in the Syndicate chief is not hard to understand, in view of Attorney General Kennedy's declared war on organized crime. Giancana is the undisputed boss of all gambling, vice, labor racketeering and loan sharking in Cook County and vicinity. Not a bookie or a pimp can operate in the area without getting a "license" from one of Giancana's men, for which, police say, he must pay a fee of 50 percent of his take. Tavern, restaurant and nightclub owners must cooperate by accepting supplies and services from business enterprises owned or controlled by Giancana, on the threat—force is rarely necessary anymore—of beatings, bombings or labor trouble from Giancana-controlled unions. Although his holdings are so disguised through the use of front men that it is impossible for law-enforcement authorities to pin actual ownership on Giancana and his subordinates, Chicago's Intelligence Division has good reason to believe that Giancana owns controlling shares in at least three linen-and-diaper services, a dozen hotels and motels, three meat wholesaling firms, four auto agencies, a car-parking and hat-checking service, eight banks and small-loan companies, two jukebox and vending-machine companies, along with several restaurants and nightclubs.

All these are pseudolegitimate enterprises, but they all depend on "muscle" for their incredible success, particularly as they command top prices for inferior merchandise and slipshod service. As a tavern owner told the Justice Department, "If a hood like Willie (Potatoes) Daddano shows up one day and says he's now a beer salesman and he wants I should take his brand of beer, what am I going to do?"

Only once—by a rare mistake—did Giancana ownership of any enterprise actually show up. In 1957 a banker named Leon Marcus, one of the organizers and former principal stockholder in the Southmoor Bank and Trust Company on Chicago's South Side, was kidnapped, murdered and dumped into a vacant lot. In his pocket, when the body was found by the police, was more than $6,000 in cash and a carbon copy of a receipt for $100,000 that Giancana had given him to apply toward a $150,000 Giancana mortgage on the River Road Motel (now known as The Tropicana) in Schiller Park, Ill. The police believe that Marcus's killer quickly paid for his carelessness in not removing the receipt from the banker's pocket. Seventeen days after Marcus's death, the body of Salvatore Moretti—a former Chicago Park policeman and a known henchman and bodyguard of Giancana—was found stuffed in the trunk of an abandoned car. Moretti had been pistol-whipped, strangled and then shot four times by his killers. Police theorize that Moretti was the man who bungled Marcus's assassination.

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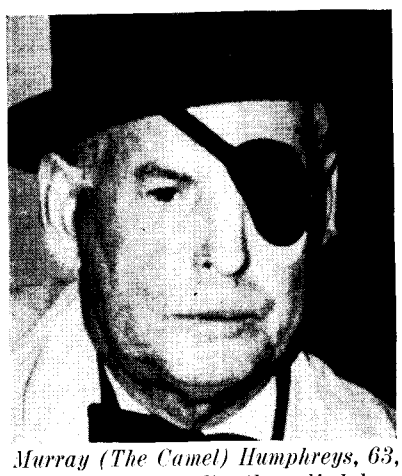
The mob's line of succession

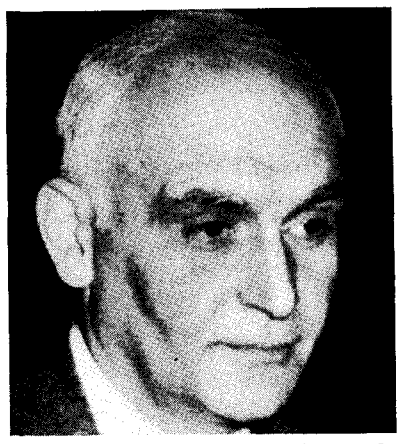
The Chicago Syndicate has been ruled by only four kings from the mid-1920's to the present, and none has been murdered.

AL CAPONE *first organized the Syndicate in 1925. He went to prison for income-tax evasion in 1931 and died of syphilis in 1947. His successor as boss was Frank (The Enforcer) Nitti.*



Murray (The Camel) Humphreys, 63, is considered by police the mob's labor-rackets expert and political fixer.

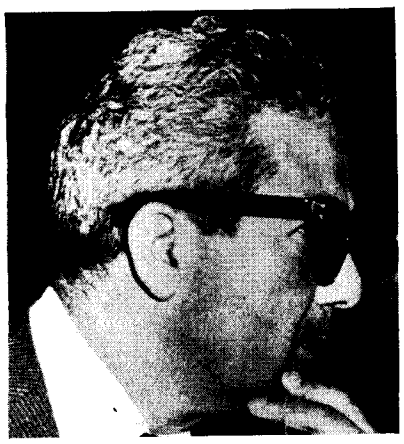
Tony Accardo followed Nitti as mob boss. Today, at 57, he acts as the Syndicate's chairman of the board.



Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, 62, is the mob's expert on gambling, vice and narcotics, according to the police.

SAM GIANCANA *is the present boss of bosses of the criminal empire. Drafted during the war, he was rejected as a psychopath with an "inadequate personality and strong antisocial trends."*

The Chicago Syndicate today is efficiently run by a well-organized "family" of the Cosa Nostra.



Felix (Milwaukee Phil) Alderisio is considered by police to be the mob's vice president in charge of "muscle."

Frank (Strongy) Ferrara acts as the Syndicate's expert on gambling and doubles as organization treasurer.

Gus (Slim) Alex is regarded by police as Giancana's vice president in charge of vice and prostitution in Chicago.

Fiore (Fifi) Buccieri runs a good many gambling operations, but the police say his specialty is really loan-sharking.

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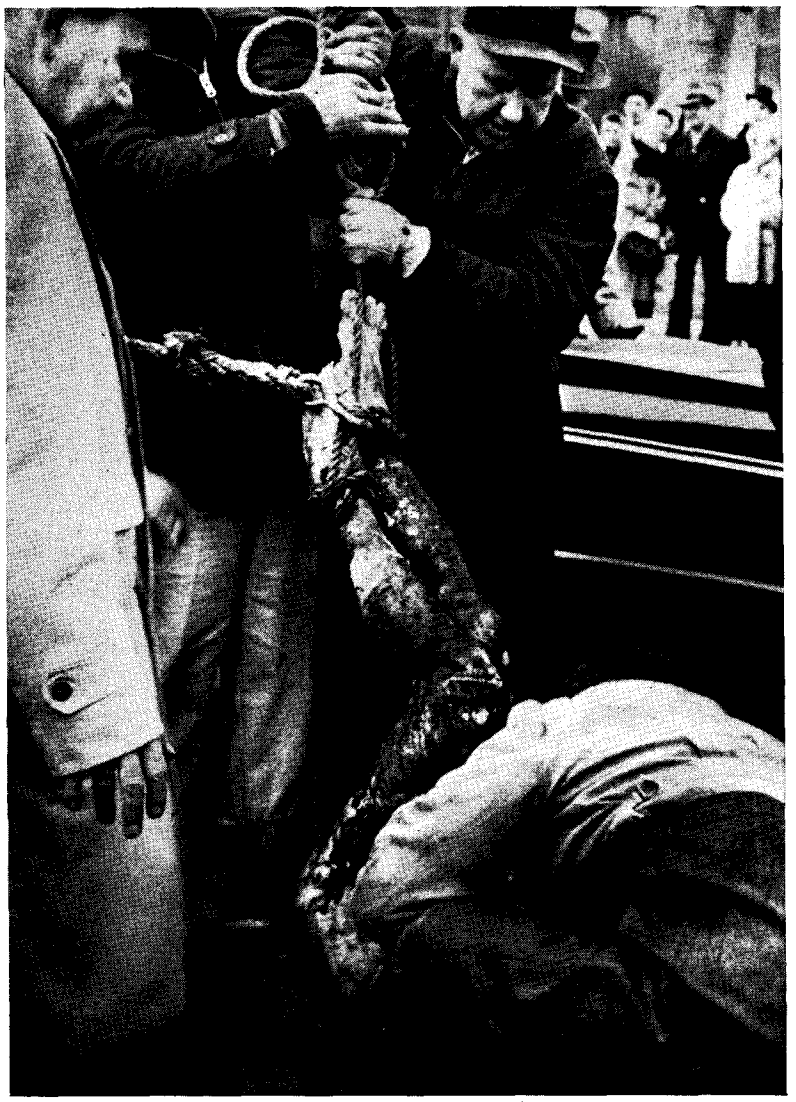


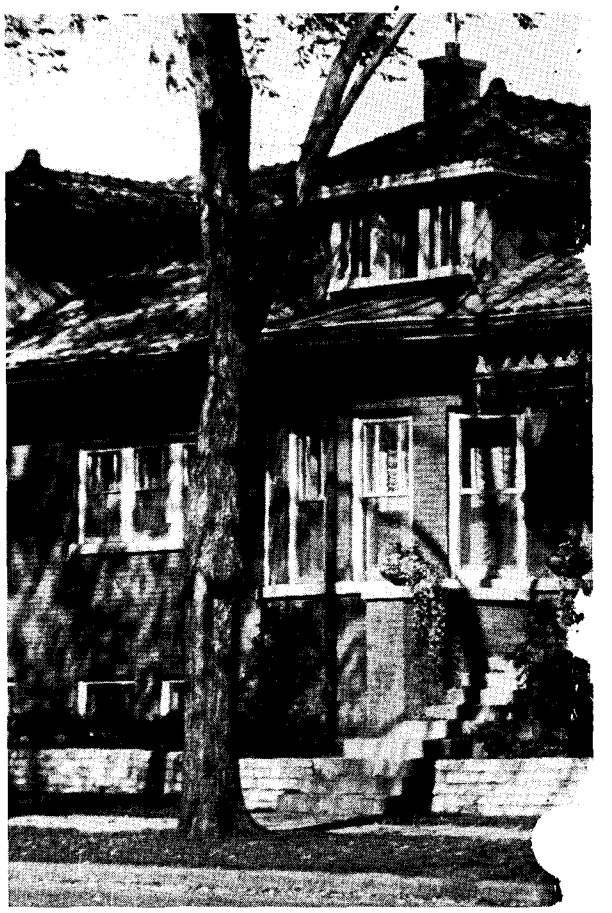
Arthur Adler, a nightclub owner, incurred the mob's anger, ended in a sewer.

With all his cunning and ruthlessness, Giancana *does* have his weaknesses, which have become increasingly evident since the death of his wife Angeline in 1955. Possibly because of an inferiority complex about his unlovely face and short stature, he seems to have a need to be seen in public with attractive women and entertainment-world figures—thus attracting publicity, which is abhorrent to the Syndicate. For a time he openly dated Darlene Caifano, the wife of one of his lieutenants, who, of course, didn't dare do anything about it. Then he was frequently seen in nightclubs and on a European tour with singer Phyllis McGuire, of the McGuire Sisters. After that came his visit last July to Frank Sinatra's Cal-Neva Lodge, for which the Nevada Gaming Commission threatened Sinatra with revocation of his license—Giancana is one of 11 men declared persona non grata at any gambling establishment in the state. For the Syndicate's board of directors, this was the last straw. Chicago Police Intelligence has information that Giancana was deposed and a triumvirate consisting of Tony Accardo, Murray Humphreys and Paul Ricca took over Chicago operations for a few weeks. But last month, when Sinatra suddenly gave up his estimated $3.5 million worth of gambling-casino holdings in Nevada instead of fighting to keep his license—which would have involved testifying about his relationship with Giancana—the old Chicago boss of bosses apparently was reinstated.

Directly under Giancana in the Chicago Syndicate are four men with the title of *caporegima* in Italian. They might be termed vice presidents in charge of operations. The first of these is Frank (Strongy) Ferrara. His specialty is gambling and, because of his head for figures, he also functions as treasurer of the organization. Ferrara is tall, gray-haired and distinguished-looking, and wears $250 silk suits. Although he has a record of arrests—but no convictions—for suspected involvement in such crimes as robbery and bootlegging and as a prime suspect in two murders, he has lately turned to pseudolegitimate enterprises. He has owned a tailoring establishment, a glass-sterilizing-machine company and an ice-making-machine company. He recently was listed as "salesman" for the M. F. Hughes Oil & Coal Co., and abruptly hundreds of taverns and motels began firing their furnaces with M. F. Hughes oil and coal.

The second vice president under Giancana is Gus (Slim) Alex, who is of Greek extraction. Police believe that Alex is the Syndicate's vice and prostitution expert and, just to keep in touch with the public, he runs his own little enclave on State Street in downtown Chicago. The suave, 48-year-old Alex lives in a luxurious Lakeshore Drive apartment in Chicago under the name Sam Taylor and vacations in Saint-Moritz, Switzerland. He was photographed there recently with a former Chicago Playboy Club bunny as a constant companion. One of his close friends is First Ward political leader John D'Arco, whom he visits almost daily and with whom he keeps in trim—Alex is a physical-culture buff—by swimming in the pool of a downtown Chicago health club. In the old Capone days Alex was

Tony Accardo's mansion in River Forest was built for $500,000, has 22 rooms, six onyx-and-gold bathrooms.



Sam Giancana's yellow brick house in Oak Park in

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"To the people here it's like a football game—the Cops vs. the Mob."

known as "The Muscle." Later, Alex's nickname in the mob was changed to "Shotgun," a fact police attribute to his suspected involvement in the shotgun killings of three local hoodlums. Today, in his income-tax returns, he lists himself as a "salesman" for three jukebox and vending-machine companies which have vast patronage throughout Chicago.

Another noted Chicago "salesman" is Giancana's third vice president, the rapidly rising Felix (Milwaukee Phil) Alderisio, now free on bail following his arrest by federal agents on October 15, for extortion. Alderisio "sells" for a bewildering variety of Chicago businesses, and very effectively. The owner of one such business, Edward West of the Central West Drywall Company, explained to Chicago *Daily News* reporter Jack Willner that he sometimes had trouble keeping his customers but that "with Mr. Alderisio's customers, we never lose them." Chicago Police Intelligence believes that Alderisio's real portfolio is vice president in charge of muscle. He is tough and ruthless—a throwback to the old Capone days though at 49 he is a relative youngster in the Syndicate's upper echelon.

On May 2, 1962, the Chicago police picked up Alderisio and one of his assistants, Charles Nicoletti—both in their it suits"—as they crouched on the floor . a specially equipped car in the middle of the night on a West Side street in Chicago. The car had special switches to turn off its taillights in the event of pursuit; there was a hidden compartment for pistols behind the radio grille in the dashboard; and a storage rack for shotguns was uncovered under the seat. The police who intercepted the car reported that there were no guns in the compartments, however, and Alderisio and Nicoletti were released.

The unusual car had been parked near a tavern which was known to be a hangout of two young hoodlums, James Miraglia and William McCarthy, suspects in a recent triple murder. A few days after Alderisio and Nicoletti were discovered by the police in their vehicle, both Miraglia and McCarthy were found stuffed into the trunk of Miraglia's car. Miraglia had been strangled; McCarthy's throat was slit from ear to ear.

A very lucrative racket

Both the Chicago police and the Justice Department consider Alderisio a prime prospect to succeed Giancana. Another leading candidate for the Giancana throne is his fourth vice president, Fiore (Fifi) Buccieri. Unlike the others, Buccieri keeps himself pretty much in the background, and little is known about him, but his role in Giancana's administration seems to be that of V.P. in charge of loanshark operations—an increasingly lucrative field for the Syndicate. He is suspected of owning several finance companies, and as a sideline he also runs *barbut*, a Greek dice game, and other gambling enterprises in the West End of Cicero.

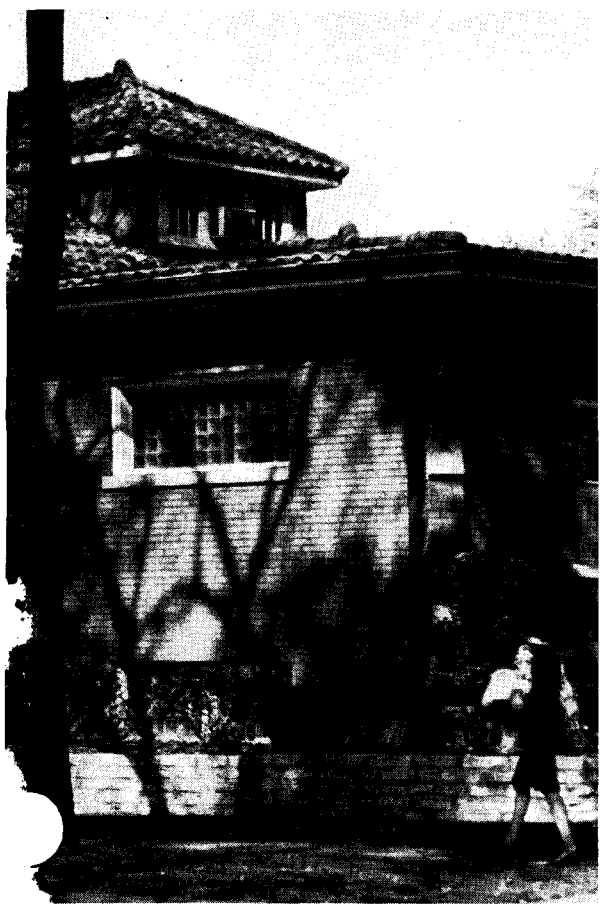
Apart from free-lancing of this sort—all of which requires Giancana's special permission—the operations of the Syndicate generally are broken down into three geographical areas, each headed by what amounts to a district manager. There is the West Side, run by Giancana himself; the North Side boss is Ross Prio; the South Side, extending well into neighboring counties, is managed by Frank LaPorte. Both Prio and LaPorte hold *caporegima* rank and thus are on a level with Giancana's four vice presidents. Prio is a graduate of the old Sicilian Mafia and is well into his 60's. He has been described as "giving the appearance of a gentleman business executive—until he begins to eat." Chicago police say he had a reputation as a savage killer in the old days—with a special flair for arson and bomb-throwing. He now tends flowers and putters in his garden at his splendid home in Glenview, Ill., while his children are big wheels in local community organizations. LaPorte is another of the mystery men about whom little is known except that he runs what is probably the tightest organization in the Syndicate. His $100,000 mansion in fashionable Flossmoor, Ill., is guarded by armed gunmen day and night and he never has been photographed by the police or the press. He is the most orthodox of the Syndicate leaders, believing in the old-time theory that vice and gambling are the mainstays of organized crime and he more or less eschews the new trend into pseudolegitimate enterprise. Before a recent crackdown by the law, his Calumet City, Ill., complex of bordellos, strip joints and gambling houses was the most lavish and successful this side of Las Vegas.

Under each of the district managers is a third level of top lieutenants. On the West Side, for example, Giancana has Willie (Potatoes) Daddano running gambling and pinball machines in a territory extending west for 60 miles from the Cook County border; inside Cook County and Chicago itself is Sam (Teetz) Battaglia, a noted horse breeder who owns a stud farm in Hampshire, Ill. Giancana also has two gambling-casino experts, who operate Chicago's famous floating crap games. These are Rocco Potenzo and Lester (Killer Kane) Kruse.

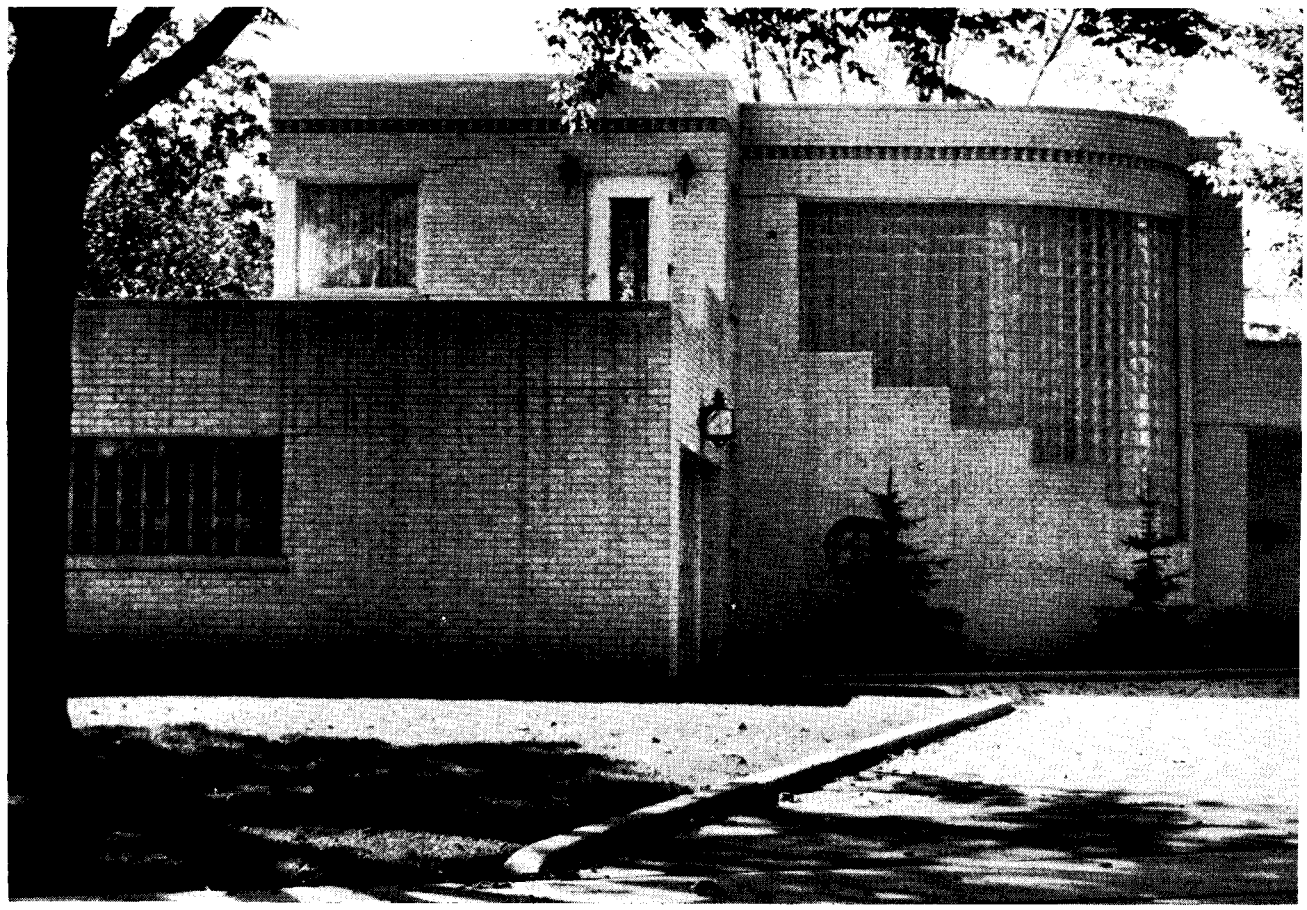
On the fourth level in each geographical area are aides to the lieutenants, and up-and-comers who have been rewarded with small territories of their own.

On the fifth, or lowest, level are the soldiers. They do all the dirty work—hijacking, holdups, fencing of stolen property, the administering of beatings to recalcitrants. If trusted, they will be given a chance to move up by being awarded a "contract" for a "hit." If they escape jail or are arrested and do not talk, they have the hope of being given a small territory or operation, with subsequent elevation to the fourth level. Their hero and shining example is Milwaukee Phil Alderisio, whose toughness and daring caused him to rise from soldier to *caporegima* in the brief span of about 10 years.

From lowly soldier to chairman of the board, the Chicago Syndicate numbers no more than 500 members. Arrayed against them are some 5,000 local, state and federal law-enforcement officers. Why, then, the unequal battle? The principal reason is the old alliance—forged by Capone—between the Syndicate, the police and the politicians. The crime districts of the Syndicate were drawn to coincide exactly with the then-existing police districts. Thus, when a bookie, say, paid 50 percent of his take to the Syndicate for his "license" to operate, part of the fee was for



ne pays—and very well—for the Syndicate leaders.



Milwaukee Phil Alderisio lives in modern luxury, thanks to a rapid rise from lowly "soldier" to mob vice president.

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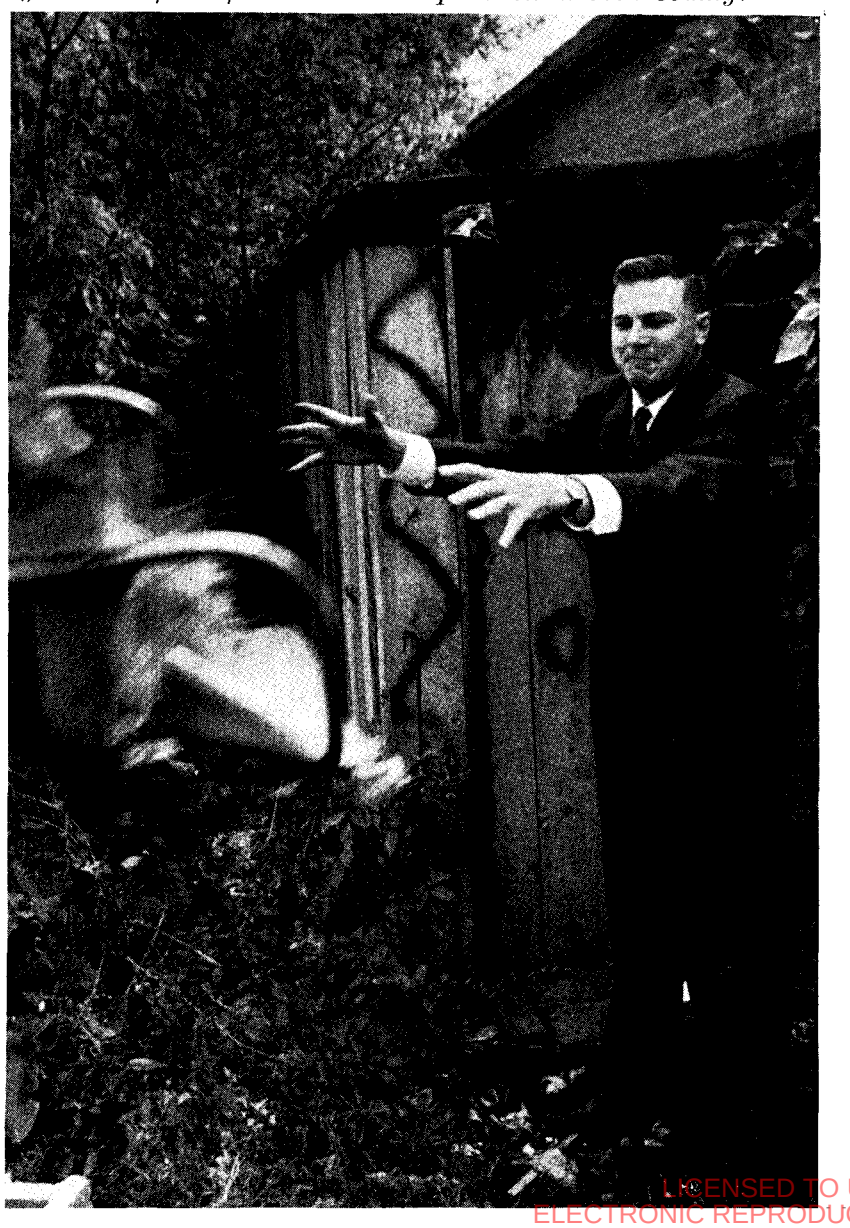
Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson looks over the heads of officers on duty in the communications room at headquarters.

"The Syndicate is so solidly entrenched in Chicago that it is almost impossible to root it out."

Chief of sheriff's police Arthur Bilek tosses away chair used by lookout of a defunct handbook operation in Cook County.



immunity against the police, efficiently paid in one sum monthly to the local district stationhouse.

Certain "kinky" politicians in Chicago and its suburbs played their part by offering protection for the Syndicate in the courts and in the legislature. An indication of the close relationship between the Syndicate and the politicians in the old days was the list of honorary pallbearers at the funeral of Big Jim Colosimo, one of Al Capone's predecessors. Among them were three judges, an assistant state's attorney, two congressmen and a state representative. Even today the powerful so-called West Side Bloc in the Illinois legislature, which includes Giancana's relation, Sen. Anthony J. DeTolve, has succeeded in thwarting most anticrime legislation. Running a big-time gambling operation, for example, still is nothing more than a misdemeanor in Illinois. Thus if Giancana himself were caught operating a multimillion-dollar illegal casino, he could receive no more than a light fine and a few days in jail.

In recent years, however, there have been a few hopeful developments. For one thing, Chicago's mayor, Richard J. Daley, has made some strenuous attempts to throw off the powerful yoke of the mob. Daley, whose personal integrity is not questioned, has made it more difficult for the "kinky" politicians by setting up machinery to eliminate the Chicago psychology of "clout," or payoffs to crime leaders or politicians for favors. For example, he has set up an Office of Inquiry and Information through which a citizen now can apply directly for a zoning easement, say, instead of having to go to the local alderman or Syndicate boss.

Even more significant was the appointment by Daley in 1960 of an incorruptible new superintendent of police, Orlando W. Wilson, a distinguished professor of criminology at the University of California. Without political interference, Wilson has reorganized the Chicago Police Department, eliminated many of its "kinky" members and established reliable intelligence services under Deputy Superintendent Joseph Morris, one of the few honest cops in the old days. Moreover, the Chicago area almost simultaneously acquired an honest state's attorney, Daniel P. Ward, and an honest Cook County sheriff, Richard B. Ogilvie, who found a scholarly young sergeant on the Chicago police, Arthur Bilek, and elevated him to the post of chief of sheriff's police. Finally, there is the seven-man Organized Crime Unit of the U.S. Justice Department, with a small army of FBI men and Treasury agents at its disposal.

Even so, rooting out the mob is an almost impossible task. "We haven't been able to do anything yet about the leaders of the Syndicate," Police Superintendent Wilson said, "because they're so well insulated in their stratified structure and so far removed from the lower echelons we can attack. But we *are* drying up the traditional seedbed of organized crime—open gambling and prostitution." This has been accomplished by constant raids involving local, county, state and federal law-enforcement officers. At the very least, this continuing harassment has driven much of the Syndicate operation underground. I saw this at first hand when I accompanied Chief Bilek's sheriff's police one night on an eight-P.M.-to-six-A.M. patrol. Joint after joint was already closed down or inactive. We made only two raids—one on a gambling den in Cicero the other on a house of prostitution in rural Cook County.

The drying up of the seedbed is undoubtedly the reason for the Syndicate's recent emphasis on new sources of revenue, a shift which brings it much closer to direct involvement with Chicago's ordinary citizens. A good example is a startling series of recent events in which the resourceful Milwaukee Phil Alderisio keeps popping up.

In 1961, 300 new cars suddenly disappeared from the Sterling-Harris auto agency, owned by Leroy Silverstein and George Harris, and the company immediately went bankrupt. Witnesses later testified that a platoon of drivers, under the direction of Leo Rugendorf, an Alderisio aide, drove the cars to an open field near Waukegan, Ill., where parking operations were directed by Silverstein's nephew, Larry Rosenberg, another Alderisio flunky. The cars then were sold at prices ranging from $1,000 to $3,000, ending up in the possession of Syndicate members, gangsters' wives and relatives, and "kinky" associates. Alderisio himself threatened a Milwaukee auto dealer named Edward Bembenster when Bembenster refused to take 50 of the cars for $50,000, and Bembenster had to appeal to the local sheriff for protection. In any event, none of the estimated $400,000 involved ever went to Sterling-Harris's creditors. Chicago Syndicate members have boasted that this was one of their most fantastic steals.

They can't understand

Alderisio is suspected by the police of being involved in similar rapes of another auto agency, Berg Motors, and of the National Lumber Company and Hilton Carpets. He is also in the peat-moss business and he is believed to own a high-school-diploma mill, a uniform-rental service, a car-leasing firm and three diaper services.

Still the people of Chicago remain unperturbed about the *Cosa Nostra*'s grip on their city. They persist in the belief that they personally are not involved. At a party in a Chicago hotel recently, as they ate from Giancana-supplied linen and drank Accardo-supplied beer and whiskey, some of the leading citizens of the area discussed the city's problems and accomplishments with me. They talked about the problem of Negro segregation in slum areas—while Strongy Ferrara's numbers collectors were busy separating poor Negroes from their meager earnings. They boasted of the architectural magnificence of Chicago's new buildings—while Murray Humphreys enjoyed the luxuries of his 51st-floor apartment in the prime exhibit, the Marina City towers. They spoke of the cultural revolution in Old Town—while Ross Prio's "salesmen" were peddling their Syndicate wares at Old Town's glistening new avant-garde bistros.

"I've lived in Chicago all my life and I'm proud of the city," Deputy Superintendent Joseph Morris said. "But the psychology of the people here is beyond me. You can't even make them believe that the innocent old man taking bets at the corner newsstand has anything to do with the Syndicate. Why can't they understand? Why can't they understand?" THE END

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Handcuffed mobster Milwaukee Phil Alderisio tenses up as a U. S. marshal leads him out of hearing room after his arrest for extortion on October 15.

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By Edward Linn

BOB HOPE in The Road To Golf

"You go out with three strangers," he says, "play eighteen holes, and you got three enemies."

Where less-dedicated men have been known to clutter their backyards with such impedimenta as hedges and apple trees, Bob Hope has a kidney-shaped golf green of infinitely fine nap and texture, guarded by two kidney-shaped sand traps.

(The sand came from the set of *Road to Bali* through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures, which protested mightily.)

When the Hopes are entertaining, in their rambling white mansion at Studio City, Calif., it is customary for guests to come out to the back terrace after cocktails and drive wedge shots toward the hole. In 15 years of five-o'clock entertaining, there has been only one ace—by Dick Humphries, a dance director—although Gen. Omar Bradley drove a ball that hung on the lip of the cup.

It is actually a three-in-one golf course, for there are alternative tees across the rolling grass. One sets up a 140-yard drive over a swimming pool and the other an unobstructed 65-yard pitch.

Although Hope has been shut out on his home grounds, in some three decades of golfing he does have a total of three holes in one. That's how they happen—one every 10 years. His first came at the Lakeside Country Club—eight blocks from his home—while he was playing with Joe Louis, Fred Astaire and Jimmy McLarnin, the old welterweight champ.

"Louis plays golf the same way he fought," Hope says. "The only time he says anything at all is when he misses a shot. Then all he'll do is roll his eyes and murmur, 'Oh, Joseph.'"

Hope hit a seven-iron off the 15th tee onto the green. Louis walked up ahead of the others, looked down and, in the same tone of excitement with which he might announce that the grass was green, he said, "Man, that went in the hole."

In his summer home at Palm Springs, Hope also has a little green which is encircled by tees to make a nine-hole course. Among his regular Palm Springs partners, the approach over the garage is considered the most demanding, although there are those purists who insist that the shot over the garden gate calls for a much finer, defter touch.

"If I'm in Palm Springs seven days, I'll be playing or practicing every day. Overall, I spend seventy percent of my time on a golf course. I carry my clubs everywhere," he says, "even to the bathroom. If I'm going to Denver for one day, I'll call up and ask how the weather looks. 'Beautiful,' they say, and then I'll walk off the plane with the clubs, and a big flurry of snow hits me right in the face. My work is really getting to be a pain in the neck. It's really beginning to interfere with my golf."

To disabuse anyone who might have any ridiculous notion that Hope is a solitary golfer—and that, as they say, is the worst kind—Bob says it is the social aspect of the game that appeals to him most strongly. It is a game of partnership and all-around amiability. "I think golf is the most relaxing game ever invented," he says, switching to his professional delivery. "I mean, you go out with three strangers, play eighteen holes, and before you *know* it, you got three enemies."

Jack Benny loves to tell the story about Hope coming off Tamarisk at Palm Springs, moaning about how badly he had played. "'But, Bob,' Benny said"—and here Hope imitates Benny's somewhat prissy, solicitous tone—"'you travel all the time and you do shows and you do radio and you do pictures. You can't *expect* to play a good game.'"

Hope let Benny explain and excuse and defend *ad nauseam*, and then he glared at him with loathing and snarled, "You damn fool, I play every day."

Everybody around Hope ends up playing golf, either through example, exhortation or osmosis. The favorite family joke at Lakeside is the elaborate gag pulled on Bob's makeup man, Shotgun Britton, several years ago.

In strict defiance of all laws governing the personality of makeup men, Shotgun's normal tone is a Texas growl and his normal expression is a snarl. His principal duties seem to be to powder Hope's face and tell him off.

"Well, one Sunday," Hope says, "we brought around this guy who was supposed to be the brother of the club doctor, but was actually a professional named George McAllister. The guy showed up wearing shoes that turned up in front and underwear that was sticking out of his sleeves. He had an old canvas bag with four sticks in it, a torn glove and he talked like a real bumpkin." He looked, in short, like a rube.

A few friendly outriders confided to Shotgun that the guy was a nine-handicap player with a compulsion to bet on his game, and with a minimum of effort—expended mostly in holding Shotgun back—a $100 Nassau match was set up. (In Nassau that's $100 on the first nine, $100 on the back nine, another $100 on the match, plus ad-lib variations.)

As they were leaving the clubhouse, the doctor took Shotgun aside and told him, "My brother's an alcoholic, so be sure he doesn't get any whiskey, huh? And one other thing. The poor fellow has an affliction, he's an epileptic; so if he seems to lose control from time to time, just try to ignore him."

"The first thing that happened," says Hope, "the guy refused to take a caddy because he wasn't letting any passing stranger take *his* bag away from him."

Shotgun got off a good drive, then the pro stepped up, hunched his shoulders, stuck out his butt, squirmed around and finally dribbled the ball 30 yards down the fairway. On his next shot, he took another lunging swing, and the ball somehow flew 230 yards to the edge of the green. The guy jumped up and down in joy, clapping his hands and screaming, "Goody! Goody!"

"What a lucky guy!" everybody told Shotgun. "Did you ever in your life see such a lucky shot?"

Needless to say, the pro kept making one "lucky" shot on almost every hole, and they came to the ninth tee even.

"When you have something good going for you," Hope says, "you always seem to get something extra, something you couldn't possibly have counted on. Ninety yards from the green, the guy took out a putter, giggled, and said, 'I think I'll try it with this stick!' And believe it or not, the ball hit right on the green and rolled right into the cup. And the guy just glared over toward poor Shotsy and said, 'Well, I got a right to use any club I want to, don't I?'"

So now Shotgun goes back to the locker room, $100 down, and sees his pigeon heading straight for the bar—where a glass of iced tea had been carefully fixed up to look like a double shot of Scotch. Just as Shotgun yelled out for somebody to stop him from drinking it, the guy gulped it down and fell to the floor, kicking and twitching.

"Well, Shotsy, being a great humanitarian, kept slapping the guy across the face to try to revive him so that he could get him on the back nine, because he'd already made a deal with the guy to double all bets. He's yelling for the doctor to come and help, but the doctor just looks down and walks away. Poor Shotgun, he was going crazy."

Shotgun kept administering first aid, though, and finally revived his man, propped him up and walked him back out on the course. Only this time McAllister walked over to his car, took out a professional's bag of clubs and hit the ball a mile down the fairway.

"Shotgun was so mad he wouldn't go on the course again for a couple of years," Hope says. "But, you know, I'm afraid he's going to get the last laugh. He just came up with a product which is a series of four kinds of men's toiletries with the atomizers in the shape of big golf balls. He's got to make a million dollars, and there's nothing worse than a rich Texan."

The golfing feud between Bing Crosby and Bob Hope is easily the most widely publicized since Delilah went after Samson with a three-iron.

Privately Hope concedes that Crosby has always been the better player. "Few people know it," he says, "but Bing has won the Lakeside championship two or three times, beating fellows with national-amateur standings. I'd just as soon they don't find out, because I don't want to lose him as a monologue topic. I say, 'He plays a wonderful game for a fellow still using wooden shafts; it's nice they can get him oiled up to play!'"

Crosby has his own routine on Hope interviewing an aged English caddy on his knowledge of the course. The last question goes, "Well, how are you at finding balls?"

"Very good, sir."

"All right, then, find me one and we'll start."

When they were making *The Road to Hong Kong* in England, Hope and Crosby would rush out immediately after each day's shooting to try to get in nine holes of golf before dinner.

One day they were shooting a scene where Hope, playing his customary role as the genial patsy, was about to be sent to the moon, and to keep him dumb and happy, a representative bevy of harem beauties was curling his hair, oiling his body and painting his toenails.

The shooting over, Hope and Crosby rushed to the Wentworth Golf Club. "There were a couple of typical sporting-

Arnold Palmer, Hope clown with giant clubs. Not clowning, they won tourney last year.

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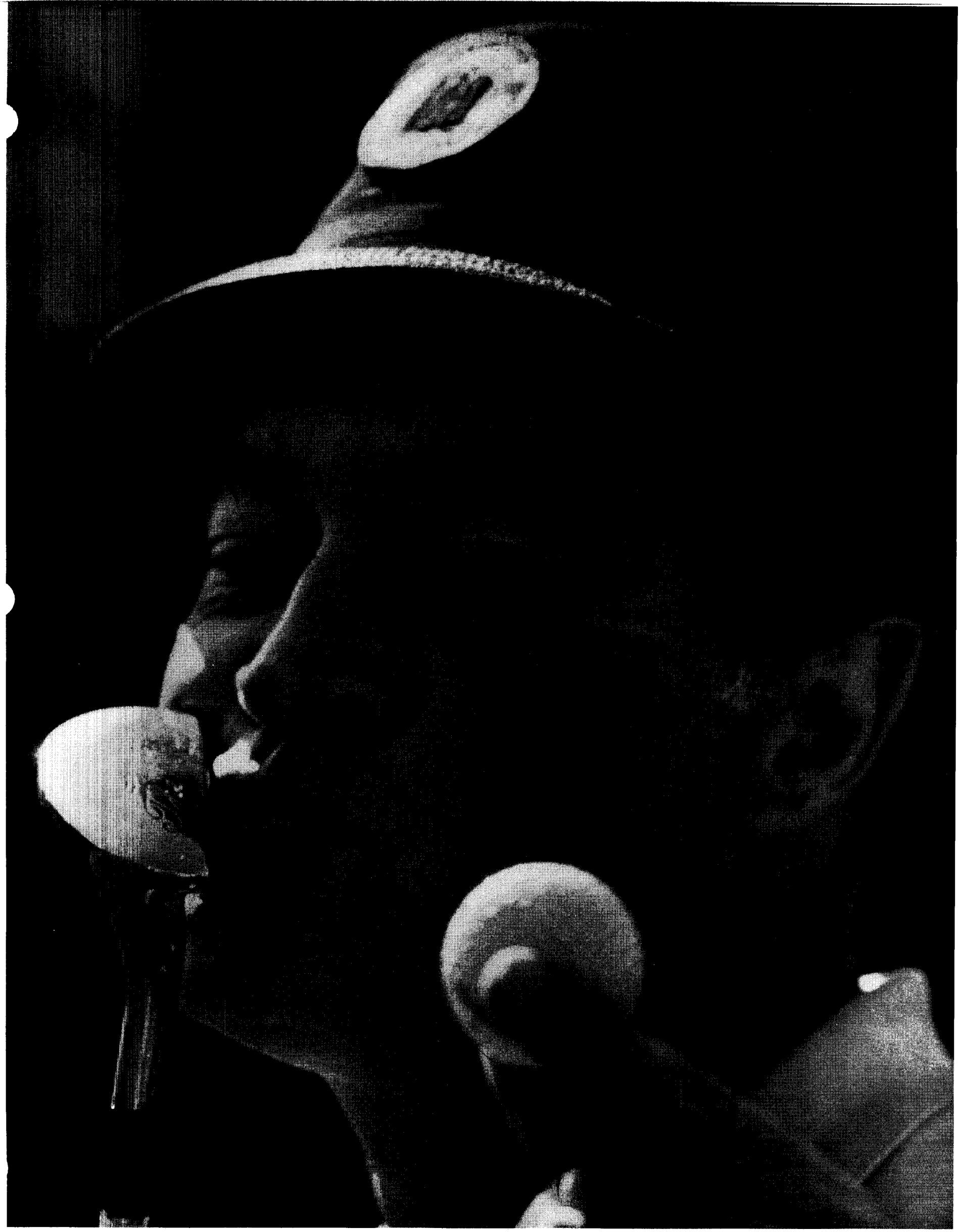

Kiss the putter, look at the ball? Kiss the ball, look at the putter? Anyway, in three decades of golfing around the world, Hope has scored three aces.

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"I just lent Bolivia two million," quipped Ike, "so we better hold this game to a dollar."

Actor Joe Kirkwood Jr. (left), Gen. Omar Bradley and Hope with scorecard and frown.

BOB HOPE

type Englishmen there, in tweeds and pipes," Crosby says, "and when Bob took off his shoes and socks, their eyebrows went shooting right up to the ceiling. Because Bob had forgotten all about those red toenails. They looked at Bob, and they looked at each other, and then looked quizzically toward me."

Bing, always a good buddy, just turned up his hands and shrugged helplessly.

Just at that point Hope, suddenly aware of the gathering silence, looked over, quizzically, himself. "Just in time," Bob says, "to see their eyes go from the red toenails up to my face to see who it was, and then, like their heads were on a swivel, straight on up to the ceiling, as if to say, 'Now who would have thought *that* about *him?*'

"Fortunately, I'm famous for my ability to think quickly under pressure, so I blushed cleverly, picked up my shoes and ran."

A week later they took the *Road* to Wentworth again after a hard day of retakes on a scene where Hope, having returned from the moon intact and in triumph, was being greeted by a confetti-throwing mob. This time, they managed to get out onto the course without incident, but when Bob came back to shower, he pulled off his pants and found confetti cascading out of his drawers.

"I am well known in English sporting circles," Hope says, "as that actor who paints his toenails shiny red and wears confetti in his drawers."

Bing is such a methodical and competitive player, Hope says, that he will arrive as early as possible for their exhibition matches so that he can get as much practice as possible.

Hope especially remembers the time, years ago, when they were playing a charity match at the Edgewater Beach Golf Club in Evanston with Tommy Armour, one of the top pros of the day, and Chick Evans, the amateur champion. Bing, arriving early, saw a huge banner announcing that he was paired with Armour. Once in the locker room, he also saw Armour lying on the dressing table. He looked as though he had not slept much the night before.

"So Crosby went to the head of the club and said, 'Look, Hope's not going to buy this. If you knew Hope, you'd know he always has to play with the top man. You better change the billing and I'll play with Evans.'"

Hope, arriving shortly before tee-off, studied the crisscrossing black arrows showing the change of partners, and was, of course, delighted. But not for long. "Armour came wandering through the crowd after the rest of us had already driven off, and then he knocked three straight drives out of bounds. I didn't know what to think. I thought they had to be pulling a gag because at that time Armour was one of the pro powerhouses.

"But," Hope says, "Crosby isn't the only one. Everybody gets very serious on a golf course. Even the comedians. They'll clown in exhibitions because that's what the people have come to see, but when they play privately, it's a serious business. People are funny, you know. Because you're a comedian they think that anything you do is hilarious. So when you end up in a sand trap, with an unplayable lie, they think it's for laughs. You find it's easier to go along, even though you're probably steaming inside, because if you do get a few laughs, you might even convince yourself."

"Eisenhower," Bob says, "is another man who does not come to the golf course to laugh. I first got to know Eisenhower when I was entertaining the troops in Algiers, but the first time I played golf with him was when I went to do a show for the White House press shortly after he had taken office. I tell you, when you get those White House calls, you call right back, because it just might be about your income tax."

Paired together, Eisenhower and Hope lost at one-dollar Nassau to Sen. Stuart Symington—a good friend of Bob—and Sen. Prescott Bush, "mostly," Bob says, "because I had my airline swing from flying around the country so much." It cost them three dollars apiece.

The next day Hope played in a foursome with General Bradley and the late Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg. President Eisenhower was on hand again too, and having seen Hope's game at close range, he was eager to bet Hope he'd lose again. "I went out and had one of my best days at Burning Tree, a seventy-five, and when the President paid me my three dollars in the locker room, he looked me right in the eye and growled, 'Why didn't you play this way yesterday?'"

Obviously Eisenhower plays hard and loses hard. "It's the fever of competition, not the money," Bob said, but immediately he began to smile. "Except once. Eisenhower came out one day and said, "'I just lent Bolivia two million dollars for something or other, so we better hold this game down to a dollar.'"

And yet, Hope insists, the reason golf is so relaxing a game is that it demands such complete concentration that your normal problems are wiped away. "I've found that all these Congressmen are very hard players. I suppose they have to have competitive natures to rise that high in politics, but even more than that, I think it's part of the human makeup. And it's even more so in golf, because you're fighting yourself rather than an opponent. That's why dictators can't play . . . because they don't trust themselves." He paused to pick what he had just said out of the air. "What kind of a joke is that?" he said incredulously.

"You know, I always felt kind of sorry for Eisenhower out there, because they always had all these Secret Service men around him, and every once in a while somebody would be sure to bring him a message or call him to the Signal Corps phone. I used to do a routine where I'd say, 'I walked over near a tree and the tree moved.'

"They had the Air Force above him and the Marines on his flanks, and all that artillery can make you a little shaky when you putt.

"The stories about the machine guns in the golf bags were true too. And the closer it got to election the bigger the bags got.

"Golf has been so great," Hope says, "because it has been an entree for me wherever I go. One night I was at Mervyn Le Roy's house. There was the king of Belgium, Baudouin, and the king told me he had heard I was a very good golfer. 'If you're ever around my way,' he said, 'be sure and call me for a game.'"

Hope had heard that the king was a very good golfer himself, and Baudouin conceded that he was a three handicap. "I'm glad you didn't stop off at Washington," Bob told him, "or we might be paying taxes to Brussels from now on."

A year later Bob was in London with a friend, Pardee Erdman, a retired Navy chaplain and a very good golfer. "'How,' I asked Pardee, 'would you like to play with a king?' which was a pretty good opening line right there."

Hope called the palace in Brussels and in no time at all the king's aide called back to tell him a car would be waiting at the airport to take them to the royal golf course. "The aide also told me the king was going to bring along Jacques Moumont, the Belgian amateur champion. That's what happens wherever I go, they wing these champions at me, and all of a sudden I'm a comedian again. I've been beaten by more great golfers than any amateur alive."

Bob found himself paired with the king. "Naturally he wasn't very good that day, because he was playing with me. On the front nine they killed us, and I said, 'King, they don't worry us a bit. Let's double press' [triple the bet]. And immediately I went out and took a seven on the tenth hole. The king looked at me, shook his head and said, 'You must have a lot of money,' and that just broke me up, because here's a guy who owns a country, and he thought I was the last of the reckless spenders because I threw a double press at him in a ten-dollar game.

"But it only cost me fifty dollars to play with a king, and I'm willing to pay those kind of cover charges anytime."

There have been other weird and colorful games too. "I played on Christmas Island in December, on a golf course which the troops had built on top of the sand, and I played through a light snowstorm in Korea on Christmas Day."

He also played St. Andrews, Scotland, with Val Parnell, the manager of the Palladium, on a day when the sun had melted the snow completely on all the fairways but had somehow barely touched the snow on the greens. "The caddies carried long branches with them and scraped the snow off as we went along. But, still, the ball would pick up a coating of frost as it rolled along, and would just seem to expand before your eyes as it neared the hole."

Bob is really a much better golfer than he will admit, since he isn't quite ready to scrap all those routines about his own ineptitude. Last year he won the pro-am tournament at Miami, in part because he had the good sense to come up with Arnold Palmer as a partner, but also because he had the good taste to go out in a flashy 35.

Ben Hogan is one of his best friends. "He was beautiful. I don't think I ever played better than when he was teaching me at Tamarisk after my game had fallen apart, and he was very thrilled at my improvement. But Ben wasn't out there to lose money either. In a tournament Hogan would look right through his best friend, and he plays five-dollar Nassau the same way.

"When they were making the picture of his life at Paramount, he invited me out for a game and gave me two strokes a side. On the eighth hole I was two under par on my own ball and one up on him even. And then Ben gave me another friendly little lesson that fixed me up real good. A slight readjustment in the placement of my hands. He fixed me up so good that while I was worrying about my hands, he murdered me."

When it gets down to that argument over whether golf is a sport or a discipline, Hope insists that a good golfer is also a great athlete. "There's as much excitement for me watching a guy come in the last three holes when it's tight and the pressure mounts as anything else in sports. It's the necessity to dominate your own nervous system that makes the game so much of a challenge."

He picked up a club and began to swing it back and forth, turning his hips and his arms in a constant rhythm. "You have to battle your own physical attributes and keep it all cool. Keep everything working. It's a physical memory. The muscles have

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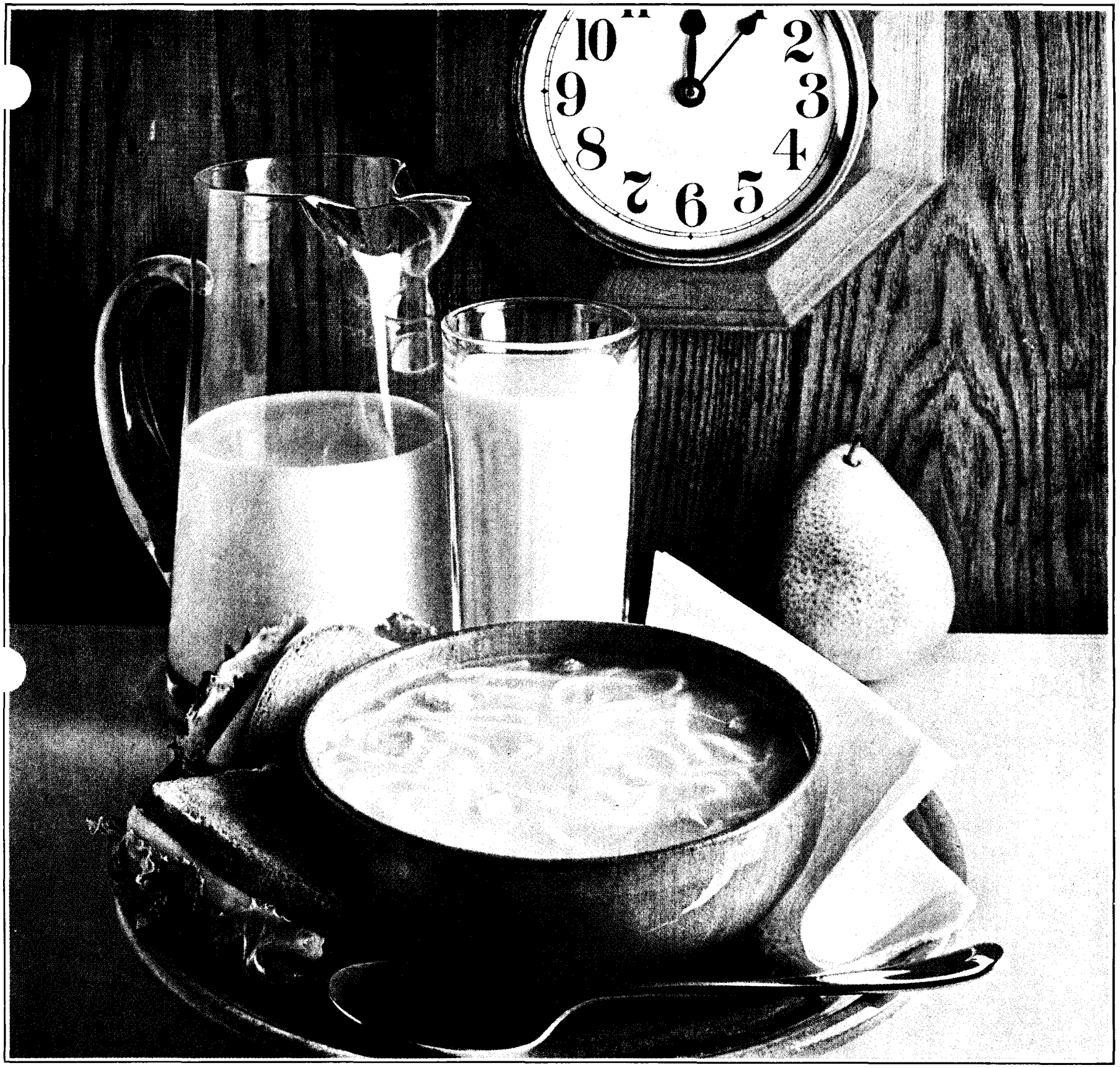

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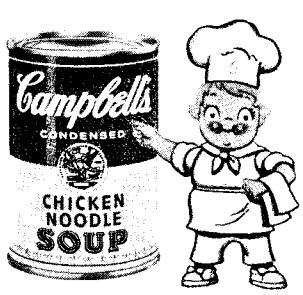

More than 30 kinds

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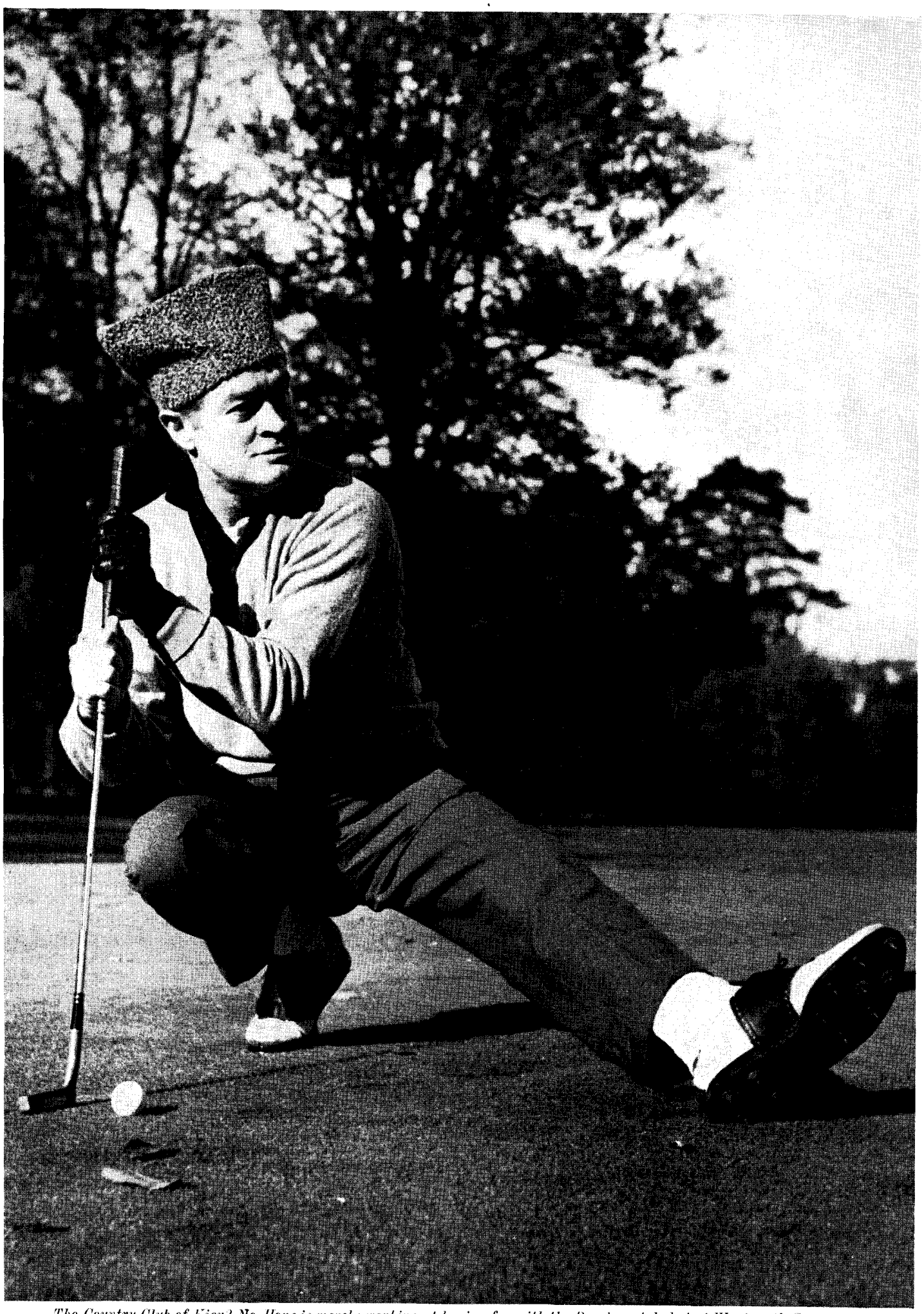
"Ben Hogan freezes over a putt. Freezes. Byron Nelson winces. How can that happen.



The Country Club of Kiev? No. Hope is merely working at having fun with the Russian-style hat at Wentworth Course in England.

to move as they are supposed to move, while nerves are jumping."

He shook his head. "Look at a fellow like Hogan. The last three or four years he can't even pull the putter back. He's hitting the ball probably better than he ever hit in his life, and he gets on the green and he putts like a rank amateur. He just can't putt. Ben Hogan. He freezes! Freezes! And I saw the same thing happen to Byron Nelson. I played with Nelson, and he used to make a face when he had to pick out his putter. And he'd wince when he got over the putt. Hogan and Nelson cowering over their putts. How could that happen?

"Well, it happens because you're playing against yourself. Like the first time I ever played Pine Valley near Camden, N.J., a place where golfers disappear without a trace. All they ever find is their shoes and a few bleached bones. Chris Dunphy called me up one afternoon to ask how I was going to play it and I told him, 'I'll play it real shrewd.'

"Well that's just how you don't play it. You have to play it strong. On every tee, you have to cross about 190 yards of steaming bog just to get to the fairway, so you have to really hit the ball. To get through a round, you need Blue Cross, a small patrol of Boy Scouts and a psychiatrist.

"So Dunphy bet me ten dollars I couldn't break ninety-five, and ten dollars a stroke on up. Well, I liked that. I went out in forty-two, and then on the tenth hole I got in a trap, pitched out to an unplayable lie and got down in a neat ten. By then, I was completely demoralized and I ended up with 104. That's what kills you. You like to think that you rise to the pressure, and when you don't it kills you."

Athletes, he has found, lead more from strength than finesse. "I played with Babe Ruth one time at the Forest Hill Field Club in Bloomfield, New Jersey. He was a lefty, of course, and he used to hit a tremendous ball, but he had an awful hook, and he must have hit four or five people that day. They were carrying people out of there in waves; it looked like a preview of the Normandy landing."

Another time, he played a match with Mickey Mantle, Cary Middlecoff, Doak Walker, Dizzy Dean and former Texas Gov. Allan Shivers at the Riverlake Country Club in Texas. "Doak Walker had another one of those wild swings; he looked like the pro from Disneyland. Mantle, though, hits a tremendous ball. I had played with him before, with Demaret and Burke, and he outdrove them by 30 or 40 yards. But he gets wild at times. There were 6,000 to 7,000 people right close in to us all the time, and I kept closing my eyes every time Mickey would rear back and swing.

"By the last hole, the people had closed in all around us. Dizzy had a nine iron in his hand, and I ran out to him and said, 'Now hit it good, Diz.' And good old Diz, he skulled it, hit me right in the calf of the leg, and down I went. They had to carry me away. I was the only person hit all day." THE END

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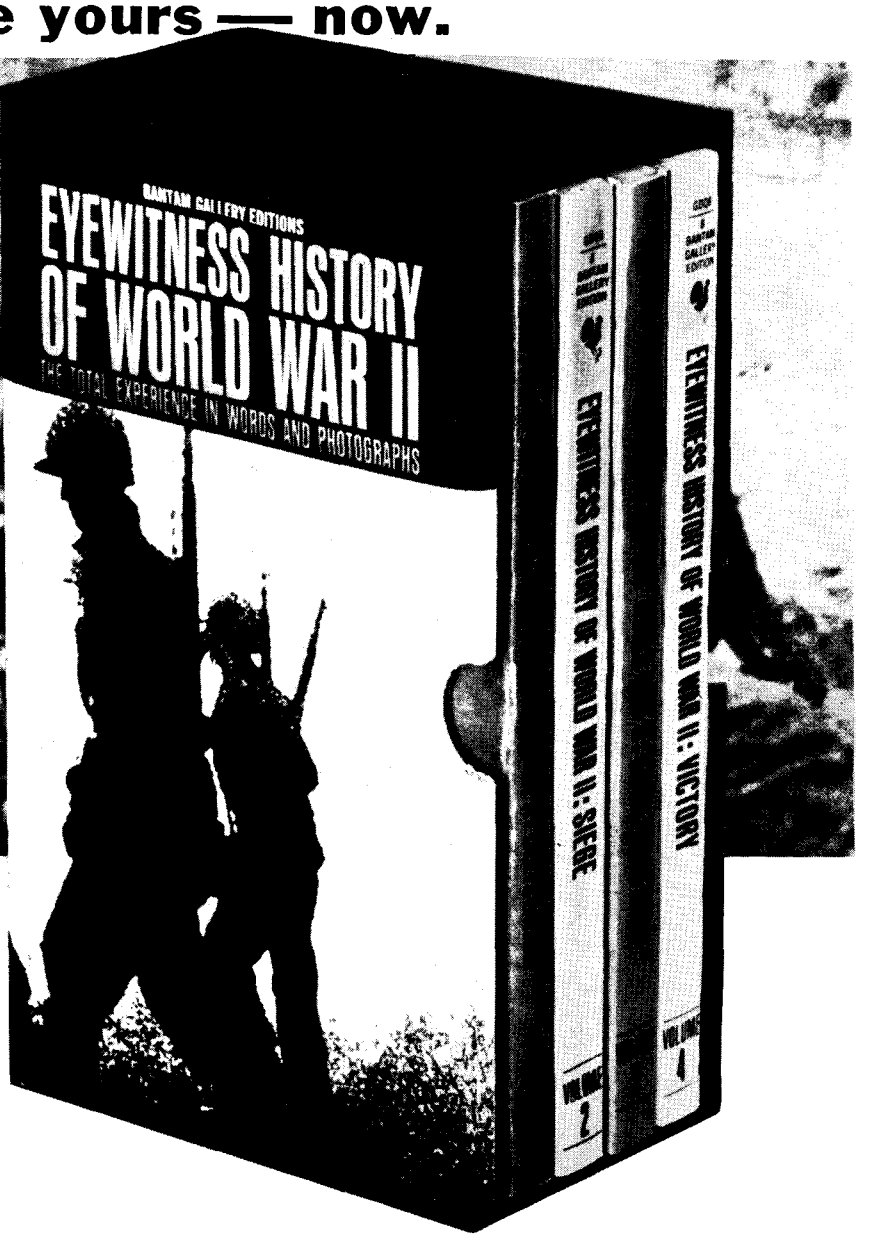
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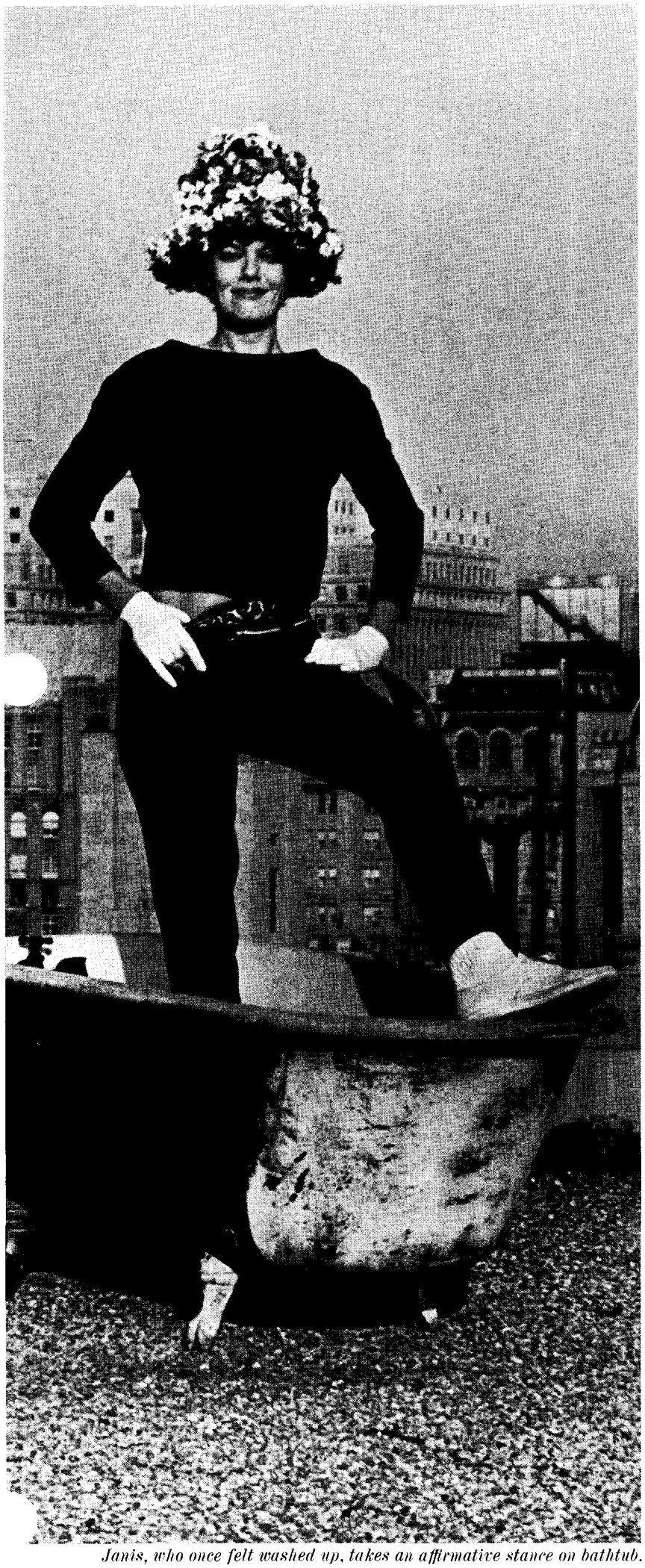

Janis, who once felt washed up, takes an affirmative stance on bathtub.

JUBILANT JANIS IS BACK ON BROADWAY

Picking up the threads of a show-business career she once almost shelved, Janis Paige has returned to the wars triumphant.

By NORMAND POIRIER

The hair might be described as sunset orange. The legs are slender calipers, the eyes jade and the laugh sassy. The face is long and oval, not unlike that of an Edsel radiator. Eight times a week on Broadway these extraordinary parts, assembled with other components into a 66-inch package, step on stage at the Shubert Theater to dance, sing, cry and clown in Meredith Willson's new musical *Here's Love*. The result is astonishing. "Bewitching," "delectable," "the most underrated talent in the game," said the critics and columnists. They were talking about Janis Paige.

Oddly enough, what is most extraordinary about Miss Paige is not so much her triumph as her lengthy absence from Broadway. It has been nine years since Janis, a refugee from hackneyed Hollywood musicals, achieved new stardom as the brassy union leader in the Broadway production of *Pajama Game*. It looked then as if she would be a permanent fixture on the stage. Instead, her career just trailed off. There was a television series of indifferent quality, followed by appearances in three movies of little distinction. In a sense, Janis Paige almost faded into obscurity.

There was a reason, however, for her disappearance. For the past five years Janis has been playing a private performance. And although it was never reviewed, had no audience and brought no applause, there is good reason to believe that had it failed, this season would have passed without her.

"Dropping out of sight was my own doing," she said recently. "I reached a point in 1957 where I didn't know who I was anymore. I was in bad shape. My second marriage had just failed. My television series went down the drain with the competition from Lawrence Welk's bubbles. I felt I was a failure. You see," and she looked pensively at a thick gold wedding ring on her left hand, "I'd been running all my life. Ever since I was a kid, I'd been running.

"All my life I'd let people tell me who I was and what I was and who I should be and what I should be. I just reached a point where I couldn't run anymore. I had to stop and find out what the hell I was all about."

She remembers the day she made that decision. It was at Malibu Beach, where she had secluded herself in a rented cottage with a pet schnauzer named Jody and bitter memories from her futile second marriage. The failure of her first marriage, which lasted only two years, she might excuse on grounds of immaturity—she and Frank Martinelli, son of a San Francisco restaurateur, had both been in their early 20's. But the break-up of her second marriage to writer Arthur Stander jolted her. It had floundered from the start and was over in 18 months. Confused and depressed, she dragged herself to Malibu with the last remaining object of her love, the schnauzer she had had for five years. The next morning she found the dog dead. He had been run over on the Pacific Coast highway.

"Oh, that was a bad day for me!" she says. "Did I cry! I went running down that highway and down the beach and I didn't care about anything. I mean *nothing* more could happen to me. That was the end!"

It was not the end, however, because that was the day she resolved to stop running. "I made up my mind," she says, "that I wasn't going to take another step until I'd figured myself out."

She decided to shunt aside her work until she had solved her problems. It was not an easy decision. It meant interrupting, and perhaps even ruining, a $100,000-a-year career just as it had begun to

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"I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I SAT ALONE IN HOTEL ROOMS AND BAWLED," SAYS JANIS.

JUBILANT JANIS

Janis gambols in current hit HERE'S LOVE

bloom. "I felt like I had to peel away the layers that other people had slapped on me and that were keeping me from knowing myself. I was smothering."

She bought a seven-room bungalow in the Hollywood Hills and for the next four years spent at least an hour a day five days a week with an analyst. So determined was she not to get caught up in the show-business whirl that she turned down, among other roles, the lead in the Broadway hit *Destry Rides Again.* She made only three pictures—*Follow the Boys, Please Don't Eat the Daisies* and *Bachelor in Paradise*—and those only to finance her treatments. "I remember once I was $900 behind in my payments, and I was so embarrassed I wouldn't go to my analyst," she says. "But he found out why I was staying away and brought me back."

The first layers to be peeled back had been applied during her childhood in Tacoma. It was there that her mother, deserted by her husband, eked out a depression existence at a telephone switchboard. Janis, born Donna Mae Tjaden, was four, and her sister Betty, now married to a salesman in Granada Hills, Calif., was two when their father left. "We always had enough to eat," Janis says, "but nothing to spare. And my mother worked so hard. She used to keep saying how she wished I'd been born a boy, you know, so I could help out more. I always wanted to be a success for her, to make up for my father, I guess. And I've always had this big guilty thing, as though I've wanted to make up all my life for my father running away. It's always hounded me."

One of the first things Janis did after that morning in 1957 in Malibu was to find her father. She knew nothing about him, only that her mother, who now lives in a house that Janis bought for her in Hollywood, had mentioned that he had once lived near Los Angeles. It was an absurd project, looking up Tjadens in countless telephone books, but she finally found him in San Gabriel, Calif.

Her father, it turned out, had been married to the same woman for 29 years, lived in a modest frame cottage, worked as a clerk in a clothing store, and was more nervous about the meeting they arranged than Janis was. "He didn't quite know what to talk about," she recalls. "He knew that I had grown up to be Janis Paige, and he had seen some of my pictures, but he had thought it better not to contact me. I guess he felt a little guilty. But I'm glad I went to see him. It was something that had been in the back of my mind all my life. I felt relieved, somehow. Anyway, I haven't been bothered nearly so much since. You know," she says, a hint of pride in her smile, "I look like him."

But the Tacoma of her childhood was only part of the territory that Janis explored with her analyst. There was the goofy Hollywood of the opulent war years when even a high-school operetta talent like Donna Mae Tjaden meant profits at the box office. Hollywood seigneurs saw to it that she was named Miss Delicious Apple, Miss Airmail, Miss Parcel Post, Miss Valley Aviation and Miss Grapefruit. They tossed her into 18 pictures in five years. Usually she played Jack Carson's girl, and always she was in comedies whose titles reveal their insipidity: *Bathing Beauty, Hollywood Canteen, Romance on the High Seas, Her Kind of Man.* "They made them so fast I can hardly remember the names," she says. "I did what they told me, and directors and cameramen did the work."

Her salary rose from $150 to $1,000 a week, she bought a Cadillac, she supported her mother and sister, she married Martinelli, and she believed it when everyone told her she was a star. But it all ended as abruptly as it had begun—with a simple letter in 1949 which said that Warner Brothers would not pick up her option. "That was a jolt," she recalls. "It meant I was washed up at twenty-five."

For the next several years she traded on the name Warner's had created for her. She bounced around in small clubs, hotels, even school gyms in places like Cedar Rapids and Marshalltown, Iowa. On one tour she was the only girl in a bus carrying the 18 musicians of Freddie Martin's orchestra. And she traveled in package shows with Jack Carson, Robert Alda and other fugitives from Hollywood budget cuts.

"I don't know how many times I sat alone in a hotel room and looked in the mirror and bawled, asking myself, 'What are you doing here?'" she says. But the experience she picked up prepared her for an audition that won her a lead on Broadway, opposite Jackie Cooper in the 1951 mystery-comedy *Remains to be Seen.* The play ran eight months, and she continued to play opposite Cooper offstage for nearly two years, a romantic run that finally closed by mutual consent. There followed still another stint in nightclubs, her success in *Pajama Game* and, eventually, her despair in Malibu.

Despite her difficulties, or perhaps because of them, she seems to have emerged a better actress. Meredith Willson, who once rescued Robert Preston from Hollywood limbo by casting him in *The Music Man*, gets to the core of her value when he tells why he chose Janis for the role of an embittered divorcee in *Here's Love:* "She's been typed as *just* a light comedienne, but she's so much more. She's a *thinking* actress. The part she's playing now is of a girl who undergoes a violent change, and it's crucial to the success of the show that you believe this girl is changing. We chose Janis because she's the kind of woman who gets inside a part."

Others in show business also are discovering the renovated Janis Paige. Producer-director Hall Bartlett recently cast her as a hard-bitten nymphomaniac in a dramatic film called *The Caretakers* and got from her a brilliant performance that some observers term of Oscar caliber.

"United Artists thought I was crazy," Bartlett says. "Everybody always thought of Janis as a flip comedienne. Even *she* got cold feet about trying it. But once she agreed to do it she pumped me for hours about the girl: how she walked, how she talked, how she cried. I think she has a great career as a dramatic actress, because she works so hard at knowing the character she's playing."

Whatever her jubilance at her professional triumphs, the major source of elation in Janis's life is her new husband, songwriter Ray Gilbert. They were married a year ago last August by the mayor of Nice, and after a European honeymoon, settled in Janis's modest bungalow in California.

She met Gilbert three years ago in his apartment in Hollywood, where she had gone to discuss a nightclub act she was planning. The 51-year-old Gilbert, dapper, soft-spoken and bearded, says, "Love is supposed to stem from mutuality and shared growth. You're not supposed to say that you can love someone with constancy after knowing them only a few minutes. But I did." To which Janis adds, "I'll never forget our first meeting—he was hobbling around on one foot, because he'd been bitten on the toe by a spider," and she laughs. "But I was really amazed at how clear he was on every subject—show business, careers or just life. He was so mature. I was in love before I left his apartment."

For the next 18 months, the length of her contract with her new show, the Gilberts will live in a seven-room apartment on Central Park West. "I've always loved New York, but I love it more now after the years I spent locked up with myself in Hollywood," says Janis. "Those five years are something solid I've accomplished. I know who I am and what I am. And I did it all by myself," she says and a sense of pride shows on her face. "I'm really in love with a man who loves me, and I've got a good show. I know it's going to be a great year." THE END

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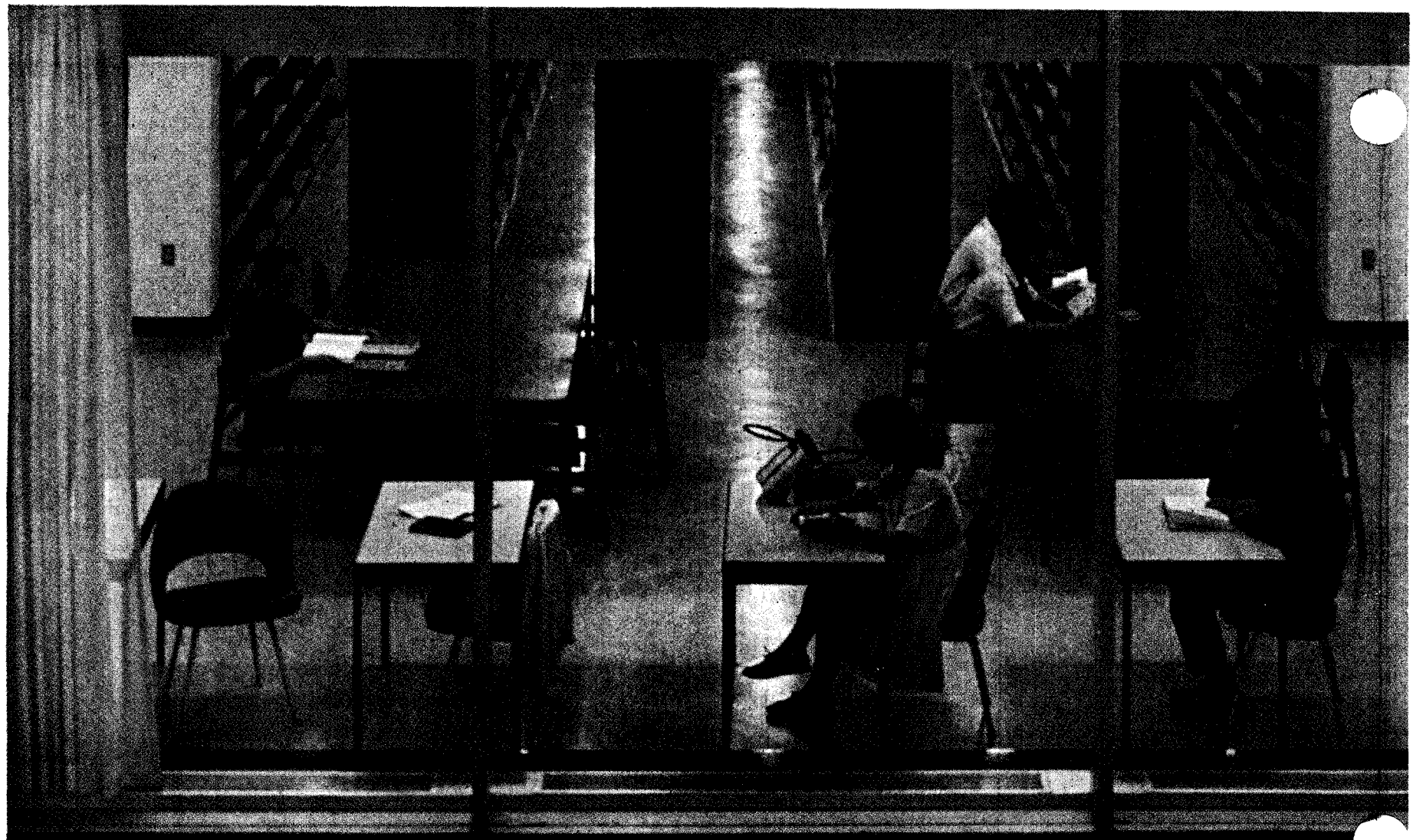
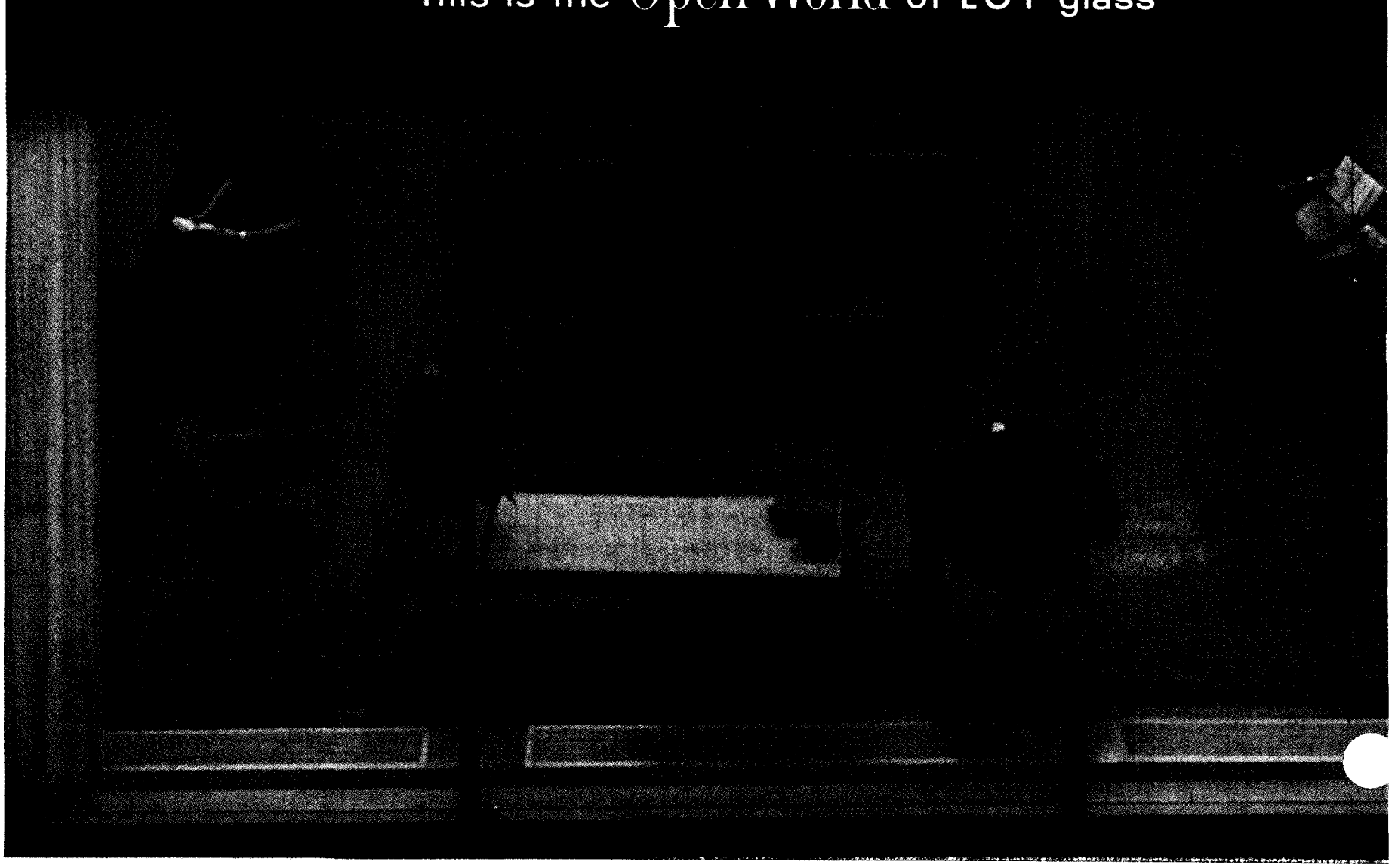


This is the Open World of L·O·F glass



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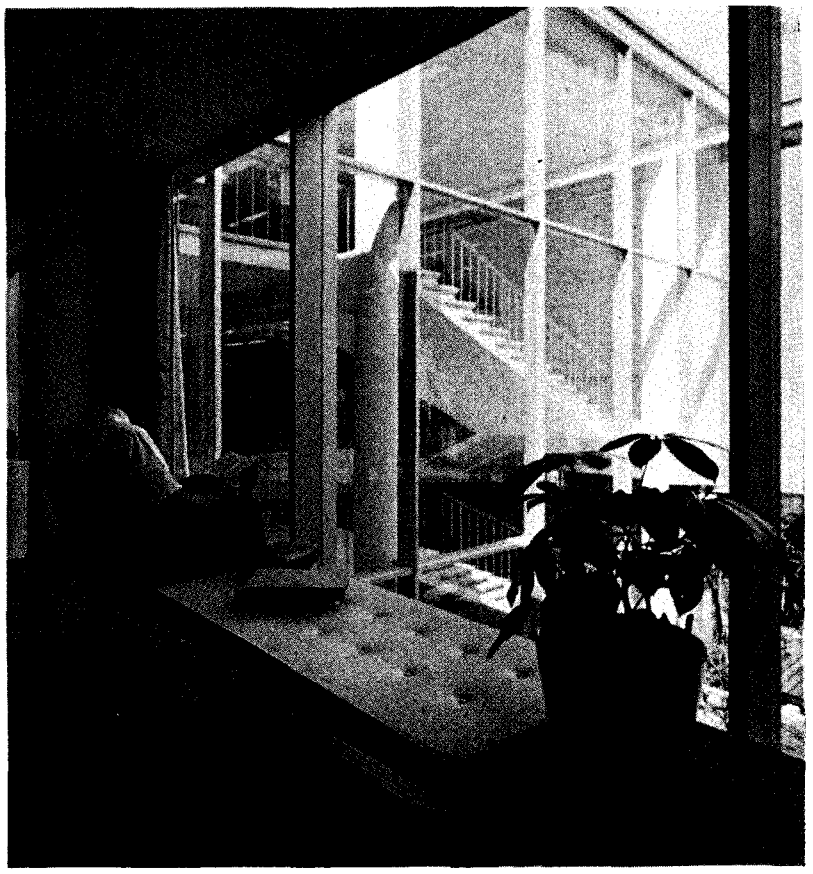
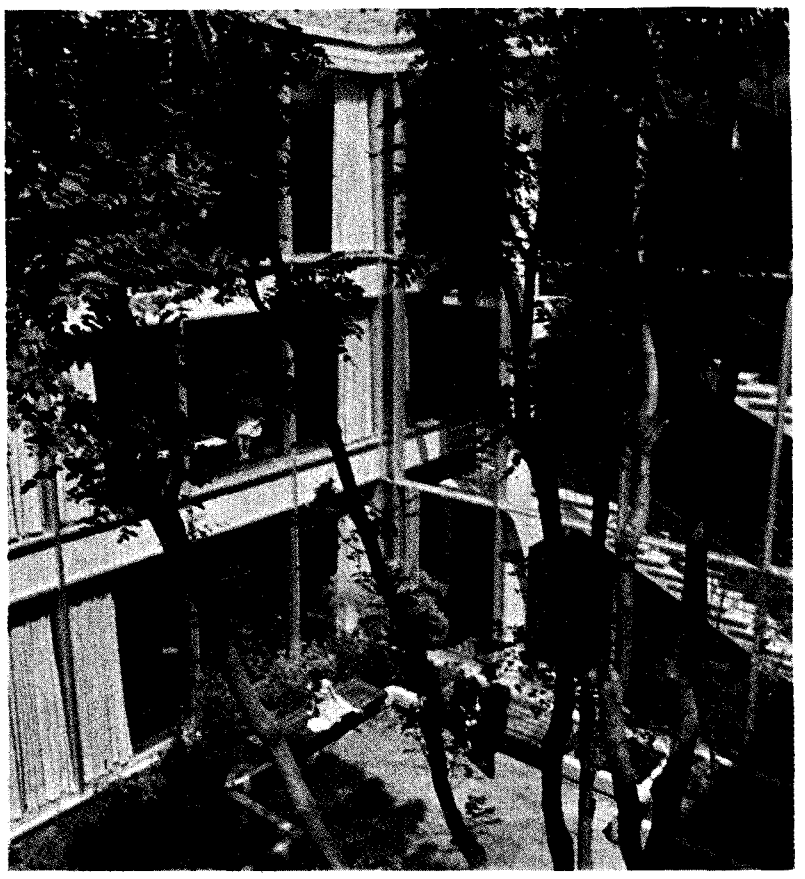


A student studies in the natural light of a huge window glazed with *Parallel-O-Plate* Glass.



You can see the bench-lined court from all four glass-walled floors of the library.

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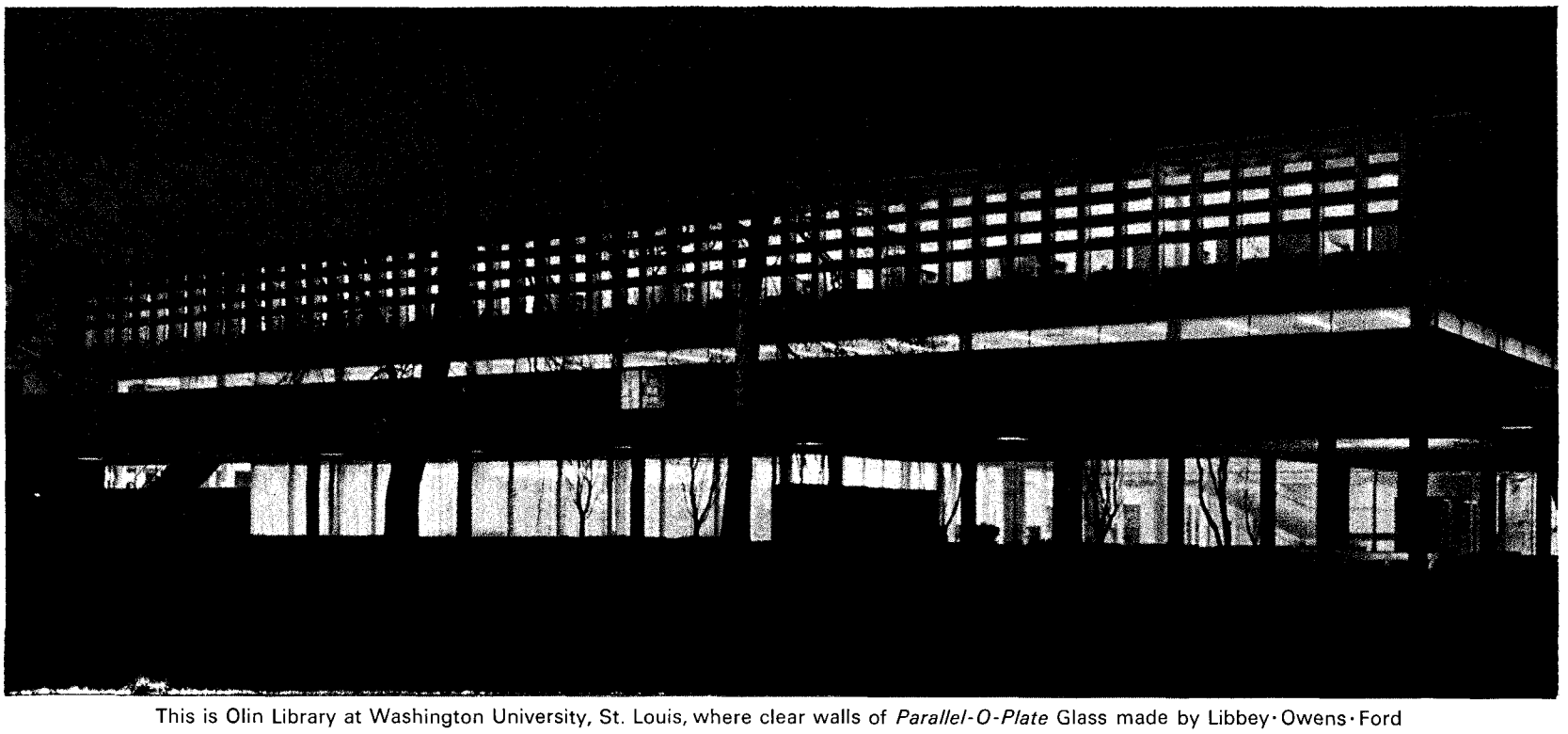

This is Olin Library at Washington University, St. Louis, where clear walls of *Parallel-O-Plate* Glass made by Libbey·Owens·Ford extend a warm invitation to come inside and read awhile. Architects: Murphy and Mackey, Inc., St. Louis.

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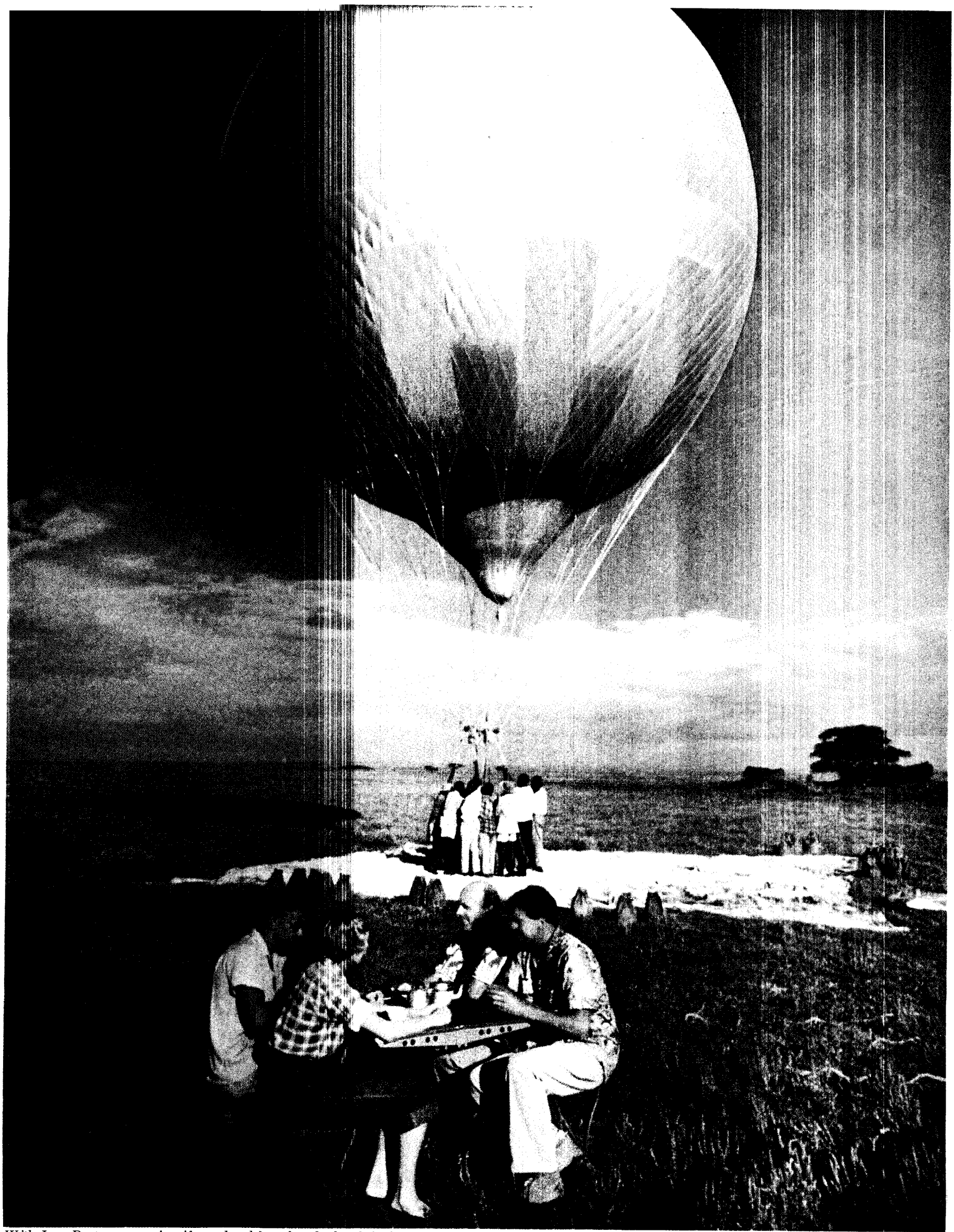

With Joan Root, crewman's wife, we breakfasted at daybreak in Tanganyika's Serengeti National Park. Hydrogen-filled balloon is held down by ground crew.

©1963 by Anthony [illegible]

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JAMBO Gasbag safari in Africa

Crossing the wilds by balloon seemed silent, swift, safe—except that steering proved tricky and landing disastrous.

BY ANTHONY SMITH

In 1961 the science writer for the London Daily Telegraph conceived the idea that it might be wonderful sport—as well as scientifically productive—to photograph animals in Africa from the vantage point of a silent balloon. No one had ever tried it before, and for Anthony Smith and his companions, photographers Douglas Botting and Alan Root, that was reason enough.

You cannot pilot a balloon without a license, and you cannot get a license unless you know how to pilot a balloon. Smith found a teacher in Holland, and commuted across the Channel for his lessons. The curriculum was exhaustive: the properties of expansible gases, the care of delicate fabrics, the propensities of air masses in motion. Above all: the actual business of flying, of handling a fragile craft by the judicious husbanding and jettisoning of ballast.

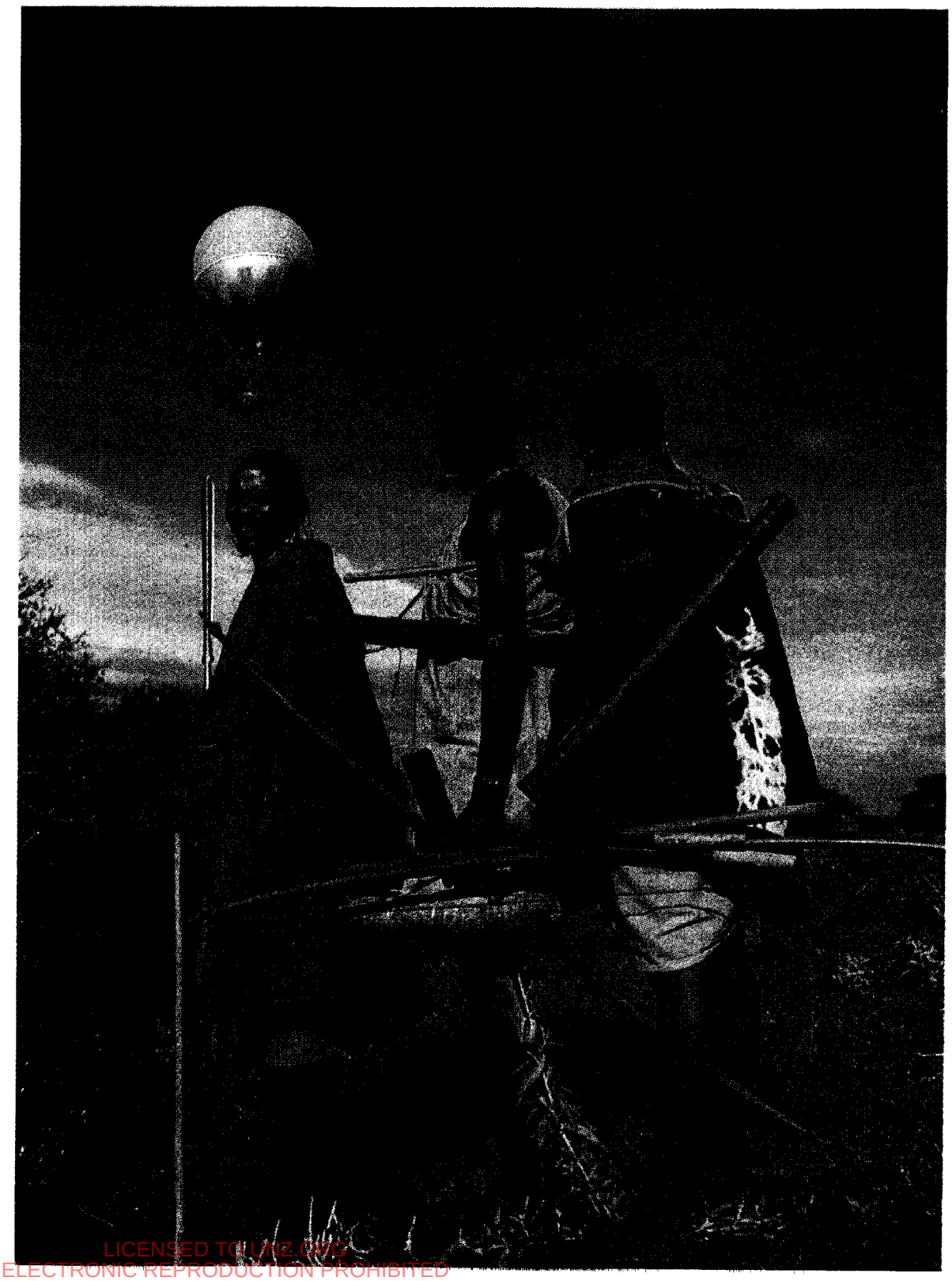
To make a balloon safari, you must also, of course, have a balloon. Smith finally found a Belgian artisan who agreed to make one.

And you must have a supply of the gas that will carry you aloft; 180 metal cylinders of compressed hydrogen, each weighing 300 pounds, had to be shipped from England. Refilling them and trucking them to remote African takeoff sites would be a major logistic problem.

There were hundreds of other details of financing and planning, but finally all the complex elements meshed, and the expedition set out from Zanzibar. Destination: the great wild herds of the Serengeti Plain in Tanganyika. . . .

Be very quiet," Alan said, poking his head into the tent on our final morning in the Serengeti National Park. "There seems to be a lion just five yards away."

Douglas and I moved very quietly out of our beds. Sure enough, a young female lion was amusing herself with one of the camp blankets. Soon another young lioness came up to join in the game. While this tug of war was going on, a pair of male lions appeared. Still more lions were prowling among the bushes and the trees.



Giant Masai warriors, who had never seen a balloon before, believed that Jambo's crew were gods.

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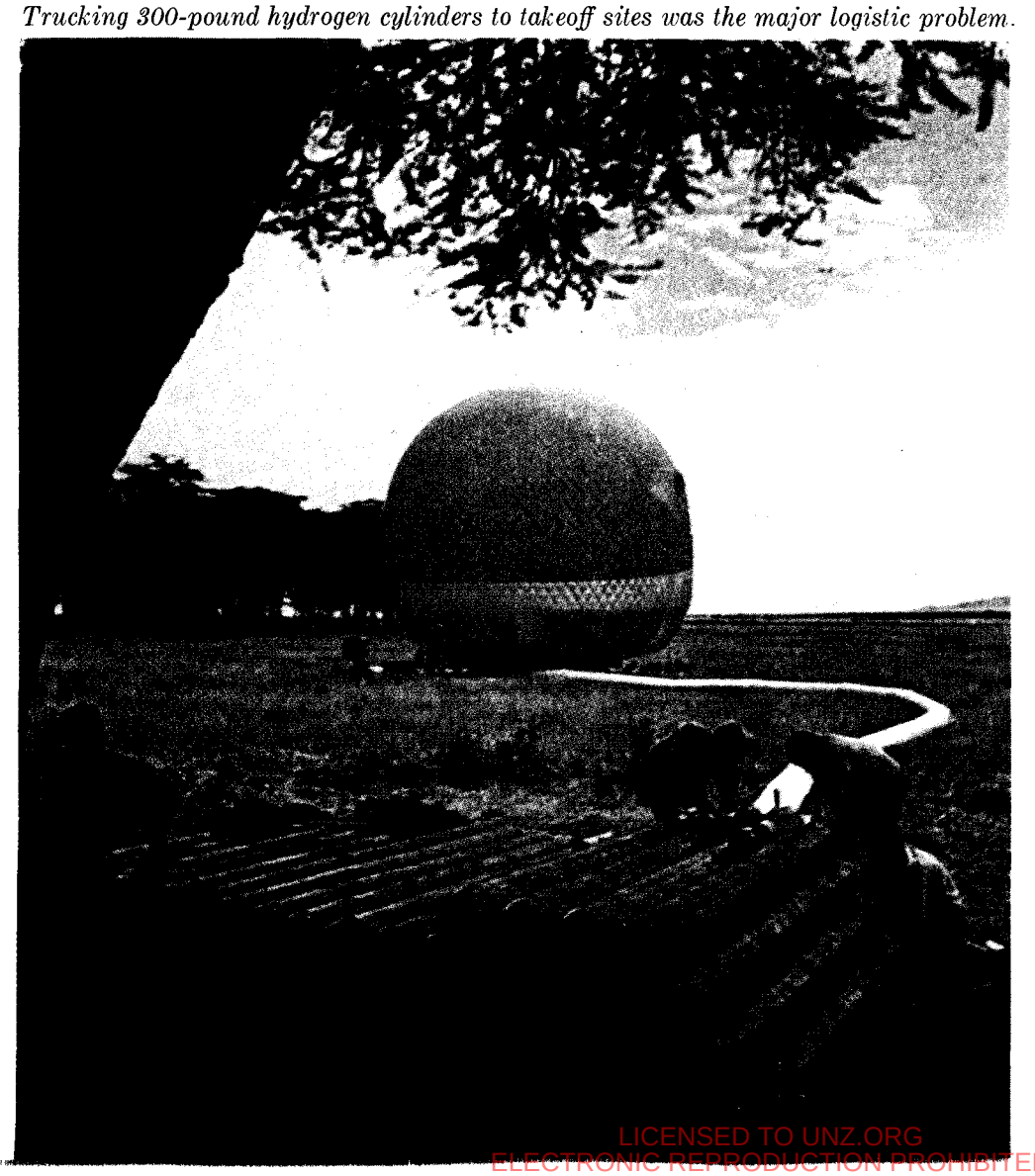
"Let's crash into this!"

Ready for takeoff: from left, author Smith, photographers Alan Root, Douglas Botting.

Trucking 300-pound hydrogen cylinders to takeoff sites was the major logistic problem.



We had come to the Serengeti because, although we had learned a good deal about ballooning, we had not yet achieved our aim, which was to fly low over great herds of animals. The Serengeti, some 5,000 square miles in area, would surely give us what we wanted. Now we were ready for the last flight of our expedition.

We had spent five glorious days on the ground while we waited for our hydrogen to arrive from Nairobi. For companions we had not only lions but zebras and wildebeest, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, quail, eland, giraffes—hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands of them. They were five days of wonder and delight.

Finally the gas arrived. The time for filming and watching the animals from the ground had come to an end. Our last flight was due.

Douglas and Alan had gone off to check the movements of a large herd we had been watching. It was vital for us to predict its intentions accurately. A little veering of the wind, a change of impulse among the animals, and the chosen takeoff spot would be proved quite wrong.

It was four in the morning when we set silently about the inflation. Alan switched on the first of the cylinders, and *Jambo*, our balloon, began to assume her shape.

When dawn came, at 6:15, it was time for coffee. Sitting there in the sun of early morning, sipping the hot drink and casting happy glances toward the balloon, was extremely pleasant. The fear of what might happen on the flight existed, but the sky was clear, the day was calm.

At 7:30 we attached the basket, a wicker contraption three by four feet in dimension, and soon the whole balloon was towering 55 feet above us. Eventually the day began to stir as the sun warmed it up. The breeze had come to carry us over the herd. We loaded the sandbags we needed for ballast and prepared to climb aboard.

We had come a long way since our maiden flight from the island of Zanzibar, 22½ miles off the coast of Tanganyika, where our expedition had started many weeks before. On the ground we had cracked up vehicles and had them attacked by a hostile rhinoceros, and *Jambo* had nearly been ripped to shreds by thorn trees in a violent storm. Aloft we had been trapped motionless and helpless underneath a boiling thunderhead which threatened either to suck us up into its wild vortex or force us down into a caustic salt-and-soda lake below, in which our chances of survival would have been poor. In between there had been uncontrollable ups and downs, and crash landings that had left us bloodied.

For our takeoff from Zanzibar, we had the services of a platoon of Coldstream Guards. While they stood by, we loaded up. Into the basket went grapnel, rope ladder, trail rope (a 200-foot length of Manila that is dangled from the basket to stabilize and slow down the balloon in flight), a bottle of champagne, some food and water, camera equipment, navigation instruments, and maps of the areas toward which we were likely to go. Above the basket were the valve line (for a gentle release of gas) and the rip line (for a total release of gas).

The three who were making the trip climbed in. First was Charl Pauw, a Cape Towner who was hitchhiking his way around Africa; then Douglas. I got in last. We lifted the sandbags and stowed them away at our feet until it seemed that we were poised with the right degree of buoyancy.

"Hands off," I called to the soldiers.

They all let go, but there we stayed, wobbling slightly, still on the ground.

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I picked up a sack of sand out of the bottom of the basket and emptied half of it on the ground. Instantly we flew into the air.

I realized that it was not a good takeoff. I had missed the trees on the edge of the field, but in doing so I had tossed away too much ballast. Instead of cruising 500 feet above the ground, we were over 2,000 feet when we crossed the coast of Zanzibar. However, the wind was precisely in the right quarter, north-northeast. Everything was beautiful. There were wisps of cloud around us, but right from the start of the ocean trip we could see the coastline of Africa.

"Wind 020," I said. Our course was slightly south of southwest, and we would most certainly cut across the Bagamoyo-to-Dar es Salaam road, where we wanted to land. On all our maps the road had been drawn with a bold, red stroke of the pen. It would be just a matter of looking for this highway, and landing when we saw it.

The balloon had stabilized at 2,300 feet. Gently warmed by the sun, and with 11 sacks of sand at our feet, we watched Zanzibar depart while the coast of Africa approached us from the other direction. The Zanzibar Channel was beneath us, and no time could have been riper for christening the balloon. The champagne was prepared with fitting solemnity. The cork flew up, and the froth spilled everywhere.

Jambo is the first word that anyone learns in East Africa. It is Swahili for "hello." Back in England it had been decided that this word, with its undertones of something rotund and large, would be an excellent name for the balloon. It was a happy, peaceful moment.

Charl and I worked out our position on the map. The wind was still 020, and we were traveling at 20 knots. Our map was a paper one, but it was perfectly manageable in the balloon. On the ground, such maps contort themselves into unfoldable shapes whenever they are confronted by a breath of wind, but flying with the wind means that you feel no wind. It is not like sailing. It is not like gliding. The wind takes you, and yet does not ruffle a single hair.

After 45 minutes I saw no harm in flying slightly nearer the sea, so we released some gas and down we went. At 500 feet we leveled out. From high up, the sea had appeared flat and remote. Low down, it became a thing of noise and fury. Never before had I really heard the sound of the sea. In a boat I could never be certain what noise was the sea and what was being caused by the boat's intrusion. Waves suddenly formed and hurled themselves at each other, roaring and crashing. It was another world down there—unfriendly, harsh and incredibly violent.

Down to the sea in the air

Suddenly we realized the balloon was not holding altitude. The altimeter read 200 feet, then 55. The sea became increasingly boisterous. I yelled at Charl to throw out two handfuls of sand. We continued to drop.

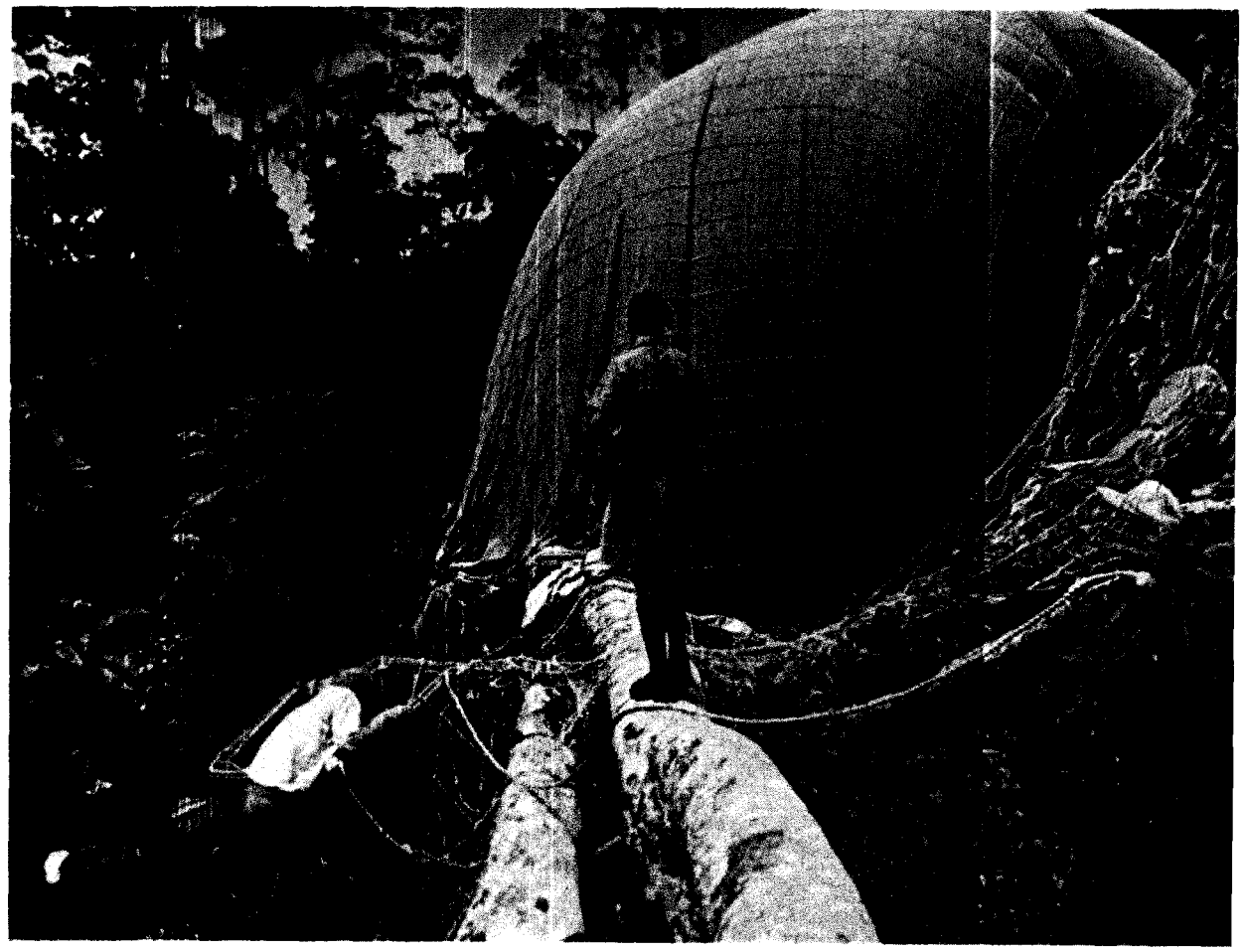
"Two more!" Charl burrowed again for the sand. Finally, the balloon steadied and began to rise. At 700 feet we were stable again, and at that height we reached Africa.

Abruptly the sound of the sea changed into the insect chatter of a tropical world. There were trees everywhere, and between them were bushes filling all the space. Even though the map clearly showed a road, the ground below us did not look like the place to find even a jungle footpath.

Suddenly I spotted a scar down among the trees. "There's a track down there," I said.

Commander Smith yanks valve line to release hydrogen and permit balloon to descend.

After this crash landing in jungle of nettles, it took Africans three days to recover Jambo.



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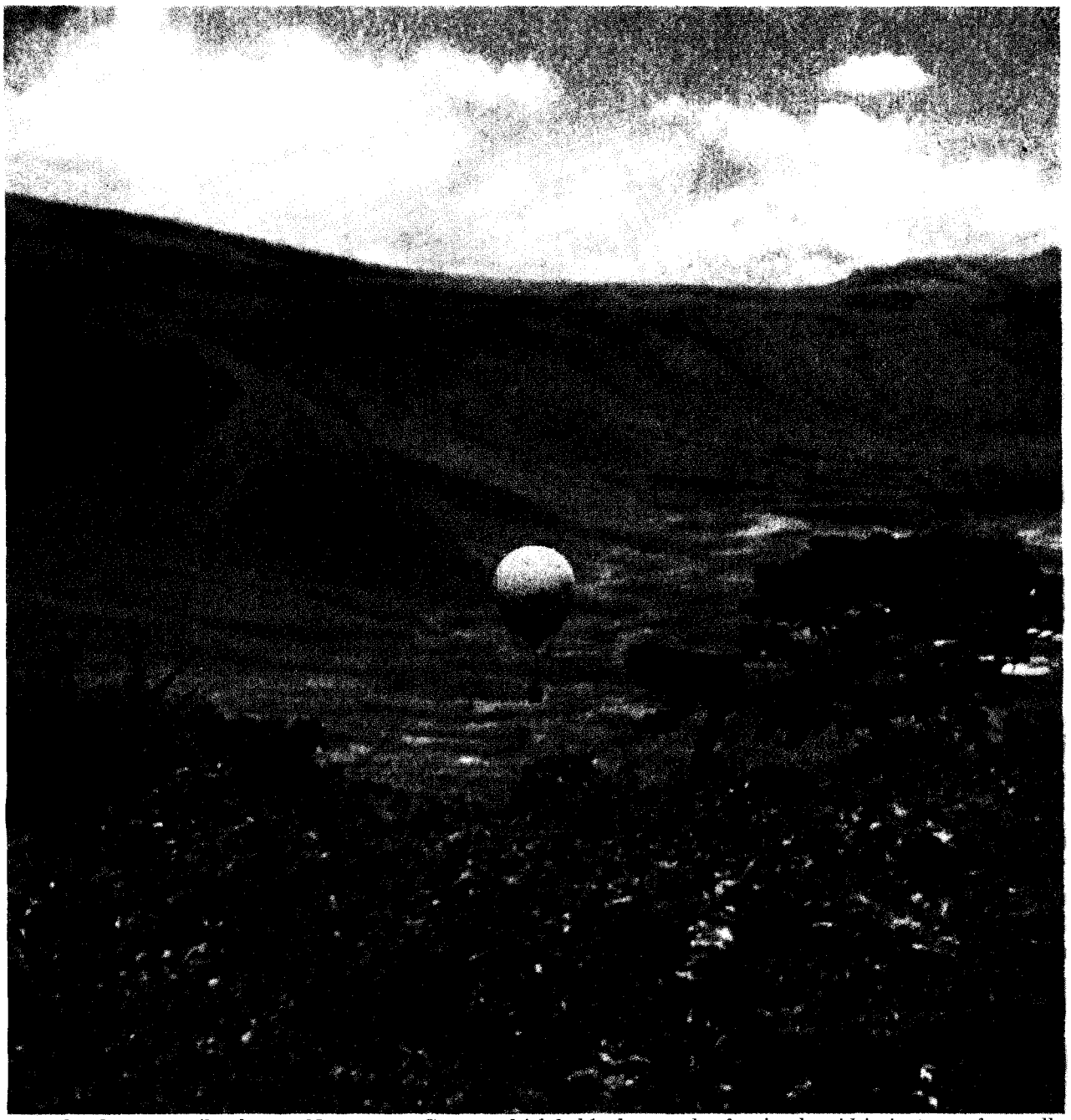

Jambo moves silently over Ngorongoro Crater, which holds thousands of animals within its 4,000-foot walls.

We looked at the map again to see if a track had been marked. "That was no bloody track," said Charl. "That was the bloody road."

He was bloody right; and something had to be done about it right away. We were traveling at 20 mph, moving away from the road very fast. I pulled on the valve line, and our descent began. At 100 feet we flattened out.

But where on earth to land? I saw no open space. It was cooler just above the trees, and we had an alarming tendency to sink. Each time we dropped, Charl threw out another handful of sand, and it was in this leapfrogging manner that we penetrated the dark heart of Africa.

"It's going to be a long walk," Douglas said.

The trees flashed by alarmingly.

"A very long walk," said Douglas.

And then a dead tree suddenly appeared, straight ahead. "Don't throw anything out," I said. "Let's crash into this one."

The noise was tremendous. I pulled for all I was worth on the rip cord. I remember one bounce, and then the basket fell on its side. The three of us were thrown face downward into the grass of Tanganyika.

No one was hurt. The balloon had draped itself over a tree and looked all right. We had little idea where we were, but we had arrived. We laughed. We waved our hats in the air. Only slowly did it dawn upon us that no one would ever find us. It was up to us to find them.

We fought our way out of the bush and back to the road, rounded up a platoon of native helpers and salvaged Jambo for future expeditions.

From the coast of Tanganyika we journeyed 500 miles northward and westward toward the rich game lands that were our ultimate objective, stopping en route for flights over Lake Manyara and the fantastic Ngorongoro Crater, the largest in the world. Ngorongoro is big enough to contain the entire city of London, and within its 4,000-foot high walls live thousands of animals. We also accepted an invitation to make a flight as part of an air show in Nairobi, Kenya. The day was windy, with gusts up to 35 mph.

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Off we went. Our height was good, 700 feet, but we were traveling at about 30 miles an hour. I had hoped for a wind that would carry us over the flat Athi Plain, but unfortunately we were headed straight for the treacherous Ngong Hills.

The slope was rising steadily, and we were not moving up with it, so I threw out a little sand. It seemed that the air stream was not undulating over the hill, but ramming straight into it. We were in for a rough time.

"I think we are going to make what is called an intermediate landing," I said.

We hit the slope with a fearful thump, and then with a *whoosh* the balloon lifted us up again. Our bounce took us up to 3,000 feet, and we soared over the Ngong Hills with room to spare.

On the other side of the narrow range we started to descend. At a quite comfortable 300 feet a minute we dropped down beyond the Ngongs. Then the balloon went mad. The basket twisted back and forth like the balance wheel of a watch. It was a decidedly nasty feeling.

Suddenly it stopped, and we were left as steady as before. We had met something quite new—an aerial wave. "I am afraid we'll meet that again," I said, "when we're twice as far from the mountain as we were the first time."

Sure enough—and we welcomed it no more for knowing what it was.

By that time we were being taken toward the ground. I threw out sand, but the plummeting went on. Another diving air stream had control of us. I could have thrown out so much sand that we would have risen despite the downflow; but our subsequent ascent would have been ungovernable. We hit the ground well and truly, and tore through a jungle of thornbushes.

Once more we soared to 3,000 feet. Another range of hills was looming up, but these had sharp edges in place of curves.

"Those are the Ol Esageti Hills," Alan said. "We can't land on them. I think we should try and get down here."

I agreed. This wild flight should be curtailed as quickly as possible. We arched over the top of the 3,000-foot bounce and began gliding down.

"The roaring sea was another world—unfriendly, harsh and violent."

On the maiden flight from Zanzibar, hitchhiker Charl Pauw looks down on coral reefs from 2,000 feet.

Airmen used rugged Land-Rovers to service ground crew and balloon, another vehicle for follow-up, two powerful five-tonners to transport hydrogen.

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Skipper Smith, wearing elephant shirt, watches zebras scatter after one of Jambo's many bounces.

I threw out sand, feeling liberal with our stocks because they would not have to last long—or so I thought. I never let the descent build up to more than 200 feet a minute, and we sailed 500 feet too high over a road where we might have landed.

I saw that a plateau we were heading for ended in a steep drop-off. Should we land on the plateau or go on? I threw out half another sack. Surely this would make us rise. It didn't. Another collision was imminent.

"Here, Alan, grab this last sack," I shouted. "Throw it out when I say. We'll just have to turn this into a landing. Look out!"

And then we hit, brutally. I saw the edge of a huge rock of lava, and remember fumbling for the rip-panel cord. We were 50 feet up, and then the cliff went by. Had I ripped? If so, why were we going up so fast? Now we were over the cliff, and we had a long, fast descent ahead of us.

Every particle of ballast had gone overboard—not one ounce left to break our fall the next time. The altimeter wound steadily upward. Eventually it stopped at 9,500 feet. From there we would inevitably start plunging down.

I decided we would have to jettison everything in the basket except ourselves and hope to keep the descent within reasonable limits. I would watch the altimeter and tell Alan and Douglas when to throw. Down we went.

We dropped steadily faster toward the earth. First it was 200 feet a minute, then 500, then 1,000, and finally 1,500.

"Start throwing," I yelled, and they began pitching out all manner of valuable equipment. The ground was still coming up fast.

"Something more!" Over went a heavy camera. We began to slow down. But by then the ground was very close.

Alan and I pulled on our ropes. At almost the same moment we hit a tree. Something cracked. We twisted and then came down. The basket leaned over and fell on its side. We all fell with it. The flight was over. We were even alive.

Having survived that one, we naturally did not have brains enough to stay on the ground. So here we were on the Serengeti Plain, with a fair day breaking and all the signs propitious.

It was the best departure of the series. Up we went, stabilizing at 200 feet. After an hour of traveling, we caught our first glimpse of the big, migrating herd that lay ahead. The sight was astounding. I had never imagined the world could be so full of animals. Dust columns rose high into the air. Our point of aim had been perfect. We were due to go over the very center of that vast animal concourse.

Alan and Douglas made their cameras ready. I promised a stable run.

As we drew closer, an immensity of noise came up to us. The nasal grunts of the wildebeest were strung together so continuously that they sounded like a swarm of bees. It was the noise of a migration on the move, walking, eating and galloping on its way, and it was magnificent.

On every side there were animals, 10 miles of them. And above them all we floated with the simplicity that only a balloon can accomplish. Unfortunately, however, the day was growing hotter all the time, and that nice constant height of 200 feet was becoming harder to maintain.

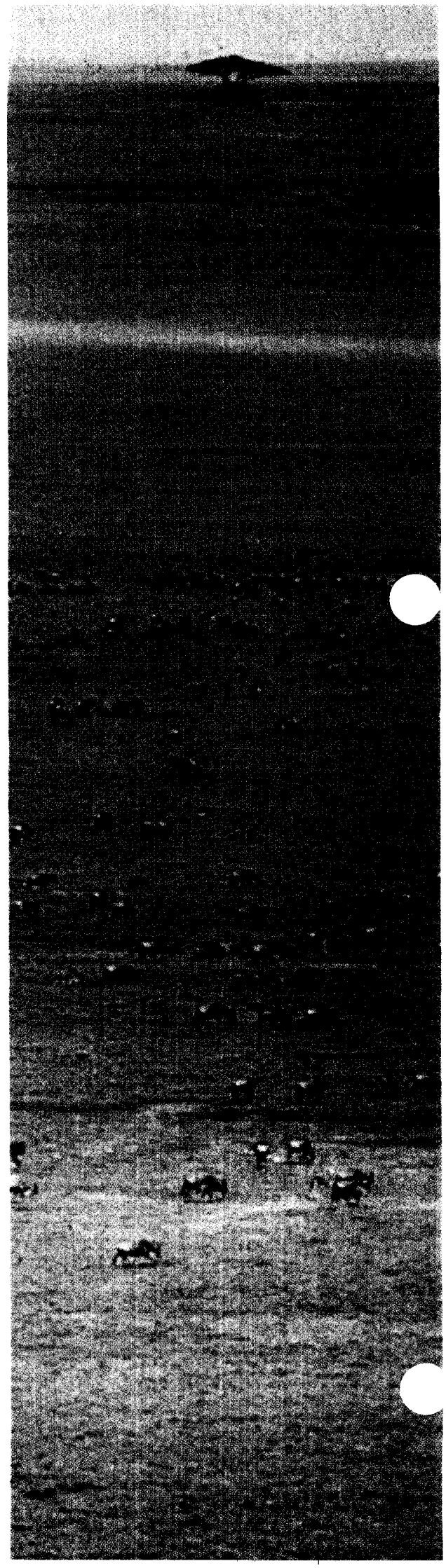
As we neared the end of the herd we were pleased to see that a water hole was certain to pass directly beneath us. It was nearly dry, but some wildebeest were standing by its edge.

But then we hit the air above that hot patch and the gentle hours were over. The altimeter jumped from 200 to 1,500 feet.

From then on the flight did not have its previous serenity. Intermediate landings were frequent, and sand was thrown out several pounds at a time. At the 20th unintentional bounce I decided it was time to land. We hit the ground again, and this time it hurt. I prepared the valve and rip lines, valved a little, and down we went.

"It's coming. Hang on. I'm about to rip!"

The basket touched, creaked, tipped slowly on its side, and the flight was over. *Jambo* deflated herself, and all was finished. There were three shapes inside a basket, a lot of orange fabric, some netting—and nothing more. Traditionally, safely, beautifully, a noble balloon had expired. It was no longer a part of that most excellent canopy, the air. It had flown, and its journey was now ended. Its glorious African days were over, and so were mine. THE END



Wildebeest spread over Serengeti Park, one of few preserves where herds survive.

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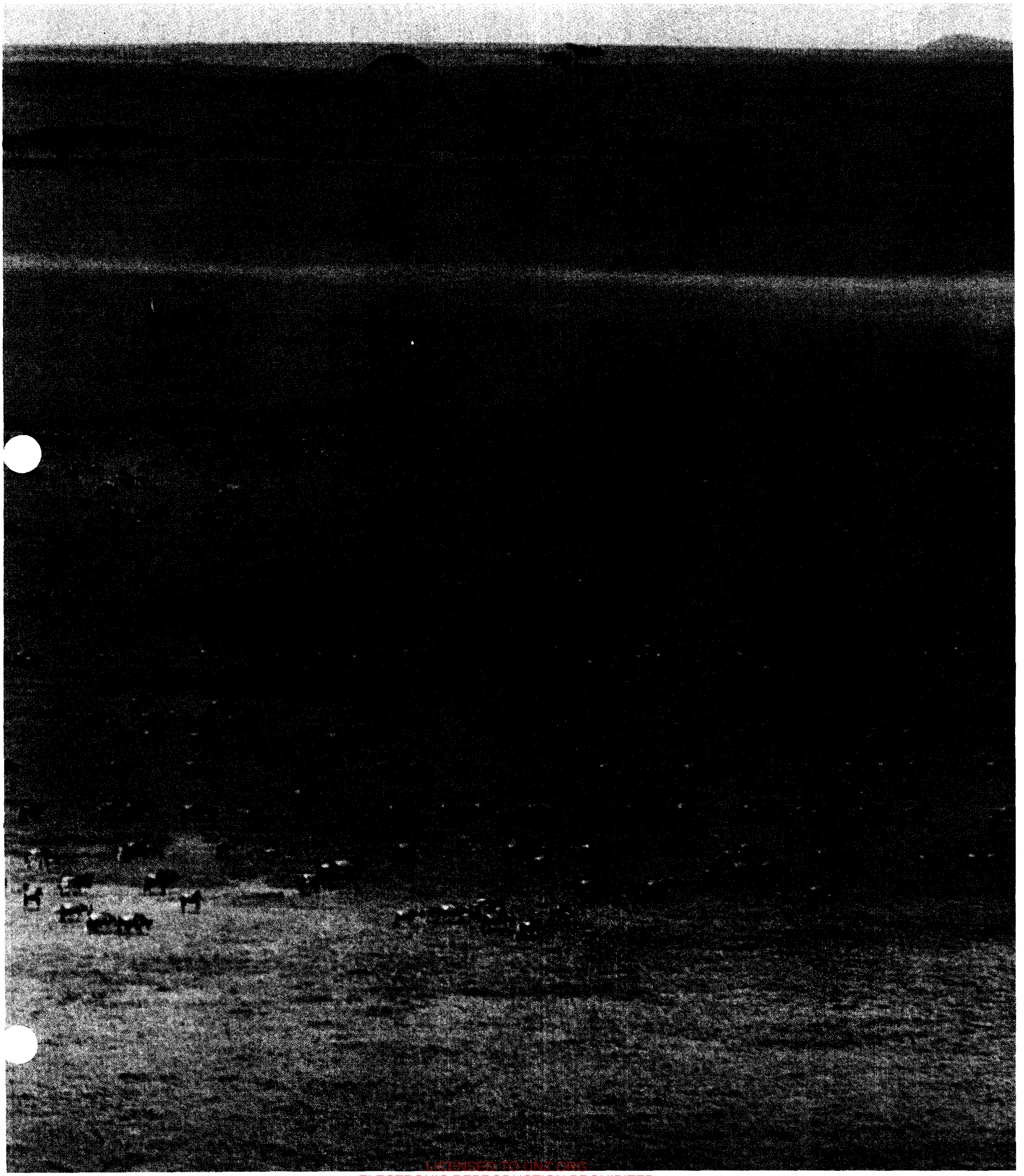
"At 200 feet we made our run over the center of the herd. It was magnificent."



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Silence

Locked in his personal zone

Charles Giannino and some of the others left their machines. Charles said in sign language, "I need some black coffee to wake up." And one of the others replied with flying fingers, "Were you drunk last night, Charley?"

They walked three abreast and one behind down the hallway, away from the racket of the Linotype machines. They did not speak much since, in order to speak conveniently, they needed to be facing each other. A pretty secretary came out of Advertising Art, caught up and passed them, walking with a smooth sliding gait toward the cafeteria. All four watched her graceful zigzag progress among the baskets of yellow newspaper mats, discarded type and scrap, and piles of waste in the dark corridor. They poked each other and craned, grinning, then groaned when the girl made a sudden right turn instead of going into the plant's restaurant where they were headed. Conrad, the comic of the group, danced out in front of the others and turned to them. "Right face," he said with his hands. They all laughed.

When they had their coffee and were settled at a table in the cafeteria, Conrad and the others teased Charles. They sat, three on one side of the long table, chests puffed, elbows out, and faced Charles, fingers busy. Their coffee, almost white with cream, spilled over and filled the saucers.

"What did you think of that one, Charley?"

"Pretty good," he said.

"Like to have her for a girl?"

"She had a ring. She's married."

"What do you care? She looked like she could handle more than one."

"Well," his fingers replied, "I wouldn't mind."

They teased Charles because he was the youngest of them and shy and because they knew he had no girl. They teased him about his good manners, too, and about the fact, cleverly elicited by Conrad, that his landlady mended his clothes. They teased him also about his easy blushing. Charles, in spite of his dark hair, had a smooth, almost girlishly fair complexion and he blushed helplessly when the others asked intimate and probing questions. His fingers, then, would weave furious replies and they would make him repeat, pretending not to understand.

Conrad did most of the teasing. He was a man of forty-five, thick and blond, with small shrewd eyes and a smashed ear. He had been, by his own account, a merchant sailor and a professional boxer; now he was married with three children. And, also by his own account, he managed to conduct a complex extra-marital love life.

With one of his favorite comic expressions—it was intended to imitate a purse-mouthed, near-sighted schoolteacher—Conrad peered over Charles's shoulder and surveyed the cafeteria. "Now, there's something your speed," he said.

Charles turned discreetly, following Conrad's gaze, and saw two girls, one fat and dark, the other small and narrow-shouldered, sitting several tables away near the counter. The smaller girl was drinking a glass of milk, her friend eating from a platter that appeared to include mashed potatoes or turnips, and gravy. Charles frowned and turned back because the fat girl had glanced up and caught his eye.

"God," Conrad said. "All that food at ten in the morning."

"She's fat," Charles said. "I've seen her a couple of times in here." He added seriously, "It might be glandular. Maybe it's not her fault."

"You like them fat, do you? Well, could be you're right. A fat girl can give a skinny boy a good time."

Charles's fair skin turned scarlet. "My mother's fat," he said. "It's a glandular condition."

Conrad, staring across the room at the two girls, said, "I think they are secretaries in Promotion." The girls could not know he was talking about them. He looked at them with eyes that slid craftily away and back, and he kept his moving fingers low on his chest. "Why don't you go and promote something, Charley?"

The two other Linotype operators, sitting on either side of Conrad, followed his fingers with delight. They stared at the girl.

Charles said, "I don't care to promote anything."

"Repeat," said Conrad. He held a hand to his warped ear and grinned.

"I don't care to promote anything."

"Repeat, please."

The others laughed, the sudden sound of their actual voices startling in the cloud of silence in which they normally lived, and people turned to stare at them with the uncertain, too-friendly smiles the well reserve for the sick.

"Don't look now, Annie," said the narrow-shouldered girl.

"All right."

"They're smilin' at us."

Annie glanced up, then bent over her plate. "They're smilin' at you."

The other was pleased. "Oh, no. At you." She made her thin face serious, to hide her pleasure. "The young one with black hair is good-lookin'."

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CLEARY

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of quiet, he was not prepared for the gentle sound of love. / By CHRISTOPHER DAVIS

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SILENCE

"I noticed him before once or twice." Annie stole another glance from under her dark lashes and the men turned back to their coffee with clumsy unconcern. Her features, hidden in fat, were pretty. She said, "I think he's a *paesano*."

"He was lookin' right at you."

"You're crazy." She glanced up again and caught Charles's eye. He looked away. "I like it when they come in here, though. They make it so quiet. It's like watchin' television with the sound off. I wish it was like that around our house."

"The way your old man and your brothers are always raisin' the roof," the other girl said knowingly.

Annie nodded pensively. "When I was a kid I wanted to join the Carmelites just to get peace and quiet." She paused and ticked her nails on the table. "I can't stand noisy people, Betty." And then: "I think I'll get some pie."

Betty said with intensity, "Please don't."

Annie started to rise. She wore a pale, ribbed-jersey dress that made her seem bigger than she was; its tight matching belt, intended to give her a waist, cut her into two bulging sections instead. Her legs, however, which were revealed as she rose, were nicely shaped.

"He's lookin' again," Betty whispered.

Embarrassed, Annie sat down again. "Let's go up." She did not turn to look at Charles. "I'll skip the pie."

Betty said, "Good for you!"

On their way to the elevators they passed the composing room, where the Linotype machines stood in black ranks, imposing piles of complicated, old-fashioned-looking machinery. Several were clattering away, their operators comfortable in cup-shaped seats padded with sponge rubber; they peered at the keyboards from under mysterious eyeshades. Betty said, "No wonder the paper hires all those deaf people. Listen to that racket. Anybody with good hearin' would go nuts inside of a week."

Annie said, "I can't stand noise."

The next afternoon Charles and Conrad went alone to the cafeteria for a coffee break. Conrad saw the two girls and grinned. "There's your girl friend." his fingers said.

"Cut it out."

"She's not bad. I mean her face. If she dropped about two hundred pounds she'd be all right." He jabbed Charles hard in the ribs. "You're not watching my hands," he said, speaking without sound. Charles read his lips, but when the other began using the sign language again he sipped his coffee and would not look.

"OK," Conrad said "No use trying to talk to you."

Charles shrugged. The blond man rose, finished his coffee standing, and left the cafeteria, kicking at the scuffed aluminum door and letting it slam behind him. Charles watched him go. When he turned back he saw the fat girl looking at him. He smiled blushing then rose awkwardly, and left the cafeteria, too.

At home Annie announced she was going on a strict diet.

"You never stick with it," her mother said.

One of her brothers, as fat as Annie, yelled, "She has a boyfriend. That's why."

Annie said, "Maybe I do. So what?"

"You'll never lose weight," another brother shouted. Her mother was clattering dishes in the sink and looking from Annie to her brothers with interest. She turned on the hot water full force, and a dish slipped from her soapy hands and smashed. A third brother was pounding a fist on the table in time to a cha-cha-cha from a loud radio. Annie yelled above the noise, "I will this time! If I start right away!" She left the table, her platter untouched.

Her father, small, thin and sour-looking, with a face congested by wine and almost black from outdoor work, shouted, "Finish your dinner!"

Annie walked into the living room and picked up a magazine.

Her mother called, "It's gettin' cold!"

"I'm through, mom."

"I'll put it on the stove."

She went to bed that night without eating and had two boiled eggs and a piece of dry toast for breakfast. On the bus going to work her stomach rumbled with hunger She studied only those advertising posters that did not describe food.

By ten-thirty she felt faint. "Goin' down?" she asked Betty.

"Mr. Kruger wants to dictate. Wait twenty minutes."

"No," Annie said. "I'll meet you down there"

It was an agony to go past the cakes and pastries and pies displayed along the steel counters. She chose a small grapefruit, pale as ice, and a glass of milk and went searching among the tables for a place to sit. Charles was alone at a table for four. She passed him, then turned back and sat down. He glanced up from pouring sugar into his coffee.

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Annie looked at his eyes and said, "Can't you hear at all?"

He blushed. "I can read your lips if you talk careful." His voice was thick and grating, as if he were unused to it.

"I noticed you quite a while ago," Annie said, moving her lips deliberately. "I like to watch the way your fingers go around. That's how you talk."

"Yes."

"I'd like to learn sign language."

"It's easy."

"I'll bet." She paused and thrust her spoon into a section of the grapefruit. "It's nice the way you people are so quiet when you come in here. I like it quiet." Then, with extra distinctness: "My name's Ann Santorre. You're an Italian boy, aren't you? I don't mean to be nosy, but I figured you were because of your hair and the way that your eyes are shaped."

He blinked the eyes rapidly. "Boy, you're pretty sharp. That's correct. My name's Charles J. Giannino."

"I bet you live in West Philly too. Lots of Italians are out that way. That's where I live."

"Yes," he said in his rusty voice. "Near Sixtieth and Haverford in a rooming house. I mean it's just an ordinary house. I have a room on top."

"I know where that is. I'm practically around the corner." But her features had become concerned. "Don't you have any family?"

"In New York. I come from New York. Only I got this job, so I came here."

"It's a shame to live alone. You should come and live at our house." She smiled to show she was joking. "You'd have the company, and since you can't hear you wouldn't go crazy from the screamin'. It's like a circus." He had frowned and she repeated: "Circus," and then paused. "You're not married or anything."

"No."

They were silent for a time. At last he said, "I notice the way you eat a lot."

"Oh, I'm a fatso," Annie said carelessly. "I weigh a hundred and seventy-three pounds."

Charles whistled softly. He pointed to the grapefruit with an ink-blackened finger. "Are you on a diet?"

"Well, I'm tryin' to lose. I'd like to get down to around one-forty."

"Your clothes won't fit."

Annie laughed. "That's right. It'll cost me plenty to lose weight."

Charles said seriously, "Maybe one-seventy-three isn't so bad after all. You should lose a little so you'll feel better for the sake of your health. But not too much. My mother's fat."

"It's not bad to be fat if your heart's OK. How's your mother's heart?"

"OK," he said.

"It's funny to talk like this. Right now I'm just movin' my lips and not makin' a sound. And you can hear me."

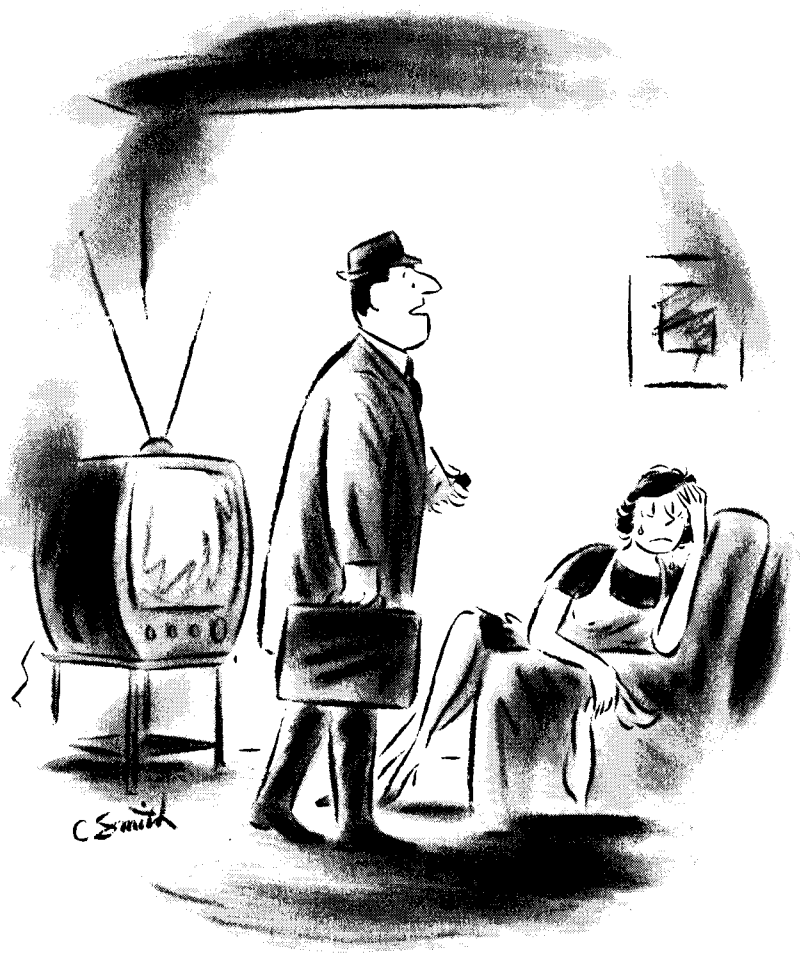
He shrugged. "I read your lips."

"It's nice. I like the quiet."

Conrad entered the cafeteria, saw them, and came to their table. He grinned at Charles and moved his fingers. "What did I tell you? Just your type. How are you making out?"

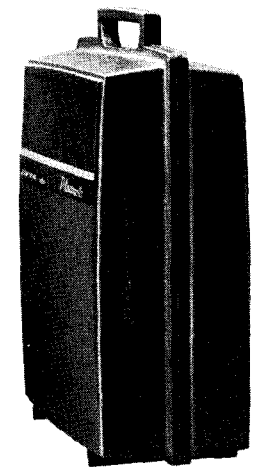
Charles said to Annie, "His name's Conrad. He's a Linotype operator like me." And to Conrad in signs: "I introduced you. Her name's Ann Santorre."

Conrad turned his blond grin to the girl. "You a *paesan'?*" His voice was deeper than Charles's but had the same grating quality like a musical instrument that has been left unused in a damp place and lost its tone. "Charley's had his eye on you. I seen him watchin'."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right, Barbara, whom did you identify with today?"



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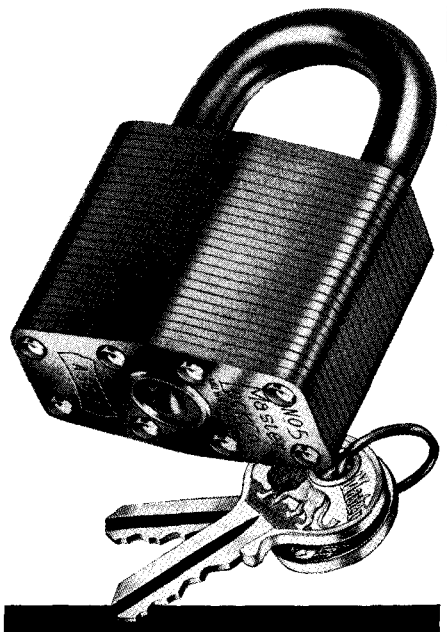

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SILENCE

"You're kiddin'. I bet the whole bunch of you were just makin' fun."

He had watched her lips. "Oh, no indeed, Miss Santorr'. You're wrong. It's my considered opinion that Charley's in love with you. I know him." The strangeness of the voice made it difficult to detect its irony, but Annie frowned a little. She said, "That's not nice."

Charles, reading her, turned and said with his fingers to Conrad, "What did you tell her?"

"Nothing."

"I saw what she said. Did you make fun of her being fat?"

"What if I did? She's fat, isn't she?"

"That's a nice girl. She's on a diet."

Annie, puzzled, said, "What are you sayin'?" but they were not watching her.

"Why don't you ask for a date if you're so crazy about her?" Conrad asked.

"I don't feel like it."

Their fingers made swift patterns.

Conrad said, "Only you have to promise to tell me what it's like. With all the girls I've known I never played around with one that big."

"You don't have to talk that way," Charles said, blushing.

Annie said, "What are you sayin'? I can't understand."

Conrad's fingers said, "Give her a kiss for me, Charley, when the time comes."

Charles, furious, rose and walked rapidly from the cafeteria. Conrad gazed after him, then turned to Annie. "He had to get back to his machine, Miss Santorr'. We got strict hours. You know what the union's like." Then he said, "Glad to have met you," rose, too, and followed Charles.

Upstairs in the office Betty said, "I couldn't get down. You were gone half an hour!"

Annie said, "I talked to him."

"How could you?"

"He reads lips." She said, "He's very nice and polite. He's Italian like I said and his name's Charles. I put him at around twenty-four or twenty-five."

"Did he ask to see you?"

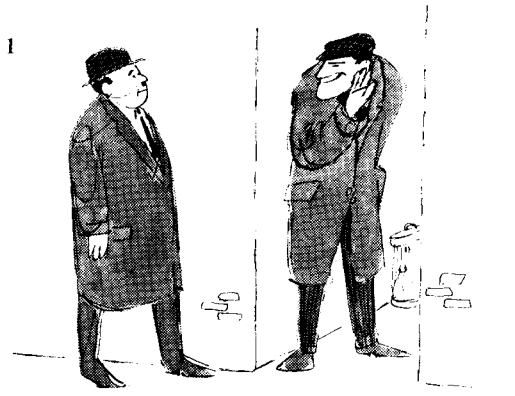
"No. Not yet."

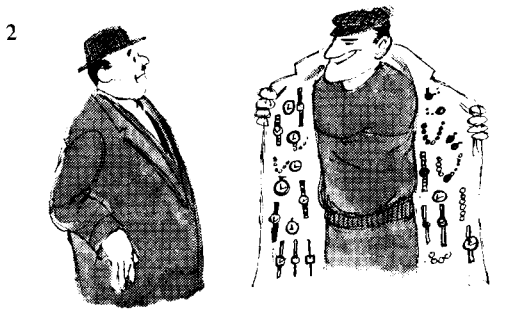
"Boy, you got nerve. You just went up and talked to him."

Annie laughed. "It don't kill you to try. Anyhow, I could tell he was shy so I didn't feel too bad. One of his friends sat down, but I didn't like him."

"What'd he say?" Betty asked eagerly.

Annie smiled. "He shouldn't have said it." She was sitting at her desk, swinging





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around on a swivel seat which seemed very small under her; on each swing she let her bright nails trail across the keys of her typewriter. She murmured, "He said Charles was in love with me."

"No kiddin'! Do you think he's right?"

Annie glanced around the office with its modern partitionless air of democracy and cooperation. "I just wish I knew." She sat straight at her typewriter and, with rapid practiced fingers, punched out Charles's name, not letting the keys hit the cylinder. "Of course, I pretended to be sore when the man said it."

"What'll you do if he asks you out?"

"Oh," Annie said, "I don't know." She giggled at the typewriter. "Well, I'll go."

Annie did not see Charles for almost a week, though she took a coffee break both morning and afternoon and varied her lunch hour to have a fair chance of catching him. She wondered if he was sick.

Then, on a Tuesday while she was surveying a salad of frosty fruit on crisp lettuce and a limeade, he came into the cafeteria. She saw him looking interestedly at the pretty cashier as he paid, then watched him carry his tray away, bearing it as delicately as if it were a light teacup. He did not glance toward her but went directly to a table at the far end of the room. Annie put down her fork and stared at him, willing him to look up. When he did, she said soundlessly across the busy room, "Where were you all week? Were you sick?"

He bent to his food again.

Annie rose, taking her fruit salad and limeade, and sat opposite him. He raised his dark eyes to her and then let them move nervously around the room as if he were searching for something.

Annie said, "I missed you," moving her lips carefully and making no sound. "Guess what?"

"What?" he said.

"I already lost seven pounds. I'm around a hundred and sixty-five."

His eyes moved to her heavy bosom and immediately away. "Maybe you got gland trouble." His voice sounded hollow and grating, as if he were talking through static. "You might always be fat."

"Oh, no," Annie said cheerfully. "Of course, it's a little harder for me to lose than for someone else. I mean, you, for example. But I can do it. You'll think I'm tellin' a story, but when I was in high school you wouldn't believe how thin I was. A stringbean. Then I began to eat like a hog. I don't know why. And there's always *pasta* and stuff around the house. You know, like Italian food. My brother says I'm escaping, the way some people drink too much. But I think that's a lot of hot air like all the other noise he makes. I just enjoy it. Don't you have any bad habits?" She looked at his thin pale face, at the dark hair curling over the clear forehead. His eyes shifted uneasily and shyly away. She said, "I bet you got a couple of bad habits. Like takin' out girls and stayin' up late." She smiled at him. "I bet you have a pretty good time on the salary you make operatin' that machine."

He blushed and said, "It doesn't amount to so much after taxes."

Annie said, "Don't you have any girl friends?"

He shrugged.

"I don't mean steady. Just—the regular way a guy takes some girl out on a Saturday."

He said softly, "Oh, sure."

Annie laughed. "Well, just in case, I'm generally free. I mean, if you're stuck."

"I'm not stuck."

Her voice was pleasant. "You're right. I guess you'd have to be pretty hard up before you'd ask me."

He said nothing, but glanced over his shoulder at the cafeteria door.

"Remember about two weeks ago you were with all your friends and I was sittin' over there with that thin girl?" She pointed her fork, tipped with a square of pale pineapple, at the table where she and Betty had sat.

Charles said, "Yes."

"They were laughin', weren't they?"

"At who?"

"At me. I could tell."

Charles appeared to think; then, slowly, he nodded.

Annie said, "That's what I told Betty. Don't worry. I'm used to it."

Charles said, "I'm not worried." And then: "I have to get back to my machine."

Annie missed her bus the next morning because her father and brothers were yelling at each other about something and she had stayed to referee so the neighbors would not turn their radio on loudly in reprisal. Then she ran to the corner to watch, panting, as a packed bus went past, arrogant and satisfied, like a success who forgets his old friends. She stared after it, breathing its black exhaust, watching it grow smaller, and she felt for a moment very lonely and sad, as if buses would always be full and always go past without stopping. But when a bus finally picked her up, she decided fate was at work because Charles was on it.

He sat on one of the side benches near the driver, and Annie, breathless, took a

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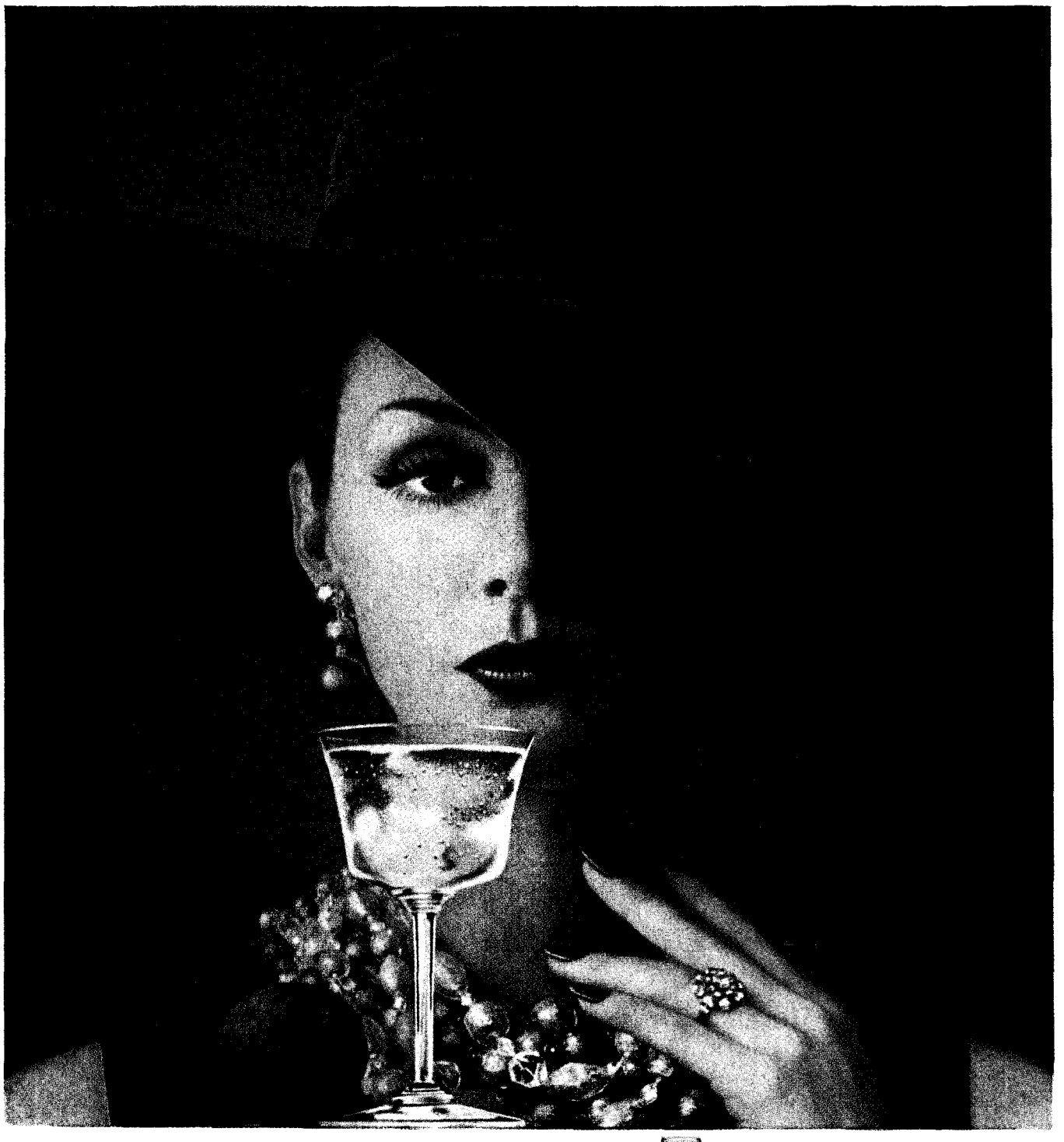

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seat opposite. He was carrying a newspaper and a paper bag with grease stains on it. He saw her and nodded without smiling.

Annie said with her lips, "Is this your regular bus?"

He shrugged.

She said, "It looks like you're carryin' your lunch. Will you eat at your machine?"

He nodded, glancing warily at the other passengers.

"Well."

She said nothing for a time and pretended to be interested in the moving landscape, which unreeled behind his head like an accelerated film. Then she caught him watching her face and she said silently, "Why don't you want to come to the cafeteria? On account of me bein' there?"

He moved his shoulders slightly.

"I guess your friends tease you about me. The way we talk together."

He hesitated, then nodded.

"Well. I wouldn't want to deprive you of the cafeteria. I'll go outside to lunch." Then she said with her lips, "Listen, I know a place where almost nobody from the buildin' goes. You could meet me there around noon. It's called the Coffee Cup. It's right on the corner at Twelfth and McGraw."

He gazed at her lips.

She said, "Why not? It won't kill you to talk to me. And your friends won't know."

He lowered his eyes and, for the remainder of the trip, stared at the scored rubber matting on the floor of the bus. When they reached their stop, Charles rose. Annie was looking up at him.

She saw she had caught his eye. S said without sound, "I love you."

Charles sat before his machine, frowning at the copy clamped to the board in front of him. He punched some keys, stopped, and watched a column-wide bar of silvery type slide into the tray at his left hand. He picked it out, read it, dropped it at his feet, and punched the line over again.

Conrad, next to him, shut off his machine and stood up. He said with his fingers, "How about some sustenance?"

Charles replied, "What time is it?"

"Past twelve." He arose, removed his eyeshade and let it fall into the cuplike seat in front of the machine.

Charles said, "I'm going outside."

"Suit yourself." Then Conrad grinned. "I get it. The fat girl's after you."

Charles hesitated, looking at Conrad's blond sure smile. Then he said unwillingly, "Maybe she's in the cafeteria, so I figured I'd go out."

"Smart move," the other said with his hands. "A good-looking Italian boy like you can do better than that."

The white smile, insistent, cynical, intimate, made Charles blink with irritation. He said, "It's none of your business."

"What?"

"Don't you worry about where I eat and what I do about—everything. About girls." He felt himself begin to blush and this made him angrier. He shouted, usir his voice, "Just don't worry."

Conrad put a hand behind his smashed ear and assumed his nearsighted-teacher's expression. As Charles started to turn away Conrad poked him and said, "Repeat, please."

Charles said very carefully in sign language, "Get off my back. I don't like you." Then he turned off his machine, found the grease-stained lunch bag, which he put in the pocket of his topcoat, and left. Outside the building he muttered to himself, extending the dialogue between himself and Conrad, using both hands to make short angry words. It had begun to drizzle—a steady mist beaded his hair and shoulders and made the streets gleam—but Charles did not notice. At 12th and McGraw he paused and peered in through the plate-glass window of the Coffee Cup. Annie was sitting in a booth by herself, a cup in front of her. He saw her lift a square bag from the cup, hold it suspended from its string, and let it plop back. Tea. He looked at the counter opposite the booths. A man in a short-sleeved jacket like a barber's stood behind it. He raised a transparent plastic bell from a chocolate cake, cut a wedge, put it with a fork on a crimped paper plate, and sent it sliding down the counter to a policeman in a yellow rain slicker. Charles saw that Annie was staring at the cake, too, and at the policeman eating it. His eyes, changing focus, drew back and he saw the rain on the glass in front of him; he walked away.

He sat in a bar nearby with the contents of his lunch bag—two thick sandwiches and ladyfingers—and a glass of beer on the table in front of him. He drank the beer and ordered another. He did not eat. In twenty minutes he drank four more beers. Then he paid and walked out of the bar, leaving his lunch untouched in its nest of waxed paper. He walked back to the Coffee Cup, watching how his toes flung a spray of water up onto the

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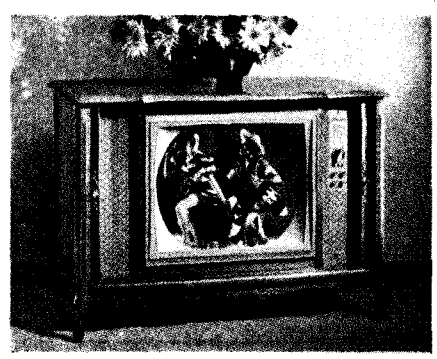

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tips of his shoes with each step. Again he looked through the streaked window.

The policeman was gone. The platter ıder its plastic bell was empty. Annie ll sat in her booth, but in front of her, ın place of the tea, was a piece of chocolate cake and a tall, wide-mouthed, fluted glass, which might have contained malted milk. Charles gazed at the cake, his dark wet hair in strings over his forehead. After a moment he realized Annie was looking at him.

He moved slightly away, then stopped.

Annie said with her lips, "Please come in."

He did not respond. The beer had made him slightly drunk and, standing there, he swayed a little.

She said through the plate glass, "Please."

He went in then, shaking the water from his coat, and sat opposite her. He said, "I'm sorry I'm late. A job came up. I'm sorry."

"You don't have to talk so loud." Her head was lowered. She rubbed at a crescent of lipstick on the rim of the tall glass.

He said, "I can't understand if you don't look at me."

She raised her eyes; they were strange: wide and empty-looking. "I ate three pieces of cake. This is the third."

"That's all right." He was a little drunk and he smiled crookedly, raising one eyebrow. "I like 'em plump."

"Well, you came to the right party."

"I like 'em plump."

The restaurant was empty now except for the counterman, who stood in front staring gloomily out at the rain, his muscular dishwasher's arms folded.

"Don't talk so loud."

He whispered in the rusty voice, "Do you want a date?"

"If *you* do."

He nodded. "That guy Conrad made fun of you. I don't care. Guys like that ruin the world if you let them." He added, "I practically let him have it before. If he says one more word I'll let him have it." Then he asked formally, "Which evening is convenient for you?"

"How about Friday?"

"All right." He still looked grim, as if he were thinking of Conrad.

She pushed the cake toward him. "You didn't have any lunch."

"No, go ahead. You eat it."

"I had plenty." She watched him pick up the fork and begin to eat. "I live at 6344 Chartwell Street in West Philly." He was bent over the plate eating and she realized he could not read her lips. When he looked up she repeated the address. He nodded. "Eight o'clock Friday?" ıe asked.

"Fine." She gazed at him for a long moment; then she said soundlessly, "Did you understand me on the bus this morning?"

He hesitated. "I can't get everything. What did you say?"

"You know."

He looked puzzled. "No." And then: "You mean about having lunch here?"

"That's right. I just wanted to know if you were readin' my lips right."

"I got that." He hesitated again, then returned to the cake. Annie looked at the shoulders of his coat, which were misted with rain, and at his dark hair with its damp strands curling on his forehead. She said aloud, "Before you came in, when I ate all that cake, I was just sittin' here ——" She spoke aloud, but softly. Her features in their mask of fat were calmly pretty, the eyes empty. "I can say anything I want, can't I, and you wouldn't get it because you're not lookin' at me? I could say somethin' mean because you let me sit here and made up some story about work, and I saw you lookin' in the window before. Before you came back. I ate two pieces of cake and I was cryin'. I love you." She kept her voice low but he glanced up.

"Were you talking?"

"No."

He put down his fork, frowned and looked over his shoulder toward the front of the restaurant, murmuring, "I felt a vibration."

She said quickly, "I love you. I love you."

Still frowning, he picked up his fork again. The restaurant was silent. Annie said nothing more. She watched Charles and listened to the silence. She wanted to touch his hand, but decided to wait for that. She cocked her head to the complete silence, like a bird, listening. THE END

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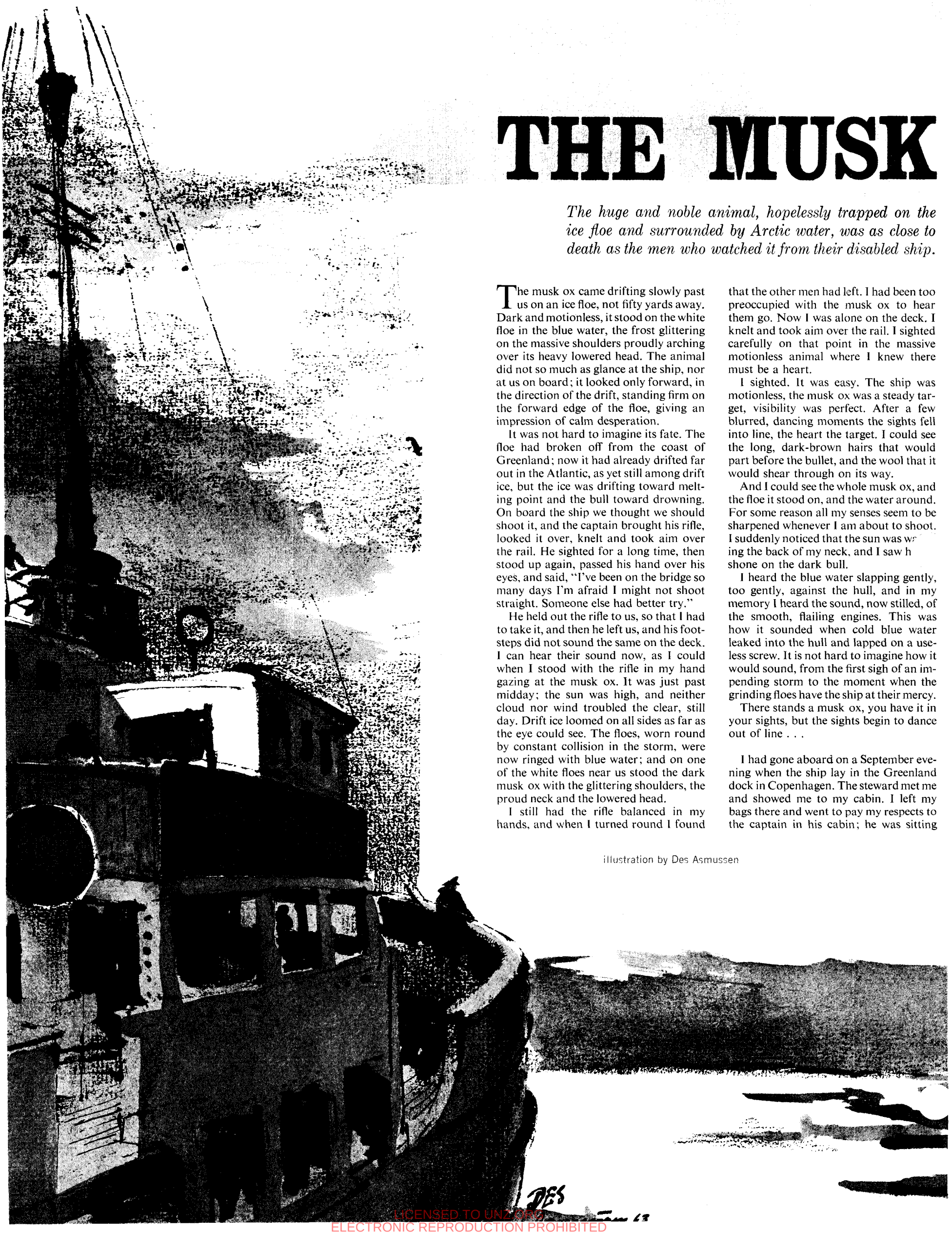

THE MUSK

The huge and noble animal, hopelessly trapped on the ice floe and surrounded by Arctic water, was as close to death as the men who watched it from their disabled ship.

The musk ox came drifting slowly past us on an ice floe, not fifty yards away. Dark and motionless, it stood on the white floe in the blue water, the frost glittering on the massive shoulders proudly arching over its heavy lowered head. The animal did not so much as glance at the ship, nor at us on board; it looked only forward, in the direction of the drift, standing firm on the forward edge of the floe, giving an impression of calm desperation.

It was not hard to imagine its fate. The floe had broken off from the coast of Greenland; now it had already drifted far out in the Atlantic, as yet still among drift ice, but the ice was drifting toward melting point and the bull toward drowning. On board the ship we thought we should shoot it, and the captain brought his rifle, looked it over, knelt and took aim over the rail. He sighted for a long time, then stood up again, passed his hand over his eyes, and said, "I've been on the bridge so many days I'm afraid I might not shoot straight. Someone else had better try."

He held out the rifle to us, so that I had to take it, and then he left us, and his footsteps did not sound the same on the deck. I can hear their sound now, as I could when I stood with the rifle in my hand gazing at the musk ox. It was just past midday; the sun was high, and neither cloud nor wind troubled the clear, still day. Drift ice loomed on all sides as far as the eye could see. The floes, worn round by constant collision in the storm, were now ringed with blue water; and on one of the white floes near us stood the dark musk ox with the glittering shoulders, the proud neck and the lowered head.

I still had the rifle balanced in my hands, and when I turned round I found that the other men had left. I had been too preoccupied with the musk ox to hear them go. Now I was alone on the deck. I knelt and took aim over the rail. I sighted carefully on that point in the massive motionless animal where I knew there must be a heart.

I sighted. It was easy. The ship was motionless, the musk ox was a steady target, visibility was perfect. After a few blurred, dancing moments the sights fell into line, the heart the target. I could see the long, dark-brown hairs that would part before the bullet, and the wool that it would shear through on its way.

And I could see the whole musk ox, and the floe it stood on, and the water around. For some reason all my senses seem to be sharpened whenever I am about to shoot. I suddenly noticed that the sun was w ing the back of my neck, and I saw h shone on the dark bull.

I heard the blue water slapping gently, too gently, against the hull, and in my memory I heard the sound, now stilled, of the smooth, flailing engines. This was how it sounded when cold blue water leaked into the hull and lapped on a useless screw. It is not hard to imagine how it would sound, from the first sigh of an impending storm to the moment when the grinding floes have the ship at their mercy.

There stands a musk ox, you have it in your sights, but the sights begin to dance out of line . . .

I had gone aboard on a September evening when the ship lay in the Greenland dock in Copenhagen. The steward met me and showed me to my cabin. I left my bags there and went to pay my respects to the captain in his cabin; he was sitting

illustration by Des Asmussen

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OX

By HANS DITLEV

TRANSLATED BY MARILYN DITLEV

reading and I stayed only a few minutes. Then I went aft and sat on the rail to get the feel of the ship before I turned in.

It was a summer evening, late in the year. The air was soft, and the surface of the water in the harbor only lightly ruffled. The lights from the nightclubs in Nyhavn and from the quays and ships across the harbor danced sparkling in the dark water. But most exciting of all was to gaze out at the harbor entrance, a gateway to the whole world. I sat there until nearly midnight, as the ferries sailed one after another, black and white, with lights in all portholes, bound for Jutland, Sweden or Bornholm.

And early next morning we too sailed, destination Greenland. I lay in my bunk and heard all the bustle of departure, ping feet on the iron deck, footsteps ıe bridge, shouts, hawsers against the null. The sharp sound of the engine-room telegraph cut through the continuous background murmur of dynamos, the diesel engines coughed into life, the screw began to hum, we were off.

I was on deck even before we cleared the harbor. I exchanged greetings with some of the crew, and a few miles up the Sound I went into the mess, where I met most of the officers. They spoke of their shore leave and of the trip ahead. The weather had changed in the night; it was overcast and a wind was getting up. The captain did not join us in the mess; we could hear his pacing on the bridge above.

Helsingör to port. The weather was worsening as we came into the Kattegat; and when we passed Skagen, our last sight of Danish soil, we ran into a storm over the Skagerrak which did not let up until the third day, early in the day, when for the first time the captain joined us for lunch in the mess. He had been on the bridge the whole time, only snatching an occasional nap in the chart house.

During lunch he spoke mostly to me, and it was clear that he felt some traditional obligation toward the ship's only passenger. He asked me the purpose of my trip, and apologized for the fact that the bad weather had prevented him from making my acquaintance earlier. After lunch he suggested that I should join him in his cabin for a glass of rum toddy, to warm our bones a little.

I felt that it would be presumptuous of me to suggest that he was probably more

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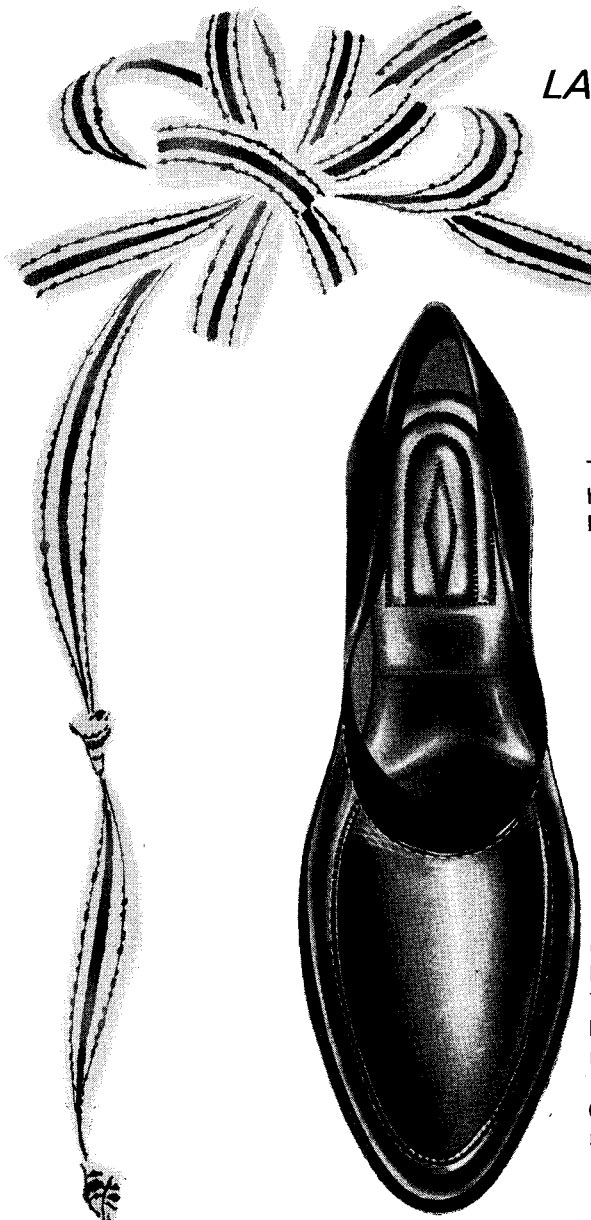

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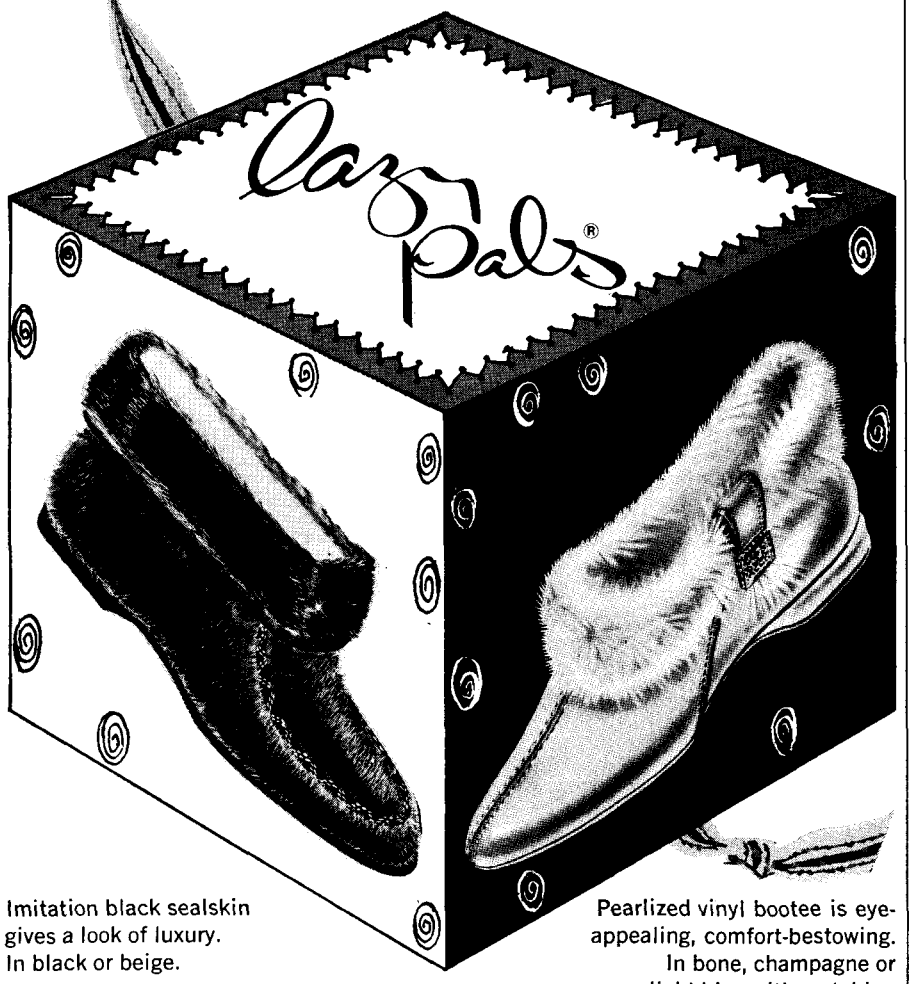

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MUSK OX

in need of sleep after so long on the bridge, and followed him without demur. The steward brought boiling water, and the captain brewed a stiff grog for each of us. When I first saw him he struck me as being rather standoffish, but now I felt him to be a kindly man, if somewhat withdrawn.

"Cheers!" We sipped at the grog, which the high rum content had cooled to a drinkable temperature.

"Ah!" The captain leaned back and shut his eyes for a moment, then, aided by the rolling of the ship, sat forward again and, still with the glass in his hand, planted his elbows on the table. "Cheers!"

There was a pause, which I did not want to be the first to break, and then he asked as a man will ask to be able to say something, and to find a point of contact with another, "Where were you born?" I told him the name of the place, a little port, and immediately I saw that his attention was engaged. He stared at me a moment, then dropped his eyes and said, "My wife was born there."

So suddenly there was something to talk about. I don't think the captain was a man who normally spoke much of himself, but he was very tired, and it seemed to come of itself. The ship rolled from side to side; the storm had died down a little, but outside it was dismal and dark, and we sat in the warm cabin, islanded in the yellow light from a single bulb, united in the warmth of the grog. It was a moment to relax, and the captain leaned back again in his seat, a close-knit man of medium height—he must have been about sixty—and his words followed his thoughts.

"My wife died a couple of trips ago. Ah, there were lovely girls aplenty in that little town, but she was the loveliest. We had two sons. They both wanted to go to sea when they were old enough and that would have been all right with me, but Mary wanted them to stay on at school and take their school certificate, or some such thing, before they made up their minds; so they did. Didn't make any difference, though; they both went to sea. First Ulrik, he was a couple of years older than Carsten. . . . You couldn't know it, but . . ."

The captain unbuttoned his jacket and took a little leather folder from the inside pocket. He held it so that I could see the photograph.

". . . but you look very much like Ulrik; he was just about your height."

I could find no resemblance.

"It's . . . not a very sharp photo," I said.

"No, perhaps it's not. But it's the last I have of him. Some photographer in Portugal took it, and he sent it with the only letter of his that ever reached us."

The captain glanced at the picture, put it back in his pocket and buttoned up his jacket.

"Yes, it was the only one that reached us. I was home; we were docked in Odense on the ninth of April, when the Germans occupied Denmark. But the ship Ulrik was with lay in Newcastle. First it was torpedoed; but Ulrik was rescued, and he found another ship. And then *that* was torpedoed. Another ship. It was September, 'Forty-one, in the North Atlantic, near the coast of Greenland. I found a fellow who was on the same ship, and got through safely. He says Ulrik was at the helm when the torpedo hit; it caught the ship just under the bridge. He says Ulrik must have died immediately."

"And Carsten?"

"Ah yes, Carsten. Well, at that time he'd already got a shore job. When we heard that Ulrik's first ship had gone down, Mary tried to get him to jo training school on shore; and whe heard about Ulrik's second ship, we Carsten a job in a shipping company's offices. It's the company that owns this ship. . . . Well, let's not forget the grog. . . . Yes, Carsten did well for himself, he's an important man in the company these days. I may be the skipper, but he's the one who really controls this ship. Ha. Well, cheers!"

The captain drained his glass. I had not intended to, but I followed his example. I set the glass on the green lino of the tabletop, he put his down, I got up, he rose too. The party was over.

"Well, I think . . ." he began.

"Yes," I said, "maybe I'd better . . ."

At that moment the boat pitched violently, and we both had to grab at the table to stop ourselves from falling. The empty glasses skittered down the table—we just caught them.

"I was just going to say I'd try to get in a quick nap," he said, "but it looks as though I'll be needed on the bridge. It seems to be blowing up again."

And blow up it did. It blew itself into a full gale that stayed there for seven days and nights, and the captain stayed on the bridge those seven days with only an occasional doze in the chart house to keep him going. I lay in my bunk most of the time, sleeping when I could. The howling of the gale, the creaking of the ship, the angry drone when the screw left the water—all these were sounds I lea not to hear. But the captain's pa on the bridge, varying with the pitching of the ship—the soles of his boots striking home as she rose, the heels biting in as she fell—these I heard every waking moment.

About midnight on the seventh day the wild weather dropped with startling suddenness. The waves fell away surprisingly quickly; so the seamen guessed that we must be very near drift ice. The captain stayed on the bridge all that night too, and our progress was slow. Still we came to grief. I woke to an ugly grinding crunch in the early hours of the morning. The sound came from the stern, and was quickly drowned in the maelstrom of noise that followed. The ship was shuddering, more violently every moment, and every joint and rivet screamed and groaned till I thought my own skull must split. Then there came that sudden ominous silence as the engine stopped. Noise again, the commotion of hurrying, scurrying feet. It must have been less than a minute later that someone banged on my door, and I heard the boatswain shout, "Are you all right, sir?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Captain's orders—all men on deck at once! Ready to abandon ship!"

We huddled shuffling on the boat deck in the cold morning half-light, not knowing for how much longer we might have a deck to huddle on. Each of us had just had to come to a hasty decision about our personal belongings, and now we awaited a decision as to our own position. Most of us were silent. There was no panic. A few tried to joke.

Soon the captain came down to us. W could have heard him well enough if had spoken from the bridge, but he ca down to us.

"We'll not be taking to the boats just yet," he said. "We're still afloat. But we can't use the engines. The screw was hit

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by a floe, and is useless. At the same time, we sprang a bad leak, but the pumps will probably be able to cope."

He pushed back his cap and scratched his head; then he went on: "But the situation is grave. There's an unusual amount of ice about, probably because of the storms we've been having."

He straightened his cap.

"And the storm may get up again at any moment, as suddenly as it dropped last night. In which case God help us, with all this ice about. But it was clear enough last night to get a fix from the stars, so at least we know our exact position. And our distress signals have already been answered: An Icelandic trawler and a Norwegian seal catcher are both on their way; so if we get through the first three hours, we should be all right. It won't take them long to tow us clear of the ice field, and in a couple of days we should be in Greenland. That's the position. There's nothing more I can tell you just now."

For a few moments no one spoke, no one moved, not even the captain. We stood in a strange, chill tableau. Nor were we thinking of anything in particular—why should we? Our thoughts could have changed nothing.

It was the sun which struck life into the tableau again. The first bright ray splintered the horizon. The twilight time was over. We stood suddenly in a world of light and shade, and everyone of us turned to the light. What a sunrise it was, over that dark sea dotted with shining floes. But our pleasure was cut, like the rising sun itself; for just at the moment when the horizon halved the sun, the first mate called from the bridge, "Captain!"

"Yes, Mr. Thorsen?"

"Telegram from the company, sir: 'Accept help only from M/S *Mary*.'"

Every man on deck was visibly jolted, and the captain paled. I alone did not understand.

"M/S *Mary?*"

One replied, "Another of the company's ships."

And another, "Sister ship to this one."

"But is she near here?"

And a third, "No. She leaves Greenland today."

A fourth said, "This way the company saves the salvage money."

The sun was balanced now on the horizon, which, suddenly elastic, seemed about to be drawn upward with the rising sun. But then it slipped back, and the sun sailed free. . . . Stand still, sun! Don't let this nightmare day go on! Don't show us this strange, awful sea!

It was as if the sun had lost all normal shape and color in the struggle to squeeze up past the sea: Never before or since have I seen it so flattened, so blood red. We stared at it, all of us, until the boatswain's strained laughter drew our attention. It was an unpleasant sound, but his comment found response in some of us: "What do you think you are, a flock of bloody tourists standing there admiring the sunrise!"

I felt suddenly embarrassed and looked around for something else, something reasonable and neutral, to fix my eyes on. The little bundle at my feet—my most important papers and belongings—when I realized I had left both my birth certificate and my passport behind—in a special drawer because they were so important. I picked up the bundle and took it down to my cabin. The other men did the same with theirs.

Later we drifted about the deck, the captain among us. Of course, the watch was kept; the first mate and a seaman were on the bridge, and for the first few hours the engineers worked desperately to assess the damage and apply the remedy. But then the chief came up on deck too. Still wiping his oily hands on a piece of waste, he went to the captain and, along with the rest of us, stared out at sea and sky while he made his report: "Nothing we can do. It's the prop shaft. She can't move. The pumps are all right. But we have to keep them flat out. I only hope they can stand it. We're not leaving them for a moment."

The chief was wearing only a thin singlet, and slight steam rose from his flesh.

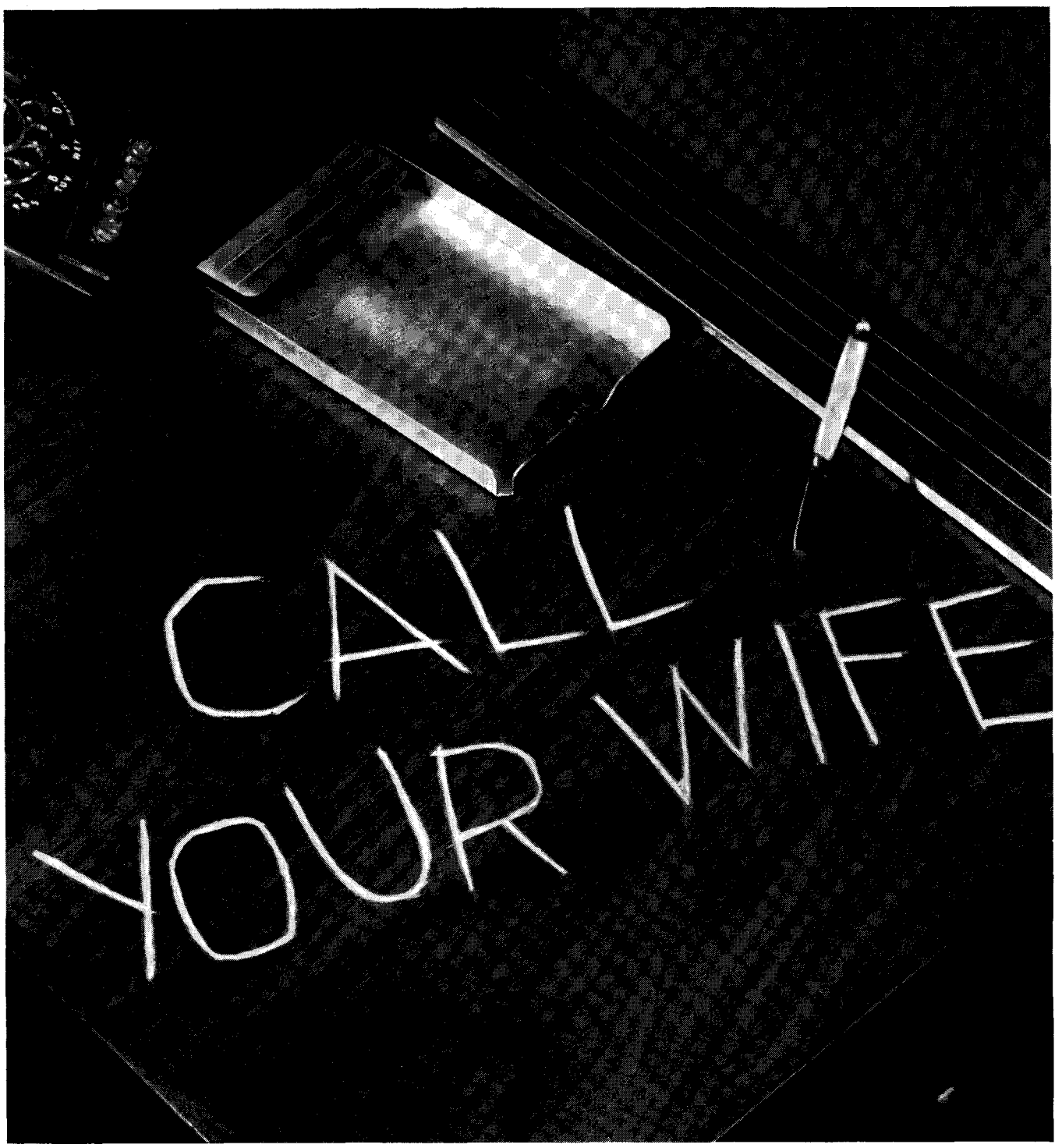
"Better get some clothes on," said the captain.

"Hm? Oh—yes."

So at least we knew this much: There was nothing to be done. Except to find something to do. To pass the time. To pass the time, even though these hours might be our last. Somehow no one felt much like chipping rust or painting the ship.

The steward decided to try to catch some cod for dinner, since the ship was motionless. He found a jig and rigged up a line a couple of hundred yards long. Then he went to the rail and dropped the heavy tackle overboard. It was some time before the line was taut. Then the steward began jigging, with tremendous sweeps of his arm—and with all of us as interested spectators.

So we passed the time. It went so fast that we nearly forgot it. The steward was still hoping for a bite when the first mate



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called from the bridge: "What's happened to the morning coffee, steward?"

"Cripes, is it as late as that? But I've got the kettle on; it won't take a tick." He made the line fast, but left it trailing overboard, and hurried off to the galley.

Elias, a Faeroese seaman who had been out after cod in these waters, called after him: "Hey, steward, no good ever comes of letting your line trail when you're not jigging, you know!"

"Oh, for God's sake, stow it. You want your coffee too, don't you?"

"Not much I don't!"

We drifted around the deck again while the steward made the coffee. He served the men on the bridge first, then came to us where we had congregated on the hatches. After coffee he went back to his fishing, and we gathered round him again.

Just one sweep of the arm was enough to tell him that he had a bite. He shouted excitedly and began to haul the line in. The resistance became steadily stronger.

"It must be a whopper! Cripes, it isn't half pulling! I only hope the line holds—and it doesn't slip the hook."

He slackened off for a moment, and the resistance weakened. Then he made a tremendous effort to bring his prize on board, and it looked as though he was going to do it, but then the resistance built up again. This went on for a good half hour; and when at last the steward's jig broke the surface, we saw that the hook was fixed—to the curved handle of his own biggest saucepan lid.

We gaped at it, and at each other, but not for long. Our laughter must have carried all the way to Greenland. Only two did not laugh. The other was Elias. But the steward's eyes met his in understanding.

I looked at my watch. This was just the time when the Icelandic trawler and the Norwegian seal catcher might have reached us. But of course they had been told their help was not needed.

All through the day we returned to the steward's fishing adventure, and laughed just as energetically every time.

The captain went to the bridge just before midday. He himself took the altitude of the sun and checked our position. I can still picture him clearly, standing up there with the sextant in the brilliant sunshine. He was soon done, and returned to the deck. It was half an hour later that the musk ox came slowly drifting by on its floe.

That musk ox. I could not bring myself to shoot it. I lowered the barrel, sighted again, gave up again, but stayed for a time on my knees.

The light was searing, blinding, and I had no sunglasses. I shut my eyes tight and rubbed the lids—a kind of relief even though it set strange, painful lights dancing before my closed eyes.

I tried to find out what it was the musk ox reminded me of, standing there. Of course, it was those drawings found in prehistoric caves, thought to be evidence of prehistoric man's mystical endeavors, holy and evocative signs.

I remembered, too, musk oxen, herds of them, from the winter I had spent in East Greenland. Unlike their contemporaries, the mammoths, these prehistoric animals are not yet extinct. Perhaps it is because they wrest an existence from so poor, so impossible a land that they have few enemies to face. And that is what the whole herd does when it feels itself threatened. I have seen them form a solid phalanx against a marauding arctic wolf, the bulls on the flanks, the cows and calves at the center. A fortress of flesh and blood, horn and hoof, dark and calm, strong as granite. The leading bull alone goes to the attack. In more peaceful moments, creeping up against the wind, I have seen the bulls trying their strength against each other, vying for leadership of the herd. The thunder rolls around their Greenland fells as they gallop full speed one against the other and crash head on, horn to horn in combat, while the cows munch and the calves suck.

The sound of the rifle scraping the deck brought me back to the present. I opened my eyes, got to my feet and discovered that I had already unloaded the rifle. The cartridge lay in my hand. I put it in my pocket.

I suppose it was the leading bull of a herd, that musk ox, that had been out reconnoitering the ice around the coast when a floe broke away and carried it out to sea. Suddenly it was reduced to the helpless butt of indifferent nature's practical joke. And there it stood, separated from its herd, standing on guard, ready to attack an invisible and omnipotent enemy.

I didn't knock when I went into the captain's cabin to return the rifle, for I thought he was on deck. But he was there, sitting at the table, his jacket buttoned and his head in his hands. In front of him lay a piece of paper.

"You didn't shoot it?" he said.

"No."

The captain motioned with his hand.

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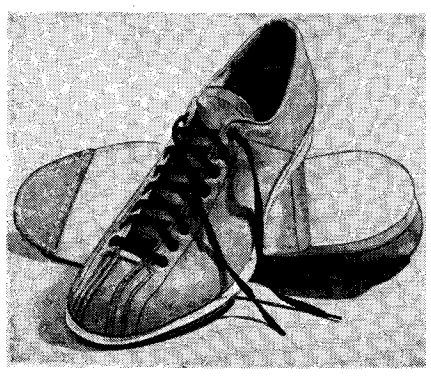

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"Sit down," he said.

I put the rifle on his bunk and sat down. For some moments neither of us spoke. I tried to read the writing on the piece of paper—it must be the telegram from the company that, early in the morning, the first mate had taken down. There were some figures in another handwriting too—the ship's position, of course.

"Why didn't you shoot it?" The captain spoke without looking at me.

"I don't think I know."

"But *what* do you think?"

"Maybe I didn't want to—harm it."

"It would have felt nothing."

"I suppose not."

"It would have died immediately."

"Then perhaps I should have said that I didn't want to harm either its life or its death. Why did you not shoot it yourself, Captain?"

Slowly the captain turned his head and his eyes met mine. His eyes were so calm and so steady that I thought I must drop my gaze, like a timid schoolboy. When at last he spoke his voice was tired, and he paused between each word so that each word stood alone.

"I . . . could . . . not . . . suffer . . . it. . . ."

He turned away, one arm resting on the table's edge, his head bent. As he moved, his hand touched the piece of paper with the telegram and our position, and I saw that the picture of Ulrik lay beneath it.

I wanted to slip away unnoticed from the cabin, but as I began to move, the captain said:

"No. Wait."

I stood up.

"Yes, Captain?"

"We must have a drink."

He pulled out a drawer of the table and took out a small bottle of rum. Then he too stood up.

"The glasses must be . . . Oh, to hell with the glasses. You can use the cap; I'll use the bottle."

He filled the little golden beaker and passed it to me.

"Cheers, Captain!"

He nodded and took a gulp. I gave the cap to him; he screwed it back on the bottle and put it in the drawer.

I left the cabin.

The sun still shone on the ship and on the immense sea that spread away forward and astern, to port and to starboard, dotted with white floes.

The musk ox was quite a way off now, abaft the beam.

The captain stayed in his cabin all afternoon. It is unforgivable to look through a man's porthole into his cabin, but . . . Each time I did so he sat still in the same position. I thought he had fallen asleep as he sat, until the last time I looked I saw that his fingers were drumming lightly on the table. So he was not asleep.

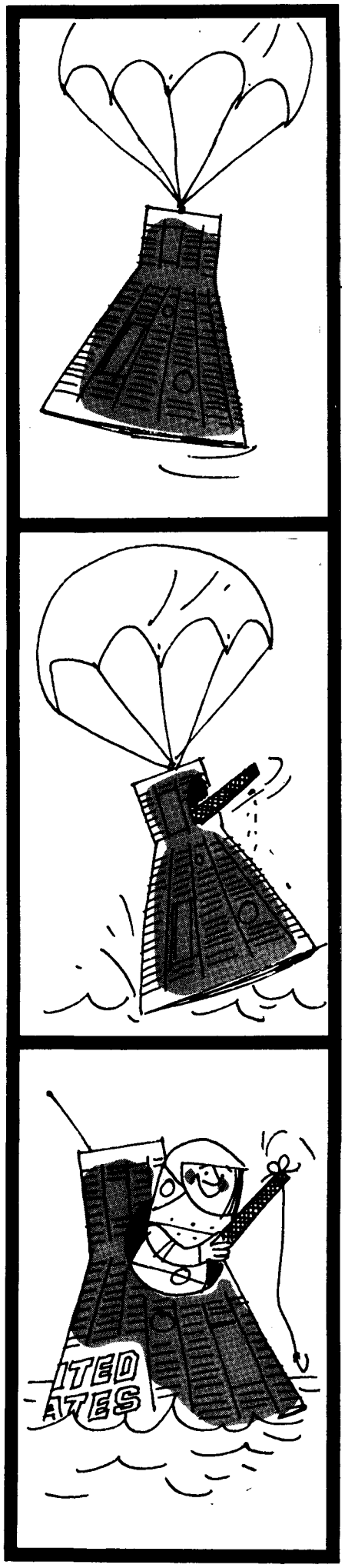
There had been no opportunity, either during or after my first conversation with the captain, to tell him that in fact I had met Carsten, his younger son, who was now such an important man at the company's head office. But I had.

It is not easy to get a passage to Greenland when the only passenger line is fully booked. I had tried my luck with Carsten's company, and visited his office one morning just after eight o'clock. He was a vital, charming, ruddy giant of a man, who came to greet me with outstretched hand.

"Good morning, good morning! I hear you want to get to Greenland. Well, as you know, our ships are all on charter to the government organization for trade with Greenland, and they have the last word on the allocation of our limited passenger accommodation. Still, let's see what we can do. Sit down, sit down!"

The same brisk friendliness with which you are greeted by the dentist. There was a similar waiting time in the chair too, for Carsten had other tools to work with than the pencil with which he took notes during our conversation. The teletypewriter clattered several times while I was there, and unhesitatingly his solid fingers tapped

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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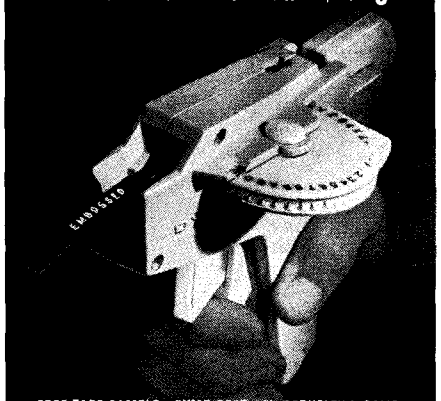

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a reply. There were telephone calls from Oslo, Helsinki and Rotterdam. He conducted these conversations with virtuosity; after two of them he rubbed his hands thoughtfully together for a moment. The third made him tug at his ear for a while.

"Well," he said, "they all know this is the best time to catch me. But it's already nine o'clock, time to go down for a drink. I hope you'll join me?"

Please rinse, I thought, and said, "I imagine you keep to a very strict timetable."

"Ha, ha, yes! Well, now I've heard your problem I'll see what I can do for you. I think we can fix you up."

A few days later I received a short, formal note from him giving details of the ship, time and place of departure, and fare.

A very efficient man.

After sunset the wind got up, and only then did the captain leave his cabin. He gave no orders, passed no comment, but walked about the deck. We all expected him to go to the bridge. Instead he went and stood near the bows, to windward—starboard—and there he stayed.

In those first morning hours it had seemed reasonable enough that the captain should drift about the deck with the rest of us; nor had anyone been surprised when, after all those days and nights on the bridge, he had gone to his cabin in the afternoon.

Now the brilliant sun was gone, and night was threatening. The wind was not yet a gale, but already our helpless ship wallowed and floundered, and the ice was all around us. Huge, ghostly floes loomed out of the darkness, soundless until they crashed and crunched and screamed against the hull. And then the sound of the laboring pumps was swallowed in the din, but each time our straining ears picked it out again.

Why was the captain standing there—in the bows? Why was he not on the bridge? This was the question that occupied us all. We all knew, each and every one of us, that the ship and we on her were as impotent as chessmen in a game. But even in a game there must be order in the pieces.

In the course of the evening both the steward and the first mate found s[illegible] polite pretext for approaching the [illegible]tain, and their return was eagerly aw[illegible] by the rest of the crew. To the steward the captain had said, "Nothing, thank you. But see to it that the men are supplied." And to the first mate: "All right, Mr. Thorsen, please go ahead."

It was late when I went down to my cabin for another packet of cigarettes, and while I was there I decided to try to get some sleep. Once more I lay in my bunk, elbows wedged against the sides, and was violently rocked, like a child whose will is inconsidered.

I slept. At least, I dreamed. A confused, confusing dream, some of which, surprisingly, lingered when I woke.

I saw the ghostly floes swimming out of the darkness toward the ship. As they advanced, the most dangerous and threatening of them rose up from the water with a sigh and hovered, vertical, above the water near the ship; it moved a little, forward and then back, otherwise resembling nothing so much as a film screen—though its shape was different and it was still potentially dangerous. Dark drops dripped from it into the sea.

Suddenly these drops began instead to pulsate in the floe, which took on a little of their darkness, and they ran together to form a picture—a musk ox with frost glittering in its coat.

Then the floe flew to meet the sky, growing ever more enormous, till at length it was one with the dark firmar[illegible] above. Holes appeared in it, and the[illegible] came stars—there was light behind. And in the light, as it filtered through, I saw a giant Demiurge standing on another gigantic floe pricking the holes with a mast.

Then he spoke across the waters, quietly, and all else was still: "Taurus the bull is passing into Gemini but Virgo the virgin is waiting before the twin scales of Libra; they are her breasts."

When I looked at him again, he had become the captain, standing on an ice floe with a bicycle pump in his hands.

I awoke a little after four and went in

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Al! Remember that ad we placed for an aggressive, hard-hitting salesman?"

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search of a cup of strong coffee. So violently was the ship pitching and tossing that I could progress only by coordinating my movements with those of the deck beneath my feet. And the wind howled, the ice thundered against the hull.

Most of the crew, officers and men, were still in the mess.

"Did you get forty winks?" asked the steward as he poured coffee into the mug he had put into my hand. Without waiting for an answer or a question he went on: "The skipper's still up there on deck."

As I gulped down the coffee I had an uncomfortable feeling that they were all looking at me, and when I looked up I found that I was right. Or had been. The only one who met my glance was the first mate. I said, "You here, Mr. Thorsen? I thought you were on watch?"

"Yes—well, the second mate is taking it for me. Because I wanted—that is, the men here wanted me to have a word with you."

"With me? What about?"

"Here—have some more coffee," said the steward.

At this I realized that there was no criticism in all this staring. They wanted my help in some way.

"Thanks."

"Look," said Thorsen, and rubbed his forehead. As a rule he was so sparing of words as to seem almost unapproachable. Now he had taken on the job of spokesman.

"Look, I don't know how to put this but I hope you'll understand. Well, I'm not trying to make out we're just one big happy family on board this ship. But we're here because we like sailing together. Particularly we like sailing under the skipper."

The men nodded. Some of them made other movements which might have been almost apologetic, or they might have been due to the movement of the ship. But they nodded. I knew it and Thorsen knew it, and he went on: "It's not much that we're asking. We just want you to go forward and say something to the skipper. Just, 'Good morning,' or, 'The wind's getting up,' or something."

"Why?" The word left my lips before I could stop it, and I thought: That damn Thorsen; now he's got you asking questions; you should just have said a flat no. Because, of course, now I realized what it was all about: They wanted me to get the captain to go back to the bridge.

"Look, we can't go and tell the skipper what to do, whatever we think. Well, neither can you. But you're the passenger on board; you're the outsider. You must know how an outsider can influence the behavior of the members of any kind of group—crew, family—especially when there's any sort of disagreement or . . . misunderstanding between them He'd probably only have to clear his throat, or something."

"If a man wants to be alone, I believe in leaving him alone."

"I don't doubt it. But he's been alone a long time now. Maybe he just needs a word or two from someone neutral. We aren't neutral; we're his crew. Besides, we don't understand the way he's behaving—he's never been like this before. And we're sure he knows we don't understand, that we're worried. And under those circumstances it's pretty difficult to approach a man who maybe isn't quite himself anyway."

"The circumstances are hardly better for me."

"Well, perhaps they are. And you're the last person the skipper talked to. I don't know what about, and I don't want to know. It might have been small talk, or he might have spoken to you of something important—he might have asked you a question . . ."

I swallowed a sharp reply and stared angrily at Thorsen. His gaze was calm and knowledgeable.

It was just past five o'clock, and a moderate gale was blowing. I worked my way forward, clinging to the rail.

At first the captain just said, "Oh, it's you." And he turned his back on me again. I felt a kind of relief.

A little later he said, "Well, I don't want to leave here just at the moment. But you know where I keep the rum . . ."

"Of course, Captain."

I worked my way back down the deck, fumbled my way to the captain's cabin, got the door open, and shut it behind me. I switched on the light. Over to the table, pulled out the drawer, took out the bottle.

On the table still lay the telegram.

I read it through: "Received 05.37."

We were just three hours behind Copenhagen time. I could see Carsten in his office, morning-fresh and briskly efficient. I wondered whether he had so much as tugged at the lobe of his ear.

And underneath, the ship's position, in handwriting both strong and neat—the captain's.

As I returned the telegram to its place on the table, the blurred picture of Ulrik caught my eye, and I picked it up. For some reason I turned it over. On the back was written another position. I had to compare them: They were in the same strong, meticulous handwriting. And the position . . . was the same, nearly to the minute.

There was more writing on the back of the photograph: A small cross before a date in September, and a time: Just before daybreak.

The captain turned to watch my progress toward him over the last few yards of deck. I took the bottle from my pocket.

"Thanks!" He unscrewed the cap. "Here—have a swallow."

I did, and handed the bottle back to him. He turned back to the sea and stood for a moment, not drinking, and I heard him mutter to himself. "Mary, Mary," I think it was. Then he took a gulp of rum and gave me back the bottle.

"Thank you."

When I had put it back in his drawer, I went to the mess. The steward gave me coffee, and no one asked any questions.

Later, when light was creeping into the East, a message came from the bridge: "M/S *Mary* in sight due west. We can see her lights."

Soon we could make out the ship, laboring through the ice floes in the heavy swell.

The captain still stood at his post near the bows, and we were all, I think, even more anxious to know whether *now* he would go on the bridge than to follow the progress of the rescue. The *Mary* came nearer and nearer, and still the captain did not move.

But finally he turned and began to work his way down the deck, slowly, almost crouching. I was standing near the companionway up to the bridge when he reached it. He caught the handrail on each side and half lifted himself, half climbed up the steps, his head bowed.

Day was breaking.

On the shoulders of his dark duffle coat the frost glittered. THE END

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The kissing bug, or barbeiro, spreads fatal disease.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

Village beyond

In this village people await death, brought them by a lethal insec

Manuel Ribeira, resigned to the likelihood that he is slowly dying, stands before deserted church. The priest left when villagers refused baptis

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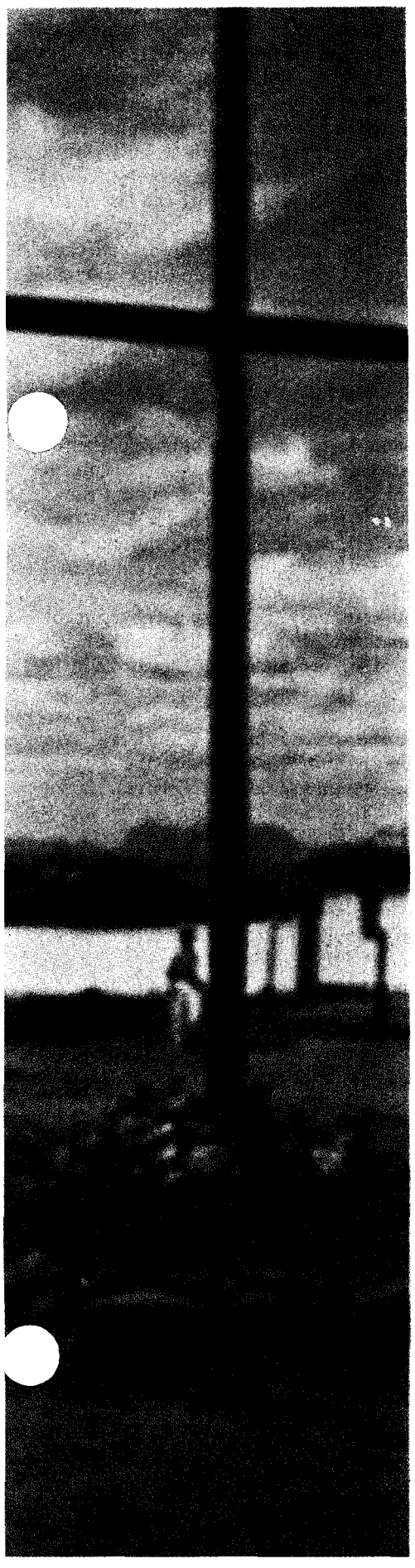
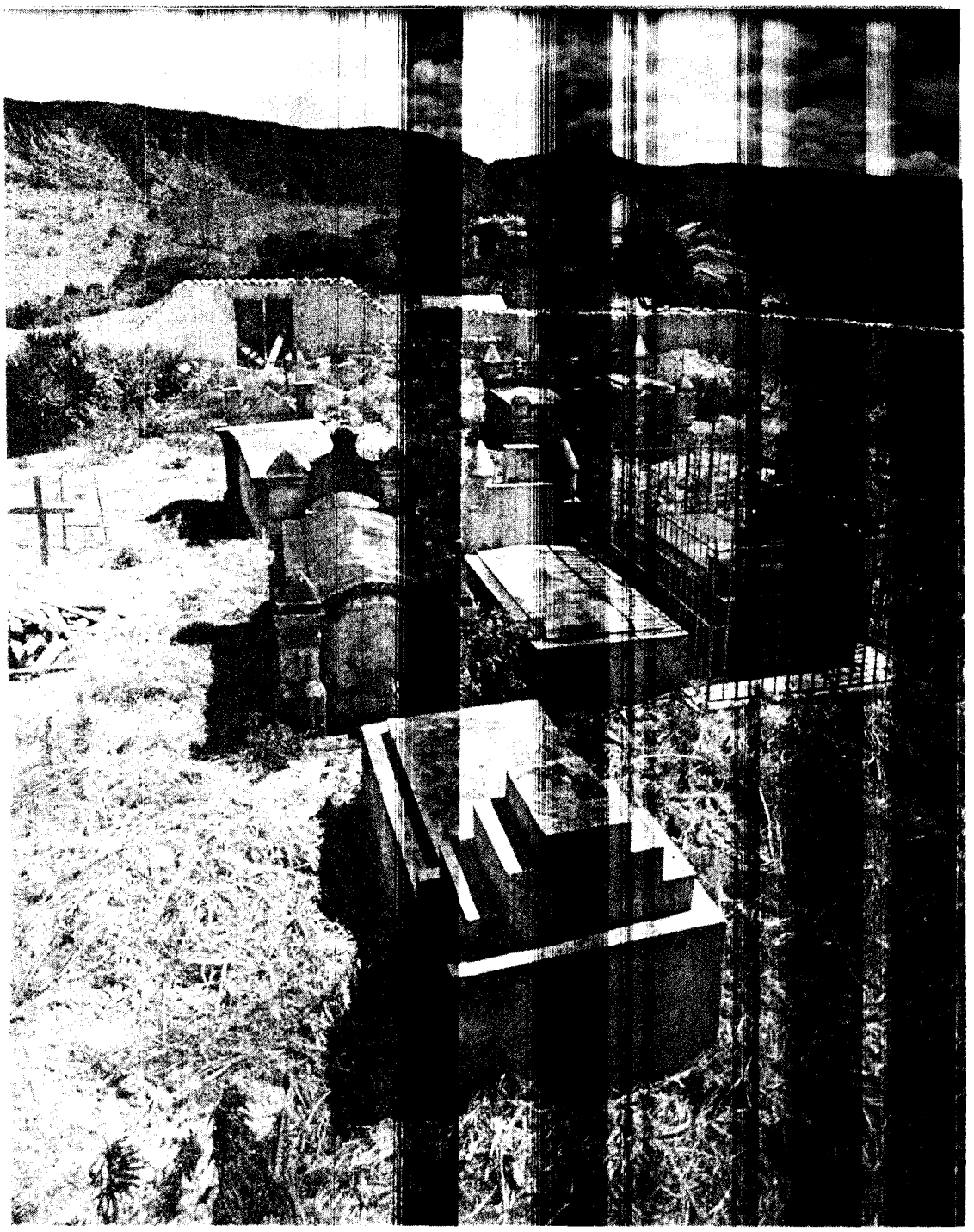
despair

at threatens a continent.





In the foothills of Brazil's Emerald Range, more and more graves hold Itacambira's dead.

I have seen the children die. They get fat and die very quickly. But it is not just the children. All of us feel the symptoms, and lots of people are crazy now. It is a terrible thing."

Sebastião Amaral was describing the eerie, incurable disease that has afflicted nearly every person in and around the Brazilian village of Itacambira. As he talked, his rough hands moved nervously over bolts of faded cloth. Outside his makeshift store, a lean and mangy dog wandered by, flopped on its side and went to sleep in front of the church. Up in the hills which surround this little farming community in the state of Minas Gerais, a soft breeze whispered through and around eight cemeteries.

Soon a man on horseback jogged up the road, and the hoofbeats punctured the dry, hot stillness of noon. He passed and there was silence again. No cars moved. No telephones jangled. No radios blared in the stucco homes that line the wide main street. This is a town without a mayor, without a priest, without police or firemen or doctor. Passively, lethargically, the people of Itacambira go about their chores, seemingly indifferent to the ravages of the barbeiro, a bloodsucking insect that has already doomed most of them as well as seven million other Latin Americans to a premature death. Cases of the deadly disease the insect produces have also been found in the U.S. But, as far as is known today, it is in Brazil and villages like Itacambira that the scourge seems to be out of control.

At first it is hard to comprehend the damage that the barbeiro has brought to Itacambira, for the tiny village—400 miles north of Rio de Janeiro—is an attractive place, sandwiched neatly in a valley between the two green loaves of mountains that begin the fabled Emerald Range. It is only when you talk to the villagers that you sense their plight. They tell part of the story. Crude gravestones tell the rest.

Death, they will tell you, came to Octávio Santos while he was picking fruit; to José Campos while he was kneeling at prayer; to Pedro Leau as he talked to his parents; to Giomar Rodrigues as she stood over the grave of her recently buried daughter. There are other names, of course, and it seems that no family has escaped unscathed. But it is hard to say for sure. Official records do not exist.

"Death comes to some of us every week," Sebastião Amaral went on. And he told of the hut where 34-year-old Maria Ferreira dos Santos lay dying. "She has been having the convulsions for a few days," he explained. "She will leave us tonight or perhaps it will happen tomorrow."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BRYSON

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Some cases of the disease have been found in the U. S. Southwest.

There used to be a priest in Itacambira, a young man named Osvaldo Simoes. But he left more than a year ago. No other priest has visited the place since, and today the church has a stark and lonely, unprayed-in appearance.

Farmer Lúcio Bemquerer does not know why the priest went away—most villagers suspect the barbeiro—but he admits his people might have been at fault. Itacambirans have long believed that the barbeiro will not attack heathens, so they resisted Father Simoes's efforts to baptize their children. Yet they miss him now and wish he had not left. "It is a lonely thing to bury a man without the priest," Bemquerer says.

There was also a time when Itacambira's mayor lived in the town, but he has moved to the city of Grão-Mogol. Now Sebastião Amaral is acting mayor. If the people are not satisfied with his pronouncements, they can turn to Saturnino Alves Quintino and ask him for help. Many do.

In any other place Quintino would be called a quack. He poses as a doctor, yet he has no medical training. Villagers do not criticize him, for they suspect that he, too, has been afflicted by the barbeiro. And although they know that none of his suggested remedies will do them any good, they call upon him nonetheless—as if they derived satisfaction from going through the motions of seeking medical advice. His "prescriptions" cannot be filled in Itacambira.

For in this lonely village there are no drugstores, banks or bistros. And the only connection residents have with the outside world is a solitary truck that hauls supplies over the rocky road from the city of Montes Claros once every 20 days—and that leaves again as soon as possible after unloading its cargo. The people have little to do but help their neighbors bury the dead and hope that somehow someone will save their children from the disease.

The carrier of this awesome ailment that has struck Itacambira is a brownish-gray flat-bellied insect with a cone-shaped nose and a variety of names. Scientists know it as a species of Triatoma; laymen call it the kissing bug; peasants in Itacambira call it the barbeiro—from the Portuguese word for barber.

It lives and breeds in hot, dry areas, tunneling deep into the cracks of the farmers' mud-walled huts. It shuns the light and waits until nightfall to do its damage. When darkness blankets Itacambira, the barbeiro comes from its hiding place to drink the blood of sleeping villagers. Seeking out the soft, tender skin beneath the eyes or on the lips and throat, it bites, defecates, and leaves on the skin a single-celled parasite called *Trypanosoma cruzi.* The bite is so gentle that victims seldom realize they have been bitten. Then, unwittingly, they rub the "itch" and help the parasite enter the blood stream, either at the site of infection or at the corner of the eye.

The parasite multiplies quickly. Within a week it has filled and burst the cells in which it initially grew. Now the first symptoms of the disease begin to appear. An angry swelling erupts, usually around the eyes, which sometimes causes the eyelids to close altogether. Fever and dizzy spells follow. In some cases, particularly if the victims are children, these symptoms are followed by convulsions and a swelling of the intestines. Within three or four weeks the parasite has burrowed into the muscles of the heart. Myocarditis—severe heart disease—follows.

Explains Dr. Carlos Chagas Jr., a blunt-spoken professor of biophysics at the University of Brazil and son of the famous parasitologist who discovered the disease in 1909: "This acute phase is a very dangerous period. About fifteen percent of the cases die."

Most victims, however, recover from the initial infection and enter what medical experts call the chronic phase. The swelling disappears. So does the fever. Yet inside the body the parasites keep multiplying. Gradually, slowly, they cause a steady, unceasing debilitation, attacking and destroying the nerve ends of the digestive organs, rectum and heart. Finally, 10 to 15 years after the barbeiro's initial bite, all human resistance collapses. Death is painless and sudden.

"Get out before sunset."

As *Post* photographer John Bryson and I flew north in the clean bright morning air from Rio de Janeiro toward Montes Claros, we remembered the words of an embassy doctor, "It's not unsafe to go to Itacambira, so long as you're careful. Don't brush your hands against the walls of those mud huts. And, above all, make sure you get out before sunset."

From Montes Claros we traveled by jeep over a road that must rank among the worst in the world. As we neared the rows of thatched huts that mark the outskirts of Itacambira, the ground sparkled brilliantly in the sun. Back in 1698 when Portuguese explorers first pushed into this rough, uncharted land they thought they had found diamonds and emeralds here. "But look," our interpreter said, "it's only mica."

Inside his home on Itacambira's main street, a tall, gaunt farmer named Manuel Ribeira sat on a bench. Barefoot, bearded, his faded shirt open to the waist, Manuel said he thought he had been bitten. Already he was feeling tired, and he no longer wanted to farm his land in the middle of the day. From time to time as he spoke he glanced at a corner of the darkened room where four of his nine children played in the dirt. Yes, it was quite possible that they had been bitten also. He didn't know for sure. For a while he had placed candles by their bedsides at night to scare away the barbeiros. Now he had no candles left. Yet Manuel didn't want to leave the village. "It is a good place here," he said. And then he added listlessly, "To leave would cost much money."

Held prisoner in their infected environment by poverty, lethargy and a curious love for Itacambira, the Manuel Ribeiras, Lúcio Bemquerers and Sebastião Amarals wait patiently for their almost certain fate. But they are not alone. Countless inhabitants of other small villages in Brazil face a similar destiny. In 1960 the World Health Organization estimated that seven millio Latin Americans—including four million B zilians—had already been infected, and adde that "the number of people exposed to the risk of infection is some 35 millions." A few cases of Chagas' Disease have even been discovered in the American Southwest. Recent studies indicate that as many as 10 species of the carrier—equally infectious cousins of the barbeiro—may thrive in Texas, Arizona and California.

"This disease is one of the greatest public-health problems in all of Latin America," says Doctor Chagas. "If it were more lethal it would be the greatest scourge known to man." He adds, "Once a person has been bitten, there is very little that medical science can do. We have no cure and no expectation of finding one."

But if there are no cures, there are some preventive techniques which can eliminate the basic cause of the disease. One involves spraying villagers' huts with a high-powered insecticide. A second treatment practiced in some small villages calls for coating the walls of these huts with a mixture of sand and cow dung, thereby sealing the cracks and fissures that house the insect. (In one 1957 pilot program, researchers applied this mixture to 2,000 insect-infested homes, checked back six months later and found not a single barbeiro.) A third possible technique, still in the highly experimental stage, was outlined by Dr. Earl Chamberlayne of the Pan American Health Organization. It would consist of applying insecticide to the huts "to knock out about 9[illegible] percent of the critters," then releasing into t sprayed areas sizable quantities of male barbeiro which have been sterilized through exposure to radiation. Hopefully this method will cut down on the insect's reproduction. Doctor Chamberlayne believes it may be possible to eliminate the barbeiro completely within a generation or two should this technique prove effective.

Until quite recently the Brazilian government seemed apathetic about the plight of afflicted villagers. In 1961, for example, it allocated a mere 40 million cruzeiros—worth then about $100,000—for research and eradication measures. Then, spurred on by health ministers Paulo Pinero Chagas and Wilson Fadul, the government upped its appropriations. This year Brazil will spend 700 million cruzeiros—nearly $600,000—to spray 870,000 homes with a powerful insecticide called hexachlorocyclohexane.

Yet these efforts fall short of solving the problem. "As long as peasants continue to live in thatched-roof mud huts," warns Doctor Chagas, "no amount of preventive measures will eradicate the disease completely. We must change the conditions in which these homes are built. For that we need at least two billion cruzeiros a year. Otherwise the disease will simply continue to spread faster than the measures the government is taking to stop it."

Told of their government's new efforts to eradicate the disease, most Itacambirans remain unimpressed. They have heard this sort of talk before. Only one disinfecting team has visited their town since 1958, and it failed to spray huts in the surrounding hills, where barbeiros thrive. Two other official parties have come to the village, but they included no doctors. And Itacambirans wonder if the timing of these visits—immediately prior to elections—was merely coincidental.

"We do not have much hope," Amaral says. "This is a very sad place." THE END

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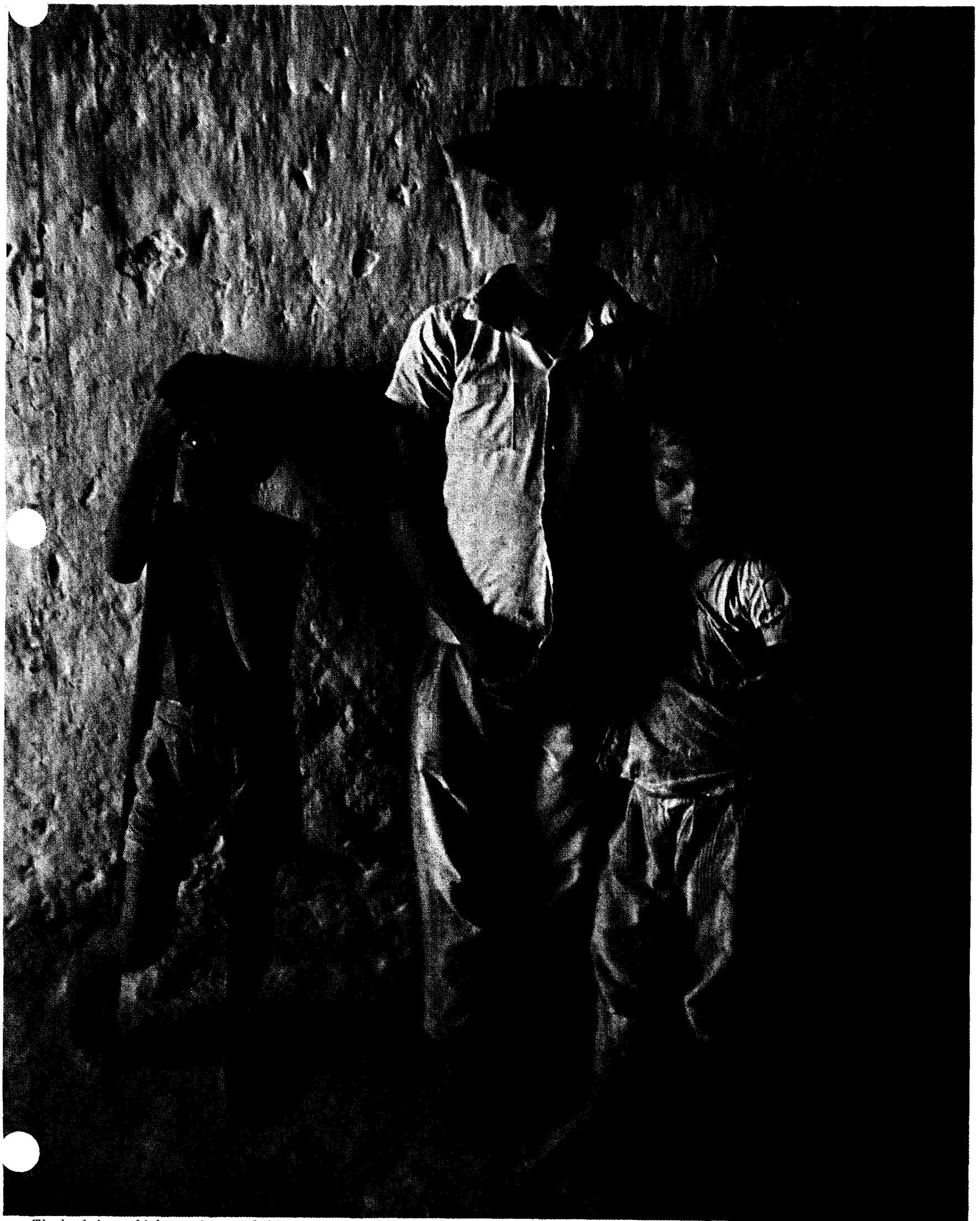

The barbeiro, which crawls out of these walls to bite the children while they sleep, could be destroyed if will and funds existed.

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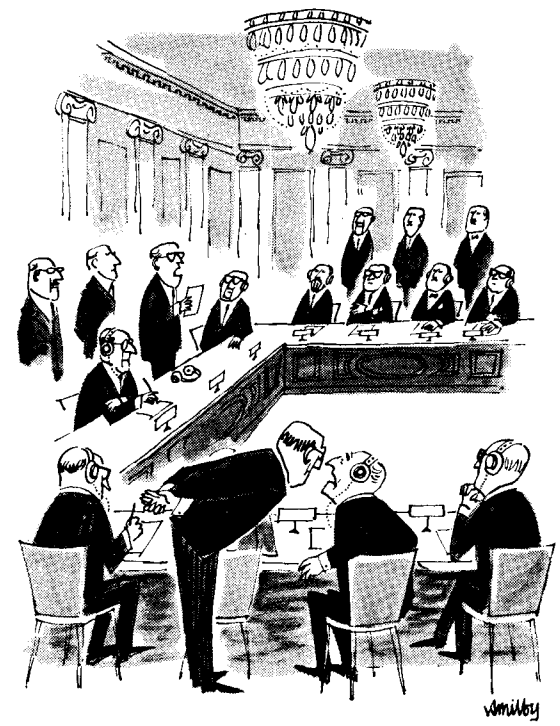
post scripts

WHAT'S HECUBA TO HIM? A ONE-MINUTE CLOSE-UP, or, SOME NOSES FOR NEWS ARE FOR TWEAKING

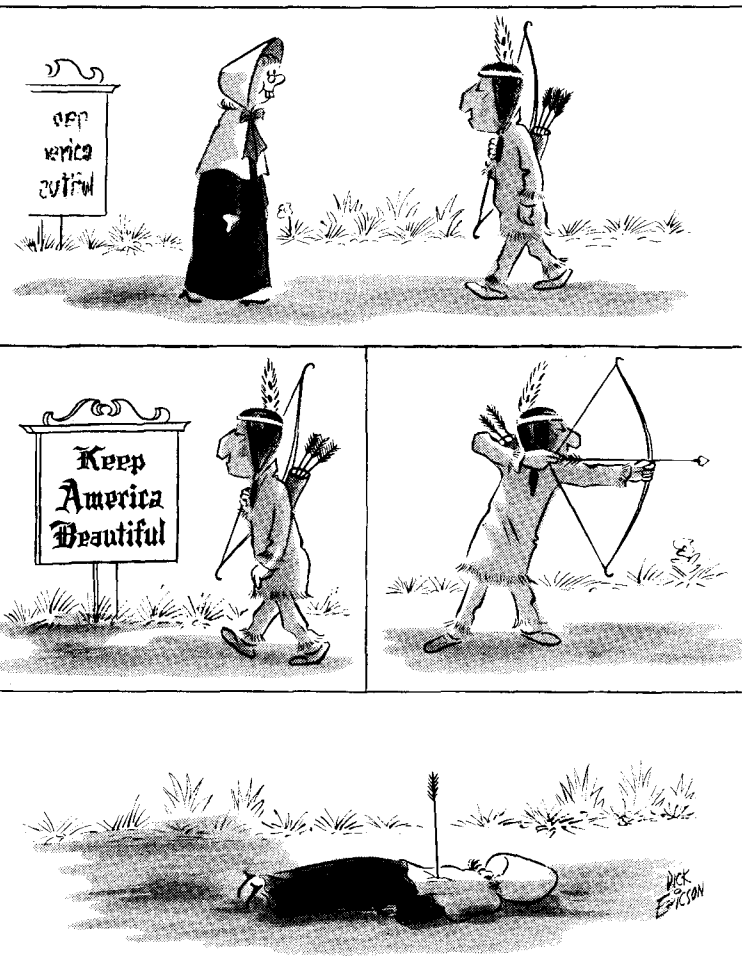
By Ogden Nash

Once there was a TV Roving Reporter named Goucher Bumpus.
His nose for news was his compass.
His approach to his victims was sometimes hotly belligerent,
Sometimes cool as a refrigerant.
He had the manners of a hyena
And the persistence of a subpoena.
His questions were notable for their callosity
Because conscience never made a coward of him because he had no conscience, only curiosity.
His hand never trembled as he thrust the mike at the widow of a policeman or fireman killed on duty,
And his audio-video of the mother whose child had been run over was a thing of beauty.
At probing the emotions of relatives waiting for the casualty list at the airport he couldn't be bested,
And he had caused the convictions of three avowed murderers to be reversed because he had badgered confessions out of the accused right after they were arrested.
He was indeed a worthy Roving Reporter,
And only on his arrival at Heaven's gate did he meet a worthy retorter.
No hagiolater he, he didn't bother to wheedle,
He bluntly demanded of the guardian if he honestly believed that a million angels can dance on the point of a needle.
The result was ideal;
Many previous interviewees had told him where to go, but this time it was for real.

"Hello, Ace Taxidermists?"



"I think there's something wrong—all I'm getting is The Beverly Hillbillies."



"Hold on now . . . you can't all go in for pole vaulting!"

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2. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 25, 1963, and received no later than November 29, 1963. Drawing will be held by December 3, 1963 by Advertising Distributors of America, Inc. All winners will receive their checks by mail, at the address on entry, on or before December 23, 1963.

3. Void where prohibited or restricted by federal, state or local laws or regulations. Otherwise all persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter—except employees of Kraft Foods, its advertising agencies, Advertising Distributors of America, Inc., and their families.

4. Decisions of judges are final. Correspondence regarding decisions cannot be entered into. For list of final winners send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Winners List, P.O. Box KK, Chicago 77, Illinois. State, federal or other taxes applicable to prizes will be the sole responsibility of the winners.

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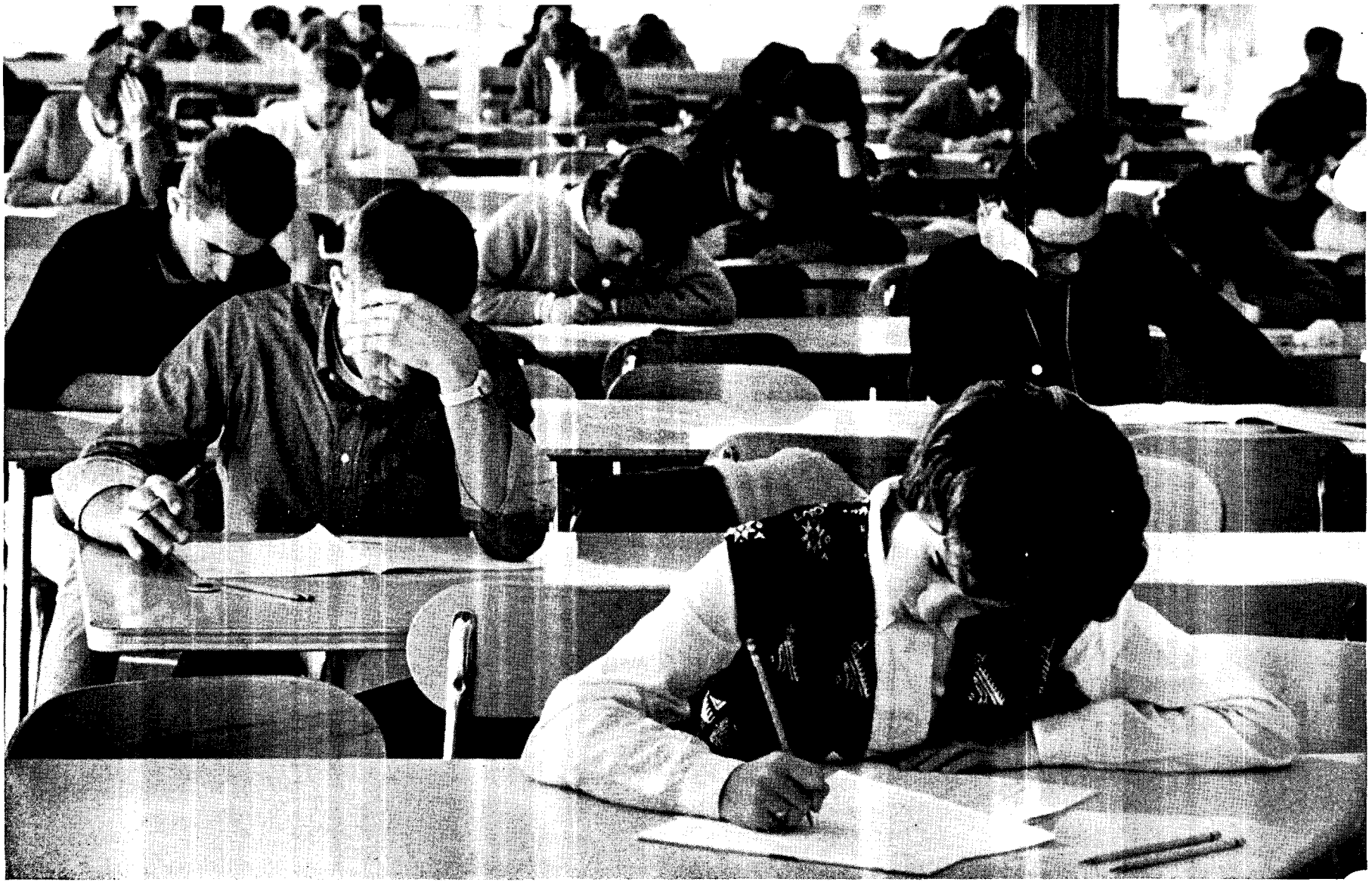

High-school students in Scarsdale, N.Y., take College Boards. Many colleges reject applicants on the basis of these tests al

The scandal of educational testing

From kindergarten to college, millions of students are being denied the education they deserve by tests which are poorly made, out of date and incorrectly used.

By HILLEL BLACK

There was nothing extraordinary about Maria. A pretty, charming child, she had migrated from Puerto Rico to New York at the age of six, when she began her schooling in the Bronx. Though Maria had to repeat her second year—the only language she knew when she came was Spanish—she worked hard, and by the time she reached the fifth grade she ranked first in her class. Then, in November, 1961, the New York City school system declared Maria a mental defective.

Olive Decker, the child's fifth-grade teacher, was stunned. A soft-spoken, kindly woman, she had known about Maria's childhood dream of becoming a nurse. And she had seen how hard and well her pupil studied. In Mrs. Decker's class Maria had received perfect marks in spelling and arithmetic. Though poor in reading, she had come out second from the top on a reading test in a class of 30 "slow normal" children.

Maria did have one failing. No matter how hard she tried, she consistently scored low on the school's highly verbal, English-oriented intelligence tests. Her last I.Q. score was a dismal 62, which meant she would be placed in a class for retarded children. In effect, a 12-year-old child who had already managed to absorb over four years of schooling was classified as nearly a mental moron.

For the first time in Mrs. Decker's 45 years as a grade-school teacher, she challenged her superiors' ruling and pleaded that Maria be allowed to remain in a regular fifth-grade class. The principal ordered another I.Q. test and again Maria scored poorly. The decision stood. At first Maria's teacher did not know where to turn. Then, recalling an article she had read in a magazine about I.Q. tests, she wrote to the experts mentioned—five professors and the vice president of one of the nation's most respected test publishers. Their replies were almost identical. All agreed that final judgment of Maria's mental ability had to be based on classroom performance, not on intelligence tests.

One eminent testing authority, Prof. Calvin W. Taylor of the University of Utah, showed Mrs. Decker's letter to the 10 members of the university's psychology department, to his own research colleagues, and to a former elementary-school principal. "We are dumfounded," Professor Taylor wrote back, "when someone says that [classroom] performance doesn't count."

Again Mrs. Decker begged her principal to let Maria remain in a regular fifth-grade class. He rejected her plea, saying that "regulations" required that the child be placed in a retarded class. Then one of the professors Mrs. Decker had consulted earlier appealed personally to Dr. John J. Theobald, then superintendent of New York's schools. Doctor Theobald appointed an acting associate superintendent to look into the case. Not once did this official discuss Maria with Mrs. Decker. He agreed with the school psychologist's conclusions and the final order was executed—Maria would join the wor' of the mentally backward.

While other teachers besides Mrs. Decker insist that Maria is a normal child, it is possible that all are mistaken. The principal believes he and other

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Says one leading test expert: "I wish we could somehow throw away the entire I.Q. concept."

Testing is big business. Here, teachers at Educational Testing Service prepare new exam.

school officials made the correct decision, and Maria's first teacher in the retarded class says that the child cannot do regular schoolwork. Even so, a decision which may well destroy a youngster's future was made on the basis of highly verbal, English-oriented intelligence tests. Such tests, says the New York Board of Education, are not suitable "for the pupil whose native tongue is Spanish and who has not yet acquired facility in English."

This September, Maria began her fourth semester among the retarded. By now, she is probably convinced that she belongs where she is. And a child who dreamed of becoming a nurse may have lost any chance of realizing that dream.

Although Maria's case is an extreme example, she was the victim of an educational mistake that occurs more often than most parents and educators realize. Since World War II, educators have increasingly turned to mass testing as a quickie, easy-to-handle device for sorting the vast numbers of children who are bursting the nation's schools. During this academic year, over 100 million standardized intelligence, achievement and academic-aptitude tests will be given to elementary and high-school students. They are the hurdles your child must leap in order to enter college and, then, when he is about to graduate, the obstacle course he must run before being admitted to law, medical or other graduate schools.

During an educational lifetime your child is likely to take 20 to 25 different intelligence, achievement and aptitude tests. Since these exams are electronically scored, he will signify his answers by marking little black pencil strokes on a specially prepared answer sheet. Rarely will he write a single word in his native language. Even the act of writing his name is being abolished. Today a student can identify himself by substituting strokes for letters. Over an entire educational career your child will make at least 5,000 of these tiny black strokes, and they may mean more in shaping his future than any original words or thoughts he will ever have.

The sorting process is likely to begin as soon as the child enters elementary school. It is in kindergarten or first grade that he will have to take either a reading-readiness or a group-intelligence test. These tests supposedly measure whether your youngster is *ready* to learn how to read, and his entire educational future may rest on how well he does.

Charles Langmuir, a testing expert who is completing a nationwide study on reading tests for the Carnegie Corporation, explains why. "The teacher, on the basis of a group-intelligence or reading-readiness test, divides the class into three groups. Those who are ready to learn to read right away she calls the robins. The youngsters who didn't do so well are divided into bluebirds and sparrows. Instead of being taught how to read, they spend their time playing reading-readiness games.

"Then around November the bluebirds are given their first formal reading lesson. They are followed by the sparrows in December. At the end of the year they are given another test to show how well they can read. Then school, teacher and parents wonder why the bluebirds and sparrows did so poorly."

The Gates Reading Readiness Tests have not been revised since 1942, but they are still among the most popular in use. Discussing them, Langmuir says: "I have no confidence that a five- or six-year-old even understands the instructions for taking the tests. Maybe he gets an unfairly low score because he has a lapse of attention. Or maybe he does not understand the thoughts or language in the teacher's oral instructions. Or maybe he had a previous exercise that was somewhat similar, so he incorrectly assumed he knew the instructions."

Langmuir then described the hypothetical case of Fred, which is provided in the teacher's manual by the test's author, Prof. Arthur I. Gates of Columbia University Teachers College. According to Professor Gates, 83 out of 100 youngsters who took the test two decades ago equaled or exceeded Fred's score. Professor Gates concludes that "a period of reading-readiness work should be considered for him."

Fred, as Langmuir points out, has become a sparrow. He sees others learning to read. Watching their progress, he begins to believe what his own experience tells him—he is too dumb to learn. Eventually Fred accepts this as a fact. Educators even have a name for this phenomenon: the self-fulfillment prophecy.

"The trouble with these tests," Langmuir goes on, "is that they shift the burden of obligation from the teacher to the child. Group-intelligence and reading-readiness tests can't tell you when the child is ready to read. The only sensible thing is simply to sit down and start teaching him."

No survey has ever been made of the number of educational mistakes committed by the erroneous grouping of five- and six-year-olds on the basis of tests. Most of these tragic errors are never discovered. Occasionally, though, one of them comes to light through the efforts of a dedicated teacher.

At the age of five and a half a boy named Robert was given his first intelligence test at a rural New York public school. On the basis of a single I.Q. score of 63, the school psychologist recommended that the child be placed in a special class and his education be limited to such tasks as "emptying wastebaskets." Luckily a sympathetic teacher found him and worked with him. By the time Robert was eight, his I.Q. had risen to 86 on one type of intelligence test and 105 on another. There was no question in the teacher's mind that he was ready for a third-grade class of normal children.

"And this child," said the teacher, "had been classified as little more than an imbecile."

This amazing change in Robert's I.Q., which took place in less than three years, is not unusual. What many schoolteachers and parents do not seem to know is that a child's intelligence quotient can vary widely from year to year.

"I wish," says John Dobbin of Educational Testing Service, a major test publisher, "we could somehow throw away the whole I.Q. concept—blot it out of our records, our textbooks and our recollection—for it stands in the way of our properly understanding young people and how they mature."

What distresses John Dobbin was also illustrated by the difference in Robert's I.Q. on two different tests. As Dobbin points out, if your child should obtain a 142 I.Q. on the Otis Test, he is likely to receive a 170 I.Q. on the Kuhlman-Anderson. Incredibly, he would have been penalized or rewarded 28 I.Q. points simply because of the particular test he happened to take.

In large part these variations stem from the fact that publishers do not standardize their exams on a national sample of student ability. Instead, each publisher selects a relatively small group of students—usually those who live in cities of 100,000 or more, who attend schools that use tests, and cities whose schools want to get this particular test at a reduced price.

Yet, says John Dobbin, the publishers of most tests insist upon describing the groups on which their tests are standardized as "national" school populations, and encourage the users of their tests to believe that they can compare the scores of their own students against a scale that represents a "national" average. "This is a vicious delusion," Dobbin declares, "for there is no such thing as a national norm for any tests. There never has been such a thing—there is not now and probably never will be."

This is not the only way some test publishers delude schools. Dr. Georg K. Bennett, president of The Psycholc ical Corporation, is one of the few men bers of the booming $25-million-a-year testing industry who have been willing to speak out publicly against the questionable practices of fellow test publishers.

There is considerable reluctance, Dr. Bennett says, to kill off a test even though it has become outmoded. The reason is simple: Once development costs have been written off, such an exam can become highly profitable.

"One example," Doctor Bennett says, "is the popular Otis Self-Administering Tests of Mental Ability, which are used for grade placement in many elementary and high schools. The manual has not been revised since 1928. Despite changing shifts in population and rising levels of general education, no new basic research has been done on this test for over thirty-four years."

Criticisms have been made also of the Primary Mental Abilities tests, put out by the Science Research Associates, which are widely used in elementary and high schools. After many leading psychologists had criticized them heavily, the tests were finally revised last year for the first time in 19 years. Despite this long-delayed face-lifting Dr. Bennett says some parts of these tests still contain several of the shortcomings of the original series.

Besides forcing children to submit to tests of such dubious value, schools have also begun probing their students' psyches. This year, grade and high schools throughout the nation will subject children to such questionnaires as the California Test of Personality, published by the California Test Bureau and sold nationwide. This psychological plumbing device asks children from kindergarte through the third grade to rate their sens of personal worth, self-reliance, nervous

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symptoms and anti-social tendencies. How would you expect your child, if he had recently entered kindergarten, to answer these questions:

Do you feel like crying when you are hurt a little?

Do you feel bad when you are blamed for things?

The "right" answer for both is "no" if your child is to score as "self-reliant." If the school wants to know whether a six-year-old is nervous, it asks:

Are you often mad at people without knowing why?

Is it hard for you to go to sleep at night?

According to the California Test of Personality, he should say "no" to both.

In the section titled "Sense of Personal Worth," just two "wrong" answers can mean the difference between a rating of highly secure and one which indicates an almost total lack of self-confidence.

Even one sales representative of the California Test Bureau was skeptical about the value of this questionnaire. "I do not care for the over-all scores," he said. "And I would not use it at the lower-grade level."

Another personality-type questionnaire, innocently titled *SRA Junior Inventory—Form S*, asks children from 9 to 13 whether they have sex problems. The questions are bluntly posed:

I wish I could be a boy.

I wish I could be a girl.

The child is then given a choice of three boxes—"Put X in a *big* box if it is a *big problem* for you." There is also a medium-sized box for middle-sized problems and a little box for little problems. If the question poses no problem, the child marks his X in a circle.

Even the child who indicates he has no problem may be in trouble. According to the manual that goes to the teachers, the youngster who insists he is normal, happy and well-adjusted may actually be concealing his true difficulties.

A number of testing experts agree that schools are regularly purchasing quick-sorting testing devices that are worthless and dangerous. Professor Oscar Krisen Buros of Rutgers University, who has been studying the testing industry for 25 years, says: "At present, no matter how poor a test may be, if it is nicely packaged and if it promises to do all sorts of things which no test can do, it will find many gullible buyers."

Some of the most gullible are the nation's high schools, which are responsible for a major part of student testing. Their gullibility is enhanced by some state governments, which have found in testing an educational boondoggle. In 1958, in reaction to Sputnik, Congress passed the National Defense Education Act, which officially placed the Federal Government in the position of backing schools which hunt talent through tests. So far, under N.D.E.A. auspices, some $14 million has been spent by Washington and state and local authorities for the administration of 29 million secondary-school tests. While some states and schools have used the money wisely, others have shown a rising passion for testing simply because of the availability of federal funds.

"Some states," said an executive of a test-publishing firm, "bought more tests than they could use and now have salesmen out on the road soliciting the schools. One state has set up a private publishing house. All tests are sent to this firm, which then resells the prepackaged exams to the state, adding an additional 10 percent for its troubles."

Accentuating the faults of poorly devised tests and meaningless testing is an appalling amount of ignorance on the part of school officials whose job it is to interpret the answers. According to a recently published survey sponsored by the Federal Government, more than 28 percent of the nation's high-school guidance counselors have never taken a graduate course in measurement or testing. Another 50 percent have between one and six hours credit. The acceptable minimum is nine. This is comparable to three out of four physicians diagnosing patients after a few short courses in physiology.

One result of such misguidance was reported recently by the parents of a girl who was about to graduate from junior high school. Just before graduation she was given an "interest inventory," which supposedly indicated the career she preferred. Her responses showed she would like to go into clerical work.

On the strength of her answers the school guidance counselor not only insisted she would be happier taking a commercial course but baldly told her she would be unable to cope with the intellectual demands of a liberal-arts college. Actually the girl was an honor student and received top scores in every standardized test she had taken.

Despite pleas of both the girl and her parents, the principal backed up the guidance counselor's decision. Fortunately for this child, her parents could afford to send her to a private school.

But testing ignorance involves private schools too. Dr. Detlev Bronk, one of the nation's most distinguished scientists and educators, tells the story of a young man who had applied to a leading prep school in the Northeast. The admissions officer took one look at his poor testing record and rejected him. He then wrote the boy's father, "I know how disappointed you, as an educator, will be to learn that your son does not have the intellectual capacity for a higher education and cannot fit himself for college."

"That young man," concluded Doctor Bronk, "went to another school and graduated second in a class of 176. He went on to Princeton and graduated at the top of his class, and had a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford, where he took his doctor's degree."

The young man in question was Doctor Bronk's son.

For other youngsters, however, the guillotine at the college gate is the admissions exams. The biggest, toughest and most important is the six-hour College Boards, employed as entrance hurdles by nearly all of the 400 most selective colleges in the nation. These exams and a warm-up version will be taken by more than 1,500,000 high-school juniors and seniors in more than 3,000 test centers during this academic year.

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"If I can stand it . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Like even the best multiple-choice tests, all the College Boards can do is distinguish among the academic moron, the average student and the school genius. Taken alone as a judgment on any youngster, the "Boards" become a highly dangerous tool. But combined with previous high-school grades and teacher observations, the College Boards *can* improve an admissions officer's forecast of how well your child will do.

Yet a great many colleges are rejecting students on the basis of test scores alone. Recently the College Entrance Examination Board, which oversees the tests, discovered that 44 percent of the nation's leading colleges employ cut-off scores—that is, test scores below which an applicant is automatically rejected.

Even students scoring in the middle range have little chance of being admitted to the elite colleges. And if present trends continue, only those who score in the top one percent will be able to attend the prestige schools.

As a result, some educators are already beginning to warn that we may be filling our finest educational institutions with grade-getting and test-taking grinds. "The top high-school student," declares Wilbur J. Bender, Harvard's former director of admissions, "is often, frankly, a pretty dull and bloodless fellow."

But, he adds, "The adolescent with wide-range curiosity and stubborn independence, with a vivid imagination and a desire to follow his own interests, to read the unrequired books—the boy filled with sheer love of life and exuberance—may well seem to his teachers troublesome, undisciplined and a rebel. He may not conform to their stereotype and may not get the top grades and the highest rank in class. He may not even score at the highest levels in the standard multiple-choice admissions tests, which may well reward the glib, facile mind at the expense of one which is questioning and original."

The final and perhaps most costly injustice grows out of the mistaken use of tests to discover talent among the nation's deprived youth. Under the National Defense Education Act, the schools with government support are conducting a massive talent search. About 35 percent of all testing in the high schools is being paid for under this program. But the paradox is that standardized, multiple-choice exams, considered by many to be the ultimate test of merit, are inherently discriminatory. Instead of finding hidden talent among youngsters raised in tenements and poor rural communities, they tend to bury it. As virtually every testing authority has confirmed, these exams are heavily influenced by cultural skills learned outside the school, and thus favor children from the more privileged homes.

The inevitable failure of this system can be seen by examining the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, a non-profit organization which oversees the largest college-scholarship testing program in the United States. Each year 600,000 high-school students take these tests. To become one of the approximately 1,400 Merit Scholars, a student must score at least in the top two percent.

"The best way to become a Merit Scholar," says John Stalnaker, National Merit president, "is to have a high-salaried executive as a father. The kind of man who sees that his children get the very best education money can buy."

Though testing has a great many faults, all authorities agree that it can be a helpful tool in judging a child. But it is only one of several such tools. Equal weight should always be given to previous grades and teacher observation. There should also be a concerted effort to explain to school officials just what testing can do and what it cannot do. Finally, there should be some kind of testing board which would guard against exaggerated claims by test publishers, faulty research and poorly constructed exams.

Several testing authorities, including Professor Buros and Doctor Bennett, have pleaded for controls. "I would much prefer to see such a board established now," Doctor Bennett said, "rather than after some public scandal."

Five years have passed since he made this statement. His proposal has yet to be acted on. Meanwhile, the "scandal" of educational testing has not abated. What makes it most disturbing is the fact that you may never know whether your child has been one of its victims. THE END

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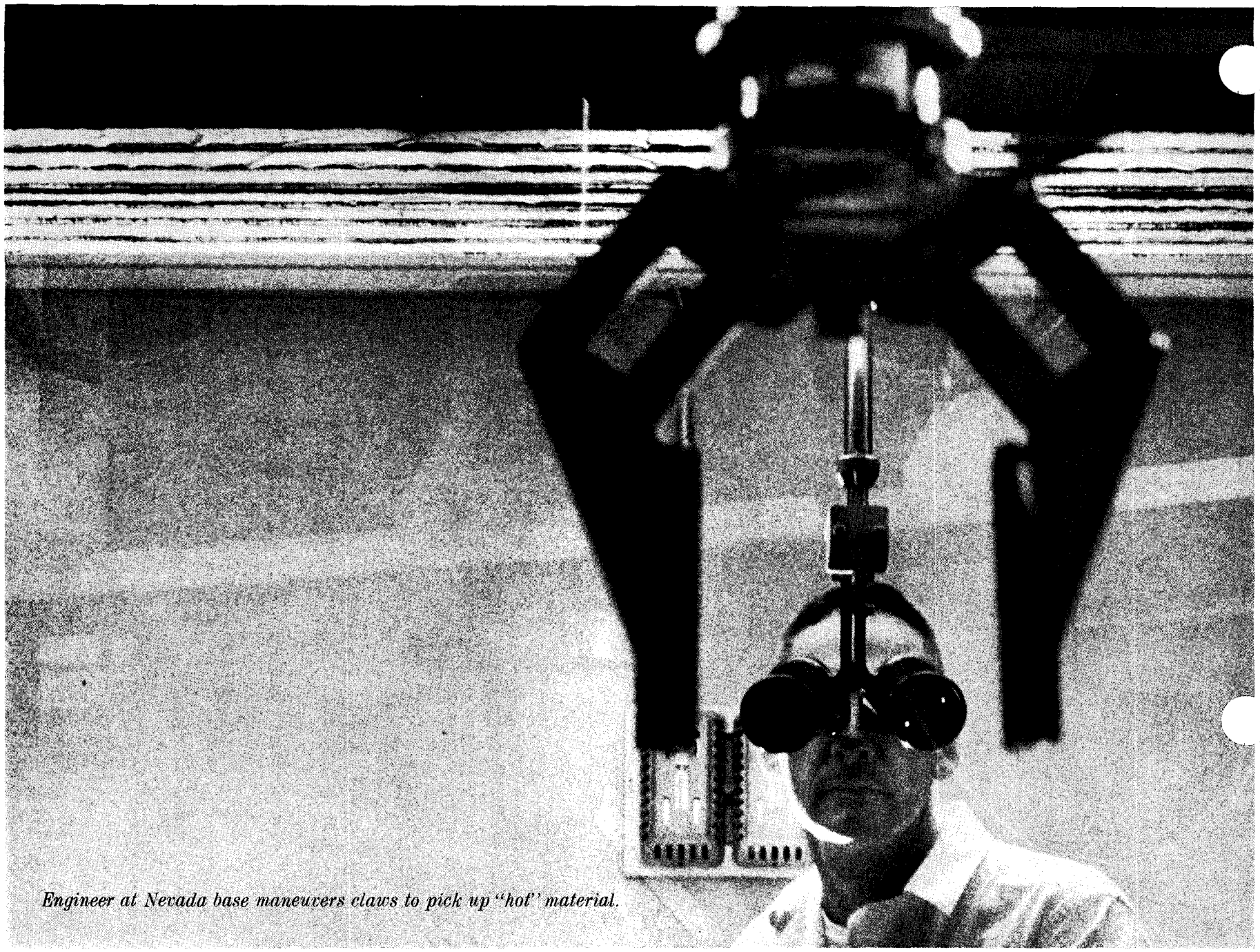

Engineer at Nevada base maneuvers claws to pick up "hot" material.

THE HOT ROCKET TO NOWHERE

With a projected cost of $2 billion and a progress report of zero, our nuclear engine may never get off the ground.

by Gene Bylinsky and William E. Howard

At six A.M. every working day dusty automobiles carrying sunburned men begin booming along the "Widow Maker," a 90-mile highway across the desert from Las Vegas to Jackass Flats, Nev., where dozens of lives have been lost in auto accidents. Spaced out along the two-lane ribbon of asphalt are hundreds of cars, going an even 80 miles per hour, their drivers seemingly as heedless of danger as they are of the gaming tables and bare-breasted chorus girls along the still-blazing "Strip" in their wake. They are making for the biggest bonanza since the Comstock Lode—the Atomic Energy Commission's sprawling Nevada Test Site, where Uncle Sam is feeding millions into a spectacular space-age gamble to build a nuclear-powered rocket.

In the sagebrush-dotted desert, under a blinding Nevada sun, the men go to work putting up shiny steel and aluminum towers, pyramidal concrete test stands and huge buildings, burrowing tunnels and laying railroad lines in the sand. It is high-paying work; some construction workers make as much as $25,000 a year in wages, plus "subsistence" payments of up to $22 a day. Contractors make a lot more. And there seems to be no end of work to be done. The Government, which has pumped $60 million into construction work for the rocket program it calls "Project Rover," seeks $90 million more just for such bricks and mortar. In the last 16 years it has spent a total of $450 million on research and hardware.

The aim of Project Rover is to build a rocket capable of carrying astronauts to the planets, journeys that would take far longer—a year or more—and require much bigger spacecraft than landing men on the moon, goal of the Apollo project. Huge chemical rockets could accomplish a mission to Mars. But Rover-type nuclear engines are theoretically three times as efficient, and would be better suited for an interplanetary trip. Just to accelerate Apollo's 90,000-pound payload to the moon, for instance, will require a mammoth Saturn V towering 320 feet and weighing six million pounds; the part which returns to earth with the three astronauts after their week-long expedition will weigh only 8,000 pounds. This start-to-finish weight ratio of 750 to 1 could be reduced significantly if scientists develop upper stage nuclear engines which pack more power in less space and run longer than quick-burning chemical rockets. To solve the problem, the AEC and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have set up the joint AEC-NASA Space Nuclear Propulsion

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Office, and are more or less splitting the costs. The AEC is asking Congress for $103 million and NASA seeks $97 million 1964 to speed the momentous wedding nuclear energy to modern rocketry.

The trouble is that, despite all the theoretical possibilities, the two won't seem to come together. Project Rover scientists so far have failed to construct a test reactor that will work on the ground—much less in space—for longer than five minutes. The terrifically high temperatures and fierce vibration shatter the vital core of the reactor. While the scientists remain optimistic, claiming they have assured themselves on paper that Rover will work, they keep pushing back their time schedule and boosting their estimates of the costs. Last year NASA officials were assuring Congress that the first reactor flight would take place in 1966 or 1967; now the estimate is five or ten years, and manager Harold Finger of the Space Nuclear Propulsion Office says it is "silly and unrealistic" to set any date. The cost of achieving that first flight was originally put at one billion dollars; Finger now estimates that it may run as high as two billion. And evidence kept secret until recently by the AEC indicates that Rover may well be a losing gamble.

Informed observers are already beginning to compare it with the military's ill-starred Aircraft Nuclear Propulsion (ANP) program, which limped along for 15 years and consumed a billion dollars before it was junked in 1961. Yet Congressmen, whose task is to weigh the costs against the objectives, tend to shrug off murmurs of discord and gloomy reports of reactor failures. Handicapped by lack of technical comprehension, the legislators keep funneling in money—and the big whirligig at Jackass Flats spins on.

It is not hard to understand the fascination of the "hot rocket," an idea which dates back 20 years as one of many schemes for exploiting the enormous energy unlocked by the Manhattan District Project. Back then scientists were even suggesting that A-bomb blasts could propel rockets—a notion that is still barely alive under the Air Force's Project Orion.

The first proposal for nuclear propulsion for ballistic missiles was made in 1947 by a group of Johns Hopkins University physicists. Their paper assumed reactor-core temperatures of 5,700 degrees Fahrenheit—unattainable then and now—and made two basic points later applied to Rover: use of hydrogen as propellant and uranium-impregnated graphite for reactor-fuel elements.

The AEC made some attempts to determine the feasibility of nuclear propulsion, and, in 1955, the Air Force provided some funds for research, although its program, as one official recalls, was "low key."

It wasn't until Russia opened the space race with Sputnik I in 1957 that nuclear propulsion was seriously considered for space missions. The Air Force tried to keep it for its own military projects, but President Eisenhower transferred the Air Force's share of nuclear-rocket responsibility to NASA in 1958. The program again languished, until 1961, when President Kennedy accelerated it as an adjunct to the moon program.

Since then the Space Nuclear Propulsion Office has been pursuing a plan involving these steps:

First, build prototype reactors to produce thrust on the ground. These are called Kiwi after the flightless New Zealand bird, for they are not made to fly.

From the lessons learned here, proceed with the design and construction of a flyable nuclear rocket. This phase is called Nerva (standing for Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Application).

The final step: Attach Nerva to a huge rocket stage called Rift (for Reactor in Flight Test) and launch it into space aboard a Saturn V. (A chemical rocket will be used as the first stage, so that the nuclear rocket, with its blast of radioactive exhaust, will not be fired until it has reached outer space.)

In an effort to speed up the program, Finger's office has gone ahead with all three phases "concurrently." But what has actually happened is that Rover has bogged down at the Kiwi level.

Six of the test reactors have been put together and rolled to an isolated test stand on Jackass Flats with a remote-controlled locomotive. Only the last two could be called true prototypes, and both of these failed—under circumstances curiously cloaked by AEC secrecy and the careful manipulation of publicity.

Take the most recent one last November 30 when newsmen were permitted to observe a test firing for the first time in 18 months. No specifications as to the amount of thrust, efficiency of operation or duration of the test were given beforehand. These details were classified secret.

The firing did last four minutes and 20 seconds. Newsmen were told that the reactor had attained "half power" when the scientists saw some "white flashes" in the exhaust flame, and decided to terminate the test. The newsmen were dependent on NASA and AEC public relations men to assess how well things had gone.

The story in *The New York Times* the next day led off: "Scientists passed a third milestone today in the 10-year, billion-dollar program to produce a nuclear rocket." The flashes weren't mentioned until the 11th paragraph.

By coincidence, at that time Finger was angling for an extra $200 million to accelerate the program, which might explain the favorable glow in the PR men's report of what happened.

It wasn't until last April that the real story of the test came out. Far from passing a milestone, the whole program suffered a serious, if not disastrous, setback.

The white flashes, Finger told a House Space subcommittee, were parts of the reactor core disintegrating under pressure and vibration. Hydrogen fuel, reduced to a liquid at minus 420 degrees Fahrenheit and pumped into a white-hot reactor to produce rocket thrust, formed a whirling hurricane that broke the core and blew pieces of it through the exhaust nozzle. In addition, vibrations caused by the supercold hydrogen meeting the extreme heat of the reactor caused leaks in fuel lines and made sensor instruments fail in many tests.

Other problems have emerged with the recent declassification of data from Jackass Flats. Because of the effects of fluctuating heat, Finger has admitted that "we cannot now assure that the required number of restarts and long operating time are indeed achievable in nuclear systems for rockets." (A rocket which could not restart might get spacemen somewhere, but it could not bring them back.) The most fundamental difficulty comes from the need to cram terrific power into a small volume. To achieve even a modest thrust of 50,000 pounds, or about one seventh the power of an Atlas rocket, a nuclear rocket engine must generate enough heat to boil away a ton of water every two seconds. Ideally, the Rover engine should operate at the fantastic temperature of 6,000 degrees, almost as hot as the surface of the sun. (Civilian power reactors, which are much bigger, run at only 500 to 1,300 degrees.) In Rover's core, not much bigger than a kitchen range, scientists found that even a 3,500-degree temperature would melt the metal parts. This forced them to adopt a compromise design built to withstand 2,500 degrees—and to settle for only a third of the thrust that a nuclear rocket can achieve in theory.

What all this means is that the Nerva engine, if it worked at all, would be scarcely any better than improved chemical rockets, a fact so far obscured by the space publicists. A truly efficient rocket capable of reaching Mars could be produced only with a later, much more advanced type of engine, and at considerably more cost. The two billion dollars that Finger speaks of as the cost of the first actual flight would, at best, buy just a single step along a very long path.

Even this step now seems in doubt. When the latest test proved that the core could not stand the heat, Rover scientists had to sound a quiet retreat; the whole reactor is being redesigned, and basic tests have been ordered for individual parts.

"One of the major problems has been insufficient analysis and testing of components and subsystems," says Finger. "At the start it was decided that full reactor tests were the best way of simulating all the effects. . . . I believe the pressure of full-power tests and of meeting tight, self-imposed schedules resulted in bypassing important preliminary development steps. . . . This point . . . serves as a basic guide to our program now."

Project Rover, in short, has been "reoriented" to a stage where it should have been before "hot" radioactive tests began on reactors four years ago. What makes the setback doubly serious is the fact that Nerva as well as Kiwi is affected. While

Perched atop its remote-controlled diesel carrier, a nuclear Kiwi engine rolls to test area. It has yet to be operated successfully.

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Rover manager Harold B. Finger (center) with assistant Milton Klein (left) and test chief Dr. Keith Boyer.

"I can't," says a U.S. Senator who has to make the decisions, "be an expert in everything."

scientists were rushing pell-mell to translate theories that looked good on paper into a workable space reactor, other scientists were working on designs for later phases dependent on the reactor, again in the interest of speed. Finger does concede that all "hardware" for Nerva has now been held up "until we are sure we have a reactor." Yet even now engineers are building huge hangars and test stands at Jackass Flats for unbuilt Nerva engines and Rift stages that may never get off the ground.

Pleading the same need for "concurrency," atom-plane planners justified building a now useless $10 million hangar near Idaho Falls, Ida., before they even knew what an atom plane would look like. That program also gave birth to a curious robot named Beetle, a device for handling radioactive materials. Beetle has found a new home at Jackass Flats, where Rover officials are fond of showing off the 26-foot, 85-ton monster mounted on a tank chassis. Beetle is very skillful; the fingers of its dexterous hands can pick up a pen. But it contributes nothing to Rover.

Beetle may be a two-time loser. "Project Rover is acquiring some aspects of the Aircraft Nuclear Propulsion program," says Andrew Kalitinsky, a former atom-plane builder and now a rocket program director at General Dynamics/Astronautics. "We'll eventually get nuclear propulsion, but it probably won't be Rover-type propulsion." Dr. W. H. Clohessy, director of space research for the Martin Co., says, "We should be investing more money in competitive systems and seeking new techniques not obvious now."

Some criticism of Rover perhaps reflects rivals' desire to push competitive systems. But many independent scientists with no compulsion to "sell" are becoming skeptical. Rover's own test director, a ruddy-faced, silver-haired Los Alamos physicist named Dr. Keith Boyer, is refreshingly candid about the odds facing the program. "We've been remarkably unsuccessful in foreseeing new problems in Kiwi tests," he says. "We try to design around a problem and encounter new problems. It's perfectly possible that Rover could be outdistanced by another propulsion technique."

Meanwhile the spending goes on. Project Rover has difficulty hiring scientists—many dislike garish Las Vegas, the only nearby town where a Rover family can live, and must be lured with high pay. But mobile construction men and other craftsmen have flocked in to share in the rich overtime and "subsistence" payments. Pipefitters get $22 a day just to get to Jackass Flats, and they have staged wildcat strikes against any attempts to reduce this allowance. Officials estimate that wasteful labor practices have cost six million dollars of the total $60 million spent so far on Rover facilities.

Staggering, costly jobs lie ahead, here and elsewhere. For example, 10 blimp-like hydrogen-propellant tanks, each 33 feet in diameter and 35 feet tall, will be fabricated in a dirigible hangar near San Francisco and shipped to Jackass Flats, to the Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., and to Cape Canaveral. The trip to Huntsville will require land, barge, deep-draft and shallow-draft vessel and more land transport, in that order. On highways in California and Nevada, power and telephone lines will have to be raised or relocated, trees trimmed and roads widened to get the tanks through.

These big tanks are to be mounted atop Nerva if a usable reactor is developed, and here again the likelihood of costly failures arises. The awkward tanks are expected to present aerodynamical problems in flight. Shocks and vibrations at lift-off and during the ascent through the atmosphere might damage the reactor's brittle graphite fuel elements. But scientists will have to skip the customary preflight step of stationary ground firing to test the engine, since this would make the engine radioactively "hot" and consequently prevent manual assembly and checkout. Untested rockets are more likely to fail, of course.

If Rift reaches the flight stage, safety, already critical during ground tests, becomes even more critical. A stray reactor could fall on inhabited territory, and there is the possibility of an explosion; while a "runaway" reactor would not burst like a nuclear bomb, it would produce about 1/10,000th of the energy released by a small atomic bomb and considerable radioactive contamination. Since reentry would boost the chances of a serious accident, no plans are being made to recover Rover-type engines. Once in space, a reactor would have to be scrapped there—a fact which greatly limits its usefulness.

Rover officials say that all these things are "calculated risks." They make the standard argument that you have to build something and try it out before you can improve on it. But to many experts disturbed by billion-dollar bungles in our space and defense programs, that answer is no longer good enough. For example, Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the AEC's Oak Ridge National Laboratory, says that in most research the end product can be predicted, even if crudely.

The reason such thinking is not applied to Rover is probably the fact that Rover has attained the sacrosanct ranks of "big science." In addition to being a big spender, it is also a big employer—about 3,000 scientists and technicians in Nevada and Los Alamos. It has influential friends in Congress and a coterie of big private companies among its contractors. One of the nation's top physicists suggests that the work could be done more sensibly in smaller segments. "But then," he notes, "Rover people wouldn't get the money."

This is an intrinsic conflict in today's big science. Scientists are often forced to promise Congress a "machine," something congressmen can readily visualize, to get the funds they need, even though the scientists may not be certain that a "machine" can indeed be produced. And this, in turn, points up the fact that Congress has no really competent scientific advisers capable of challenging project administrators and government contractors or of checking on their work. This applies across the board for all of the $15 billion yearly Congress is appropriating for research on new weapons, space, atomic energy, medicine, public health and even crops. There is no one representing the public to pass judgment on the worth of such ventures.

Congressmen, in truth, are beginning to have doubts. The House Science and Astronautics Committee, for exa clipped $5 million from NASA's million Rover budget, citing delays caused by the AEC's "faltering" efforts to develop a reactor. The Senate restored half of this. But neither the House cut nor the compromise was aimed at any particular phase of the project; they were just arbitrary shots in the dark.

Even the surge of criticism directed at the big-spending Apollo program recently has failed to direct any real attention to the nuclear rocket, mainly because of congressional ignorance on the subject. Rep. Chet Holifield (D., Calif.), co-chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, says he is unacquainted with details of the program. "I don't see how [Congress] can decide whether this rocket is better than that rocket," says Sen. Margaret Chase Smith (R., Me.), a member of the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, "I can't be an expert in everything."

Man's ability to explore the solar system, much less the universe, is highly limited. One of Rover's potentially big tasks—to take men to Venus—has been eliminated by the discovery that Venus's surface temperature is 800 degrees Fahrenheit. Even a "flyby" would hardly be worthwhile, since cloud-covered Venus, said one scientist, "would appear about as exciting as a soggy tennis ball." This leaves Mars as the only practical target—distance, temperature and gravitation problems rule out exploration of other planets for the foreseeable future. And even for the Mars mission, Rover's contribution would be dubious.

Yet projects like this, notes Doctor Weinberg, "have begun to cost significant amounts of money. If the imp promises that are held out when projects are launched do not materia it is quite conceivable that our society will tire of devoting so much of its wealth to science." THE END

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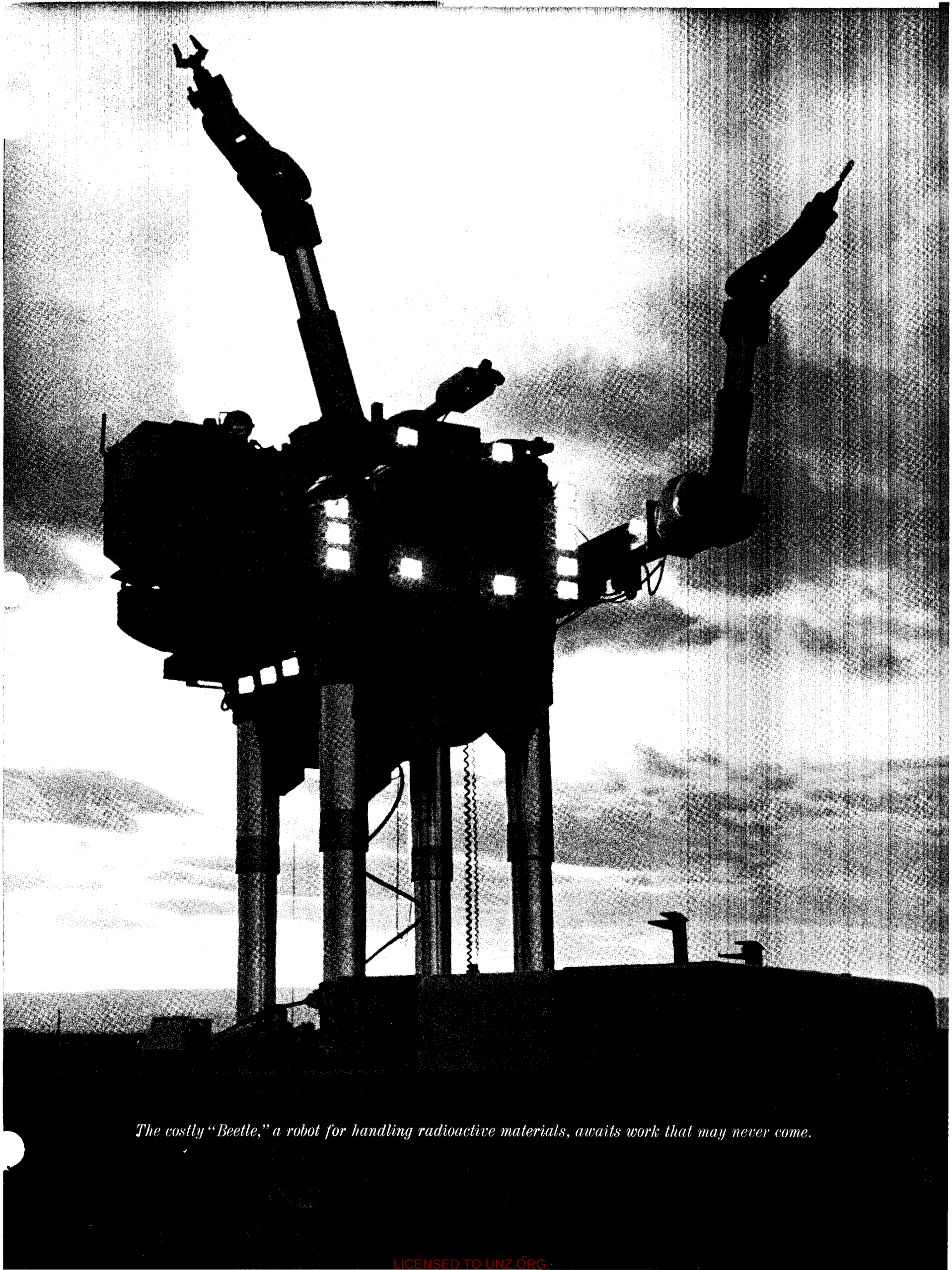

The costly "Beetle," a robot for handling radioactive materials, awaits work that may never come.

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THE WEST LOSES TWO STATESMEN

Within a day of each other, two of the West's most important postwar leaders were compelled by illness and age to announce their retirements last month. History no doubt will accord both of them—Harold Macmillan and Konrad Adenauer—a better place than recent events would suggest.

Even before he was stricken, Harold Macmillan was in a political decline. Besmirched by the Profumo scandal, for which he bore no direct responsibility, his Conservative regime was in trouble at home and abroad. So seriously undermined was his position that a Labor victory in Britain's next general election was taken for granted.

With his drooping eyelids, his scraggly moustache and his bored Edwardian manner, Macmillan was an easy target for anti-Conservative lampoonists. Yet the "unflappable Mac" served his country and the West with devotion and with skill. When he became Prime Minister in 1957, after the Suez disaster, Britain's prestige was at a low ebb. Yet he managed to restore Britain to a position of respect and win a stunning victory at the polls in 1959.

Macmillan's career was marked by many disappointments. One of the worst was the collapse of the summit conference in 1960 after the U-2 affair. And there was his failure to find a leading world role for Britain. Yet he could count many solid accomplishments—a general easing of East-West tension, the decolonization of much of Africa, and greatly increased prosperity at home. Perhaps the most significant action of his career was his reversal of Britain's traditional insularity by turning the country toward Europe and the Common Market. He did not succeed in this undertaking, thanks to General de Gaulle, but the decision to join with Europe was itself a historic move which will someday be fulfilled. Summing up Macmillan's career, the London *Economist* recently said: "As a deft director of policy . . . Mr. Macmillan has been much more than an averagely good Prime Minister. . . . Probably only De Gaulle's veto last January has robbed him of a niche in history as a great one."

Like Macmillan, Konrad Adenauer deserves to be remembered for his better days. He was stubborn and reluctant to yield the power he held so many years. But it would be hard to exaggerate his contribution to Germany and the West. Adenauer was one of those Germans who could say truthfully that he had opposed Hitler from the beginning. When the Nazis put up swastika flags on the Rhine bridge at Cologne, where he was mayor, he ordered the police to pull them down. Later the Gestapo arrested him and threw him in jail.

Adenauer was already an old man (73) when he became the first Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany in 1949. No one expected that he would last very long or make much of an imprint on his country's history. But his accomplishments were tremendous. He brought Germany back from the war's total devastation to prosperity and a position of respect. He tied his country's fate to that of her former enemies, especially the U.S. He recognized that Europe must unite if she is to play a major role in world affairs. With De Gaulle he wrote an end to the bitter Franco-German enmity that had bedeviled Europe through the century.

The West is fortunate to have had such a man in command in Germany through the crucial postwar years, a man who was resolutely anti-Communist and anti-totalitarian. The great achievement of Adenauer's career was Germany's acceptance among the decent nations of the world.

That change was symbolized by his first state visit to the U.S. in 1954. On that trip he was accorded all the ceremony and fanfare befitting his office. The President and the Secretary of State received him. He was wined and dined and given degrees by Georgetown and Columbia universities. But nothing impressed him so much as a simple ceremony at Arlington Cemetery. He laid a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Then, as he stood at attention, an American band played *Deutschland Lied*, the anthem of the new German Republic.

The tune is the same as *Deutschland Über Alles*, the anthem that inevitably recalls the Hitler regime. To anyone who had lived through the war years, it seemed like the world turned upside down. But it wasn't. It was a different world, one that Konrad Adenauer had played a major role in creating.

HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE

If you are driving along a Los Angeles Freeway or trying to catch a train in Grand Central Station, you may not have noticed it, but the world is slowing down. Already it has slowed so much that the Naval Observatory has had to set its clock back one tenth of a second.

According to Dr. William Markowitz, director of the Observatory's Time Service Division, astronomers have known for 100 years that the rotation of the earth for some unfathomable reason alternately speeds up and slows down. But it wasn't until the first atomic clock went into use at Teddington, England, in 1955, that scientists were able to check the time change accurately. The atomic clock is the most accurate timepiece ever devised, and by measuring the earth's rotation against it, scientists have learned that the earth slowed down between July, 1955, and September, 1957; speeded up until early 1962; then began to slow down again. How long the current slowdown will continue, only time will tell, but if the earth's rotation follows its recent pattern, things will speed up again in a few years.

Over and above this alternating pattern of acceleration and deceleration, there is a long-term slowing down of the earth's rotation caused by tidal friction. Fortunately, however, this slowdown occurs so gradually (a thousandth of a second per 100 years) that no one is likely to fall off anytime soon.

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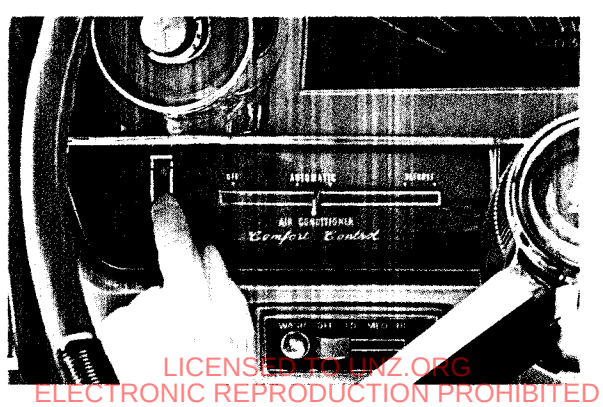

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